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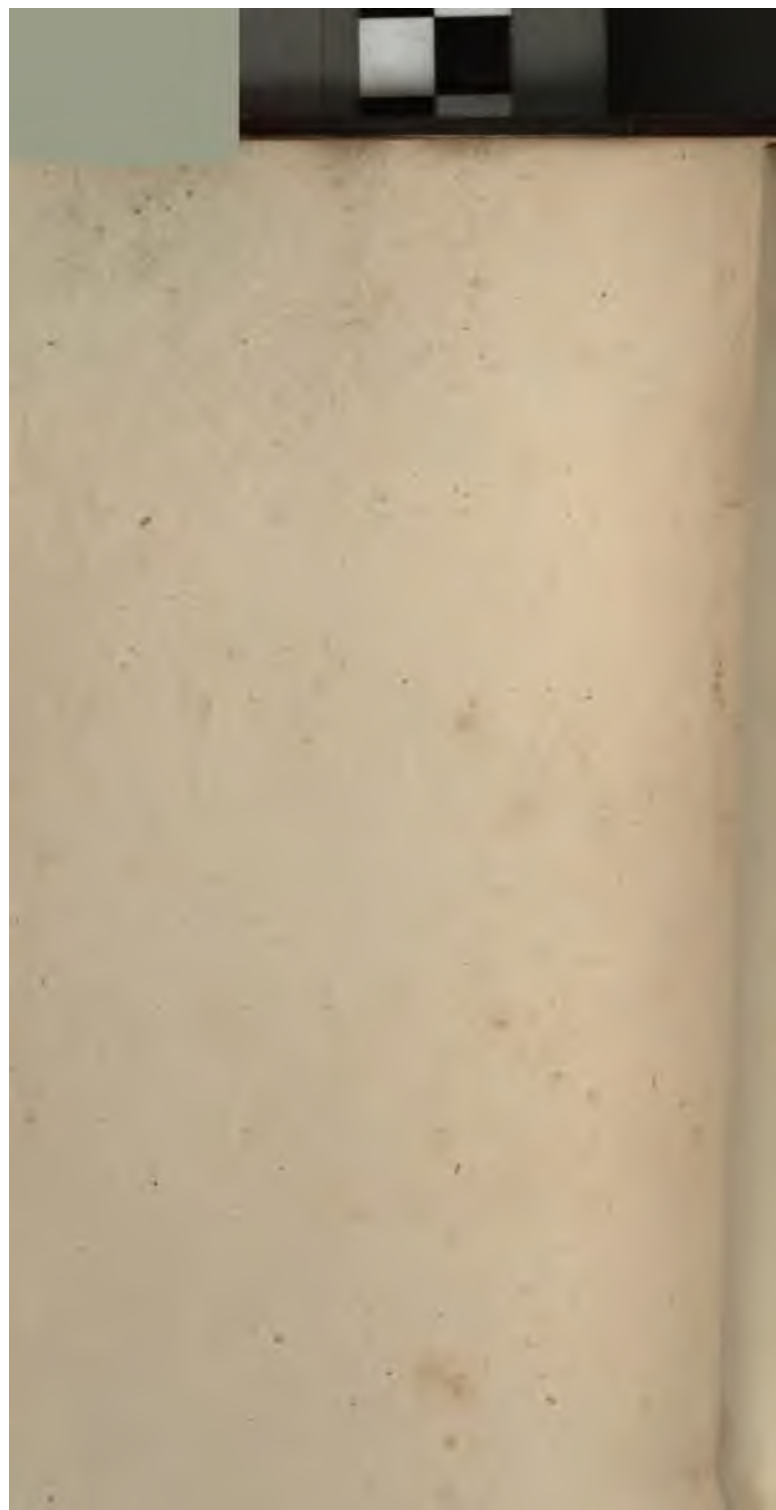
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wish to transmit to my friends at home my delightful impressions of those to whom we all owe many happy hours. Perhaps my anxiety is superfluous : the King of Ashantee was anxious to know what the English people said of him ; but I never heard that the English people cared to know what the King of Ashantee said of them.

NEW-YORK,  
*June 25, 1841.*

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## LETTERS, &c.

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PORTSMOUTH.

*George Hotel, Portsmouth,  
June 4, 1839.*

MY DEAR C——,

Captain S.'s cutter took us off the ship this morning at nine o'clock. It was at last a sad parting from our messmates, with whom we have been for a month separated from all the world, and involved in a common destiny; and from the ship, which seems like a bit of home, for the feet of the friends we have left there have trodden it.

When I touched English ground I could have fallen on my knees and kissed it; but a wharf is not quite the *locale* for such a demonstration, and spectators operate like strait jackets upon enthusiasm, so I contented myself with a mental salutation of the home of our fathers, the native land of one of our dearest friends, and the birthplace of "the bright, the immortal names" that we have venerated from our youth upward.





# LETTERS FROM ABROAD

TO

## KINDRED AT HOME.

BY MISS SEDGWICK,

AUTHOR OF "HOPE LESLIE," "POOR RICH MAN," ETC. ETC.

"Well, John, I think we must own that God Almighty had a hand in making other countries besides ours."—THE BROTHERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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## PREFACE.

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AN apology for a book implies that the public are obliged to read it; an obligation that would reverse the order of nature—transfer the power from the strong to the weak. But, unfortunately for them, there is a portion of the public who are, in a certain sense, obliged to read a book—the kind friends of the author; and among these, I say it gratefully, not boastfully, I have the happiness to number many of my countrymen personally unknown to me. Of *my friends*, then, I ask indulgence for the following pages. They are published rather with deference to the wishes of others than from any false estimate of their worth. Our tour was made under circumstances which forbade any divergence from the highway of all the travelling world, and, consequently, we passed over a field so thoroughly

reaped that not an ear, scarcely a kernel, remains for the gleaner. In addition to this, and to painful anxieties and responsibilities that accompanied us at every step, we were followed by intelligence of deep domestic calamity. On this subject I need not enlarge; the disqualifying influence of these circumstances will be comprehended without my opening the sanctuary of private griefs.

I was aware that our stayers-at-home had already something too much of churches, statues, and pictures, and yet that they cannot well imagine how much they make up the existence of Tourists in the Old World. I have sedulously avoided this rock, and must trust for any little interest my book may possess to the honesty with which I have recorded my impressions, and to the fresh aspect of familiar things to the eye of a denizen of the New World. The fragmentary state in which my letters appear, is owing to my fear of wearying readers less interested than my own family by prolonged details or prosing reflections, or disgusting them with the egotism of personal experience.

One word to my English reader, rather of explanation than apology, which I trust the case does not require. I have unscrupulously mentioned the names of such distinguished English people as it was my good fortune to see. I could have screened myself from reproach, by giving merely their initials; but, as they are too well known for this device to have afforded them any shelter, it seemed to me but a paltry affectation of delicacy. I might plead the authority of English travellers in the United States; but if wrong, no authority justifies it; and if right, it needs none. I have confined my notices strictly to public characters—to gallery portraits; for so such persons as Mr. Rogers, and even that most refined and delicate of gentlewomen Miss Joanna Baillie, may be strictly called, after the full exhibitions in Moore's *Life of Byron*, and Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

I have violated no confidence, for none was reposed in me. My opportunities of social intercourse were few and brief, and I should have omitted these slight records of them, but for the

wish to transmit to my friends at home my delightful impressions of those to whom we all owe many happy hours. Perhaps my anxiety is superfluous : the King of Ashantee was anxious to know what the English people said of him ; but I never heard that the English people cared to know what the King of Ashantee said of them.

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I forewarn you, my dear C., not to look for any statistics from me—any “valuable information.” I shall try to tell you truly what I see and hear; to “chronicle,” as our friend Mr. Dewey says, “while they are fresh, my sensations.” Everything looks novel and foreign to us: the quaint forms of the old, sad-coloured houses; the arched, antique gateways; the royal busts niched in an old wall; the very dark colouring of the foliage, and the mossy stems of the trees. We seem to have passed from the fresh, bright youth to the old age of the world. The form and colouring of the people are different from ours. They are stouter, more erect, and more sanguine.

Our friends Dr. M. and his wife have decided to remain with us while we stay here, so we make eight in all; and as we stand in the bow-window of the *George*, staring, wondering, exclaiming, and laughing, we must make a group of “Homespuns just come up to town” worthy Cruikshank’s pencil. And, by-the-way, the passing equipages appear to us the originals of Cruikshank’s illustrations, and the parties driving in them fac-similes of Pickwick (the modern Don Quixote) and his club.

Basil Hall is living here. We have had some discussion whether we should recal ourselves to his memory by sending to him Mr. A.’s letter and our cards. We have no individual claims on him, and, as Americans, there is no love lost between us. R. cited Scott’s opinion that it is uncivil to both

parties not to deliver promptly a letter of introduction; so, submitting to such sound authority, Dr. M. has gone off to leave ours at Captain Hall's door, and then he will leave his card at ours, and there the matter will end.

We have been walking over the town, over the ramparts and through some fine gravelled avenues shaded with elms. Don't fancy our elms with their drooping, embowering branches—no, nothing so beautiful—but what we call the English elm, with its upright, stiff stem. As we straggled on down a green lane, we saw a notice "To let furnished" on the gate of a very attractive-looking cottage; and being seized with a happy inspiration (a natural one, you may think it, for pushing Yankees), we determined, as applicants for the tenement, to see the inside of an English cottage; so, going up a narrow paved walk, we rang for admittance. I asked a pretty, neatly-dressed woman who appeared to show me the premises, and kept my countenance in spite of my tittering followers, while we were shown through a dining-room, drawing-room, two kitchens, and five bedrooms, all small, and furnished with extreme neatness and comfort. All this, with a very pretty little garden, we might have, without linen or plate, for four guineas a week. There was a lovely little court too in front, filled with shrubs and flowers; not a thimbleful of earth that did not do its duty. No wonder the woman took us at our

word, for I am sure we looked as if we would fain set up our rest there.

I afterward followed R. into the garden, and encountered the deaf husband of our neat matron-guide. He showed me a filbert grafted upon an apple-tree by a bird having deposited a seed there. I asked, "Had the filbert borne fruit?" "Four guineas a week, ma'am," he answered, "and it's counted a very 'ealthy hair!" We felt it was quite time to retreat.

When we came home we found that Captain Hall, Mrs. H., and some of their friends had left cards for us. "Very prompt," we thought; "and so this matter is done."

We ate with Dalgetty appetites our first English dinner: soup, salmon, mutton chops, and everything the best of its kind, and served as in a private gentleman's house, and, alas! with an elegance and accuracy found in few gentlemen's houses in our country. We have plenty of gentlemen, but gentlemen's servants are with us rare birds.

*June 5.* We feel green and bewildered, as you may imagine; and not knowing how to arrange our tour around the Isle of Wight, we were discussing it in some perplexity when Captain Hall and Mrs. H. were announced. They were just going off on a visit to the son of Wilberforce, who is rector at Brixton; but Captain H. deciding at once that we must give the day to the Portsmouth lions,

and that he would show them to us, deferred his departure till the evening; and the half-hour before we set off was occupied in receiving a visit from Captain H.'s children, and instructions from a friend of Mrs. Hall, well acquainted with the localities, as to our progress around the island. Captain H. left us no time for dawdling. He has been a lion-hunter, and understands the art of lion-showing, and, what I think rather the nicest part of the art, what *not* to show. Off we set towards the sally port. On the way we dropped into a Gothic church (a pretty episode enough) of the twelfth century. Captain H. pointed out a monument to Buckingham, Charles the First's favourite, who, as you may remember, was killed by Felton at Portsmouth.

We were to go first to the Victory, which is now kept here, "a kind of toy," as one of our seamen of the St. James said, but which, in fact, is something more than that—a receiving and drilling ship. We found a boat awaiting us, put (of course by Captain Hall's intervention) at our disposal by the commander of the Victory. It was manned with a dozen youngsters in the Victory's uniform, a white knit woollen blouse, with the word *Victory* in Maria-Louise blue on the breast. They were stout, ruddy lads. The Victory, you know, is the ship in which Nelson won the battle of Trafalgar, and died in winning it. Captain H. led us to the quarter-deck, and showed us a brass plate inserted in the floor, inscribed with

these words, "*Here Nelson fell!*" This was a thrilling sight to those of us who remembered when Nelson was held as the type of all gallantry, fighting for liberty against the world. R. was obliged to turn away till he could command his emotions, and I thought of the time when we were all children together at home, and I saw him running breathless up the lane, tossing his hat into the air and shouting, "Nelson! Victory!" Truly, "the child is father to the man." We were received very courteously by the commander, Captain S., who invited us into an apartment which, save the ceiling was a little lower, had the aspect of a shore drawing-room: there were sofas, show-books, flowers, piano, and a prettier garniture than these, a young bride, reminding us, with her pale, delicate face and French millinery, of our fair young countrywomen—quite un-English. The Victory is Captain S.'s home, and the lady was his daughter.

We then went into the cockpit and groped our way to the dark, narrow state-room (a midshipman's) where Nelson was carried after he was shot down. Captain H. pointed to the beam where his head lay when he died. There a heroic spirit had passed away, and left a halo in this dark, dismal place. Place and circumstance are never less important to a man than when he is dying, and yet it was a striking contrast (and the world is full of such), the man dying in this wretched, dark, stifling hole,

when his name was resounding through all the palaces of Europe, and making our young hearts leap in the New World. Shall I tell you what remembrance touched me most as I stood there? not his gallant deeds, for they are written in blood, and many a vulgar spirit has achieved such; but the exquisite tenderness gleaming forth in his last words, "Kiss me, Hardy!" These touched the chord of universal humanity.

Our next step was from the poetic-romantic to the actual, from the Victory to the biscuit-bakery, a place where biscuits are made for naval stores by steam. A policeman started out upon us "like a spider," as Captain H. very descriptively said, and announced that all ingress to the art and mystery of steam-baking was forbidden to foreigners; and we were turning away acquiescingly, for the most curious of our party had two or three years ago seen the process in full blast in one of our Western States, but Captain Hall would not be so easily baffled. He was vexed that an old rule, fallen into general discredit, should be applied to a biscuit-bakery and "such branches of learning;" so he went to find the admiral, but he was not at his quarters; and no dispensation being to be had he declared the biscuits "all sour." Very sweet we thought them the next morning when we received an *amende* most honourable, in the shape of a note from Admiral Fleming, "regretting the disappointment Miss S. met with at

the bakehouse, of which Captain Hall had informed him," (I can imagine in what animated terms,) "and which he would have prevented had he known her wishes," and concluding with saying, that having heard from Captain Hall of our intention of visiting the Isle of Wight, he had the pleasure of offering his yacht for our conveyance. Now this was surely the true spirit of courtesy; and when this spirit is infused into international manners we may be called *Christian* nations, and not till then.

Well, the bakery being taboo, our conductor proposed we should next row off to the royal yacht by way of parenthesis in the day's doings. This yacht was built for George IV., and the fitting up, even to the pattern of the chintz, designed by his majesty: truly a fitting occupation for the monarch of the greatest nation in the world! He had the ambition, I have known shared with him by some exquisite fine ladies, who cast away their gowns and burn their caps if they be imitated. The manufacturer gave a required pledge that the chintz of the royal yacht should never be copied. M. suggested it was not pretty enough, to make this a sacrifice on the part of the manufacturers. The yacht, however, is a bijou, the prettiest thing, I fancy, that has floated since Cleopatra's barge. The beds are wide and sumptuous, there are luxurious chairs and sofas, gilt panellings, lamps with cable-chains and anchor-shaped ornaments, and a kitchen-range fit to serve an

Apicius. There is a pretty library too, but I suspect his majesty's proportion of mental and corporeal provision was much after Falstaff's fashion. R. remarked its incompleteness, and said to Captain H., "Our library in the St. James is superior to this; it has your books."

If I could refresh you with the bottle of Madeira and plate of biscuits which Captain Hall contrived to conjure into the block manufactory, while a very clear-headed man was explaining to us its capital machinery, I might venture to drag you along with us through the rolling-mill and the Cyclops regions where the anchors are forged; but here I let you off for this busily pleasant day, at the moment of our parting with Captain Hall, and the interchange of hearty wishes that we might meet again in the Isle of Wight. What a host of prejudices and false judgments had one day's frank and kind intercourse dispersed to the winds—for ever!

## ISLE OF WIGHT.

*Isle of Wight, June 6.*

OUR transit from Portsmouth in the admiral's yacht was delightful. At the little town of Ryde we engaged two vehicles called flies, small covered carriages, each holding comfortably three persons, with two "intelligent lads" (as the proprietor of the equipages assured us) for drivers. François has a



seat on the box, and we have sent our luggage to London, so that we are as unencumbered as if we were out for an afternoon's drive.

And here I am tempted to throw away my pen. It is in vain to attempt to convey to you our impressions of this lovely island, or to retain them myself by this poor record. Call it Eden; call it Paradise; and, after all, what conceptions have we of those *Terræ Incognitæ*? The Isle of Wight, they tell us, is a miniature of England. It has the exquisite delicacy and perfection of a miniature by a master hand. I am resolved to be as virtuously abstemious as possible on the subject of scenery; but you must be patient, and bethink yourself, my dear C., that it is not possible to be silent on what makes up so large a portion of a traveller's existence and happiness. When we had ascended the hill from Ryde and turned off into a green lane, we might have been mistaken for maniacs escaped from Bedlam, or rather, I think, for children going home for a holiday. We were thrusting our heads out of our little carriages, shouting from one to the other, and clapping our hands. And why these clamorous demonstrations? We had just escaped from ship-board, remember; were on the solid green earth, driving through narrow winding avenues, with sloping hills and lofty trees on each side of us, often interlacing over our heads (the trees, I mean!), every inch of ground cultivated and divided by dark

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We diverged at the beautiful village of Shanklin, and walked to Shanklin Chine,\* a curious fissure, worn, I believe, in the hills by a rivulet. The place is as wild as our ice-glen; and the rocks, instead of being overgrown with palmy ferns, maiden's hair, and lichens, like ours, are fringed with sweet pease, wallflowers, stocks, hyacinths, and all growing at their own sweet will; this betokens an old neighbourhood of civilisation.

A woman came forth from a cottage to unlock a gate through which we must pass to go up the Chine. K. says the beauties of Nature are as jealously locked up here as the beauties of a harem. It is the old truth, necessity teaches economy; whatever can be made a source of revenue is so made, and the old women and children are tax-gatherers. At every step some new object or usage starts up before us; and it strikes us the more because the people are speaking our own language, and are essentially like our own.

In the narrowest part of our pathway, where the rill had become a mere thread, we had the pleasure of encountering the Halls. They were walking to Bonchurch. We asked leave to join them. You may fancy what a delightful stroll we had with this very pleasant meeting, and such accidental accessories to the lovely scenery as a ship in the distance, a rainbow dropping into the sea, and the notes of a

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\* Chine is a Hampshire word for a cleft in the rocks.

cuckoo, the first I had ever heard. History, painting, poetry, are at every moment becoming real, actual.

Bonchurch, at a short distance from the road, secluded from it by an interposing elevation, enclosed by a stone wall, and surrounded by fine old trees, their bark coated with moss, is, to a New-World eye, a picture "come to life." "Sixteen hundred and sixteen," said I to L., deciphering a date on a monument; "four years before there were any white inhabitants in Massachusetts." "Then," she replied, "this is an Indian's grave." Her eyes were bent on the ground. She was in her own land; she looked up and saw the old arched and ivied gateway, and smiled—the illusion had vanished.

## VENTNOR.

WE have passed a *pleasant rainy day* at Ventnor. The Halls are here too, and we make frequent use of the Piazza by which our parlours communicate; so our friendship ripens apace. We went, in spite of mist and rains, to pay another visit to Bonchurch, to "get it by heart," Captain H. says; "*into our hearts we certainly have got it, and taken a drenching into the bargain.*" But this was a cheap price to pay for the view we had, when, just at the summit of the hill, the mist rolled off like the furling of

a sail, and we saw the village of Shanklin (the gem!), with its ivied walls, its roses, its everything that flowers, broad fields of corn, and the steep cliffs down to Shanklin Chine. Shall I ever forget the little in-and-out cottages jugged against the rocks, the narrow lanes that afford you glimpses, through green and flowery walls, of these picture-dwellings?

As we strolled down the road from Bonchurch I stopped at a cottage inhabited by *very* poor people. There were four distinct homes under one roof, and an enclosed strip of ground in front, four feet wide. This space was full of verbenas, stocks, roses, and geraniums; and an old crone between eighty and ninety was tending them. I thought of the scrawny lilacs and woody rosebushes in some of our court-yards, and blushed, or, rather, I shall blush if ever I see an English eye upon them; for (shame to us!) it is the detection, and not the sin, that calls up the blush.

Our first stop after leaving Ventnor was at St. Lawrence's Church, the smallest in England; you shall have its dimensions from some poetry we bought of the beadle, his own manufacture.

"This church has often drawn the curious eye  
To see its length and breadth—to see how high.  
At length to measure it was my intent,  
That I might verify its full extent.  
Its breadth from side to side above the bench  
Is just eleven feet and half an inch.

The height from pavement to the ceiling mortar,  
Eleven feet, five inches and a quarter,  
And its length, from east to the west end,  
Twenty-five feet four inches, quarters three,  
Is just its measurement, as you may see."

The poet-beadle's brains, you may think, were graduated by the same scale as St. Lawrence's Church. However, I assure you, he was quite the beau-ideal of an old beadle, and he did his ciceroni work well, showing us where his lordship sat (Lord Yarborough, in whose gift is the rectorship), and where sat the butler, and my lady's maid, and the parish officers. All these privileged people, who dwell in the atmosphere of nobility, had, to the old beadle's senses, something sweeter than the odour of sanctity. For the rest of St. Lawrence's audience, I fear they do not fare as well as the people in Doctor Franklin's dream, who, upon confessing to St. Peter at the gate of Heaven that they were neither Baptists nor Methodists, nor of any particular sect, were bidden come in and take the best seats they could find!

Among the epitaphs I read on the mouldering stones in St. Lawrence's churchyard, was one that pleased me for its quaint old ballad style. It was a husband's on his wife, beginning

"Meek and gentle was her spirit,  
Prudence did her life adorn;  
Modest, she disclaimed all merit;  
Tell me, am I not forlorn?"

I would not like to make too nice an inquisition as to how long he remained so !\*

WE went down to the beach for a good view of Black Gang Chine, a wild, grand-looking place, with masses of sandstone of different strata, variously coloured, and rising to an elevation of some three hundred feet above the sea. Here Captain Hall, with his happy young people, again joined us, to part again immediately; they to walk to Chale, and we to rejoin R. at the inn, where, for walking into the house and out of it, we paid a fee to a waiter of an aged and venerable aspect, accurately dressed in a full suit of black, and looking much like one of our ancient Puritan divines setting off for an "association."

As we approached Brixton, the girls and myself alighted to walk, that we might see this enchanting country more at leisure. I cannot give you an idea of the deliciousness of a walk here between the lovely hedges all fragrance, the air filled with the melody of birds, and the booming of the ocean

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\* The following epitaph amused me : so like our own Puritan elegiac poetry :—

*" To the Memory of Charles Dixon, SMITH AND FARRIER.*

“ My sledge and hammer lie reclined,  
My bellows too have lost their wind,  
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,  
My vice all in the dust is laid ;  
My coal is spent, my iron gone,  
My last nail's driven—my work is done ! ”

waves for a bass. For one sweet singing-bird with us, I think there are twenty here; and, included in this twenty, the nightingale, the blackbird, the lark, and the cuckoo! The note of the English blackbird is electrifying, but yet I have heard none sweeter than our woodthrush, that little hermit of our solitudes. You would forgive me, dear C., for observing some contrasts that may perchance strike you as unpatriotic, if,

“Borne, like Loretto’s chapel, through the air,”

I could send over to you one of these picturesque cottages (any one of them), draped with ivy to the very top of the chimneys, and set it down beside our unsightly farmhouses.

At Brixton we again met Captain Hall. He had had the disappointment of finding that his friend, Mr. Wilberforce, was absent; and intent on filling for us every little vacant niche with some pleasure, he had asked leave to show us a picture of the father in the son’s library. H., in the effectiveness of his kindness, reminds me of L. M., and seems to me what our Shaker friends would call the “male manifestation” of her ever-watchful and all-accomplishing spirit.

We met two of the young Wilberforces, and begged the pleasure of shaking hands with them for their grandfather’s sake. The boy bears a strong resemblance to him, and is, I hope, like his grand-



father, sent into the world on an errand of mercy. Such a face is the superscription, by the finger of God, of a soul of benevolence.

The widow of Wilberforce was sitting in the library. She received us courteously. She has a dignified demeanour, and a very sweet countenance, on which I fancied I could see the record of a happy life and many a good deed done. If living in a healthy air produces the sign of health, why should not living one's whole life in an atmosphere of benevolence bring out into the expression the tokens of a healthy soul?

We walked over the grounds of the rectory. Have you a very definite idea of an English lawn? The grass is shaven every week; this, of course, produces a fresh bright tint, and to your tread it feels like the richest bed of moss you ever set your foot upon. I fear we never can have the abundance and variety of flowers they have here. I see continually plants which remain in the open ground all winter, that we are obliged to house by the first of October. There was a myrtle reaching the second-story windows of Mrs. Wilberforce's house.

IN my strolls I avail myself of every opportunity of accosting the people, and when I can find any pretext I go into the cottages by the way-side. This, I suppose, is very *un-English*, and may seem to some persons very impertinent. But

I have never found inquiries, softened with a certain tone of sympathy, repulsed. Your inferiors in condition are much like children, and they, you know, like dogs, are proverbially said to know who loves them. I stopped at a little cottage this morning, half smothered with roses, geraniums, &c., and, on the pretext of looking at a baby, made good my entrance. The little bit of an apartment, not more than six feet by ten, was as neat as possible. Not an article of its scanty furniture looked as if it had been bought by this generation; everything appeared cared for, and well preserved; so unlike corresponding dwellings with us. The woman had nine children; six at home, and all tidily dressed. I have not seen in England a slovenly-looking person. Even the three or four beggars who stealthily asked charity of us at Portsmouth were *neatly* dressed.

I greeted, *en passant*, a woman sitting at her cottage window. She told me she paid for half of a little tenement and a bit of a garden ten pounds (fifty dollars) rent. And when I congratulated her on the pleasant country, "Ah," she said, "we can't live on a pleasant country!" I have not addressed one of these people who has not complained of poverty, said something of the difficulty of getting work, of the *struggling* for bread, which is the condition of existence among the lower classes here. Strange sounds these to our ears!

I was amused to-day with something that marked the diversity of the condition from ours, in another way. I accosted a little girl who stood at a cottage-gate. She was as well dressed as S.'s girls, or any of our well-to-do-in-the-world people. Among other impertinent questions I asked "Who lives here?" "Mrs. So-and-so and Mrs. So-and-so." "Only two *ladies!*" I exclaimed, conforming my phrase to the taste of our cottage-dames. "They ben't ladies," she replied. "Indeed! what are they?" "They be's womans." Would such a disclaimer have been put in from one end of the United States to the other, unless in the shanty of *adopted* citizens?

I will spare you all the particulars of my way-side acquaintance with a sturdy little woman whom I met coming out of a farm-yard, staggering under a load of dry furze, as much as could be piled on a wheelbarrow. A boy not more than five years old was awaiting her at the gate, with a compact little parcel in his arms snugly done up. "Now take *she,*" he said, extending it to the mother, and I found the parcel was a baby not a month old; so I offered to carry it, and did for a quarter of a mile, while the mother, in return, told me the whole story of her courtship, marriage, and maternity, with the last incident in her domestic annals, the acquisition of a baking of meal, some barm, and the loan of her husband's mother's oven, and,

lastly, of the gift of the furze to heat the oven. The woman seemed something more than contented—happy. I could not but congratulate her. “It does not signify,” I said, “being poor, when one is so healthy and so merry as you appear.” “Ah, that’s natural to me,” she replied; “my mother had red cheeks in her coffin!” Happy are those who have that “*natural* to them,” that princes, and fine ladies, and half the world are sighing for and running after.

THE last part of our drive to Fresh-water Bay was through a highly-cultivated district, but the country had lost its romantic charm; to the very sea-shore on both sides of us it was covered with barley, pease, and the finest of wheat. Save a glimpse of the sea in the distance, the bold headland of Black Gang Chine, and the downs before us, it was as tame as a cosset lamb. And, by-the-way, speaking of lambs and such fancy articles, immense flocks of sheep are grazing on these downs, and each is as big as three of our Merinos, and the mutton is delicious.

## FRESH-WATER BAY.

WE are at an inn within a few yards of the beach, with a shore of chalky cliffs, and a pretty arch in the rocks worn by the water; and a jutting

point before us called the Stag, from a fanciful resemblance, as I conjecture, to that animal boldly leaping into the waves. The Halls are here, and in a stroll with them last evening over the cliffs we encountered a man who lives, "not by gathering samphire" (which, by-the-way, we did gather), but by getting the eggs of sea-fowl that resort here in immense flocks, flattering themselves, no doubt, in their bliss of ignorance, that the cliffs are inaccessible\*. Our egg-hunter had been successful, and had a sack of eggs hanging before him. He pays two guineas a-year to the lord of the manor, for the privilege of getting them, and sells them, he says, "to people in a decline." One lady, he told us, had paid him a shilling a-piece. "She," replied Captain H., with a lurking smile, "must have been far gone in a decline, I think." The man told us they had the art of emptying the egg-shell by perforating it with two pinholes, and blowing out the contents; whereupon the captain, who leaves nothing unessayed, amid his children's merry shouts and ours, fairly rivalled the professor at his own art.

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\* They are of very difficult access, as we were assured by seeing the process of letting the man down and sustaining him on the perpendicular cliff; but nothing seems impossible to men who must die or struggle for their bread. The man was stout and very well-looking, but with an anxious and sad expression. I found he had a large family to feed, and among them four stalwart boys. I asked him what were their prospects. "None," he said, with an expression suited to the words, "but starvation."

*Sunday.*—WE have been to church for the first time in England. It was an old Gothic edifice. I thought of our forefathers with tenderness and with reverence. Brave men they were to leave these venerable sanctuaries, to go over the ocean—to “the depth of the desert’s gloom.”

It was a curious coincidence enough, that the first preacher we hear this side the water bears our own name. This it was, no doubt, that set my mind to running upon relationships and forefathers. Mr. S. is a poor curate, who, after twenty years’ service, is compelled to leave his place here by the new order of things, which obliges his superior to do his own work. One feels a little distrustful of those reforms that destroy individual happiness and snap asunder old ties.

*Monday.*—WE drove this morning to Carisbrooke Castle, an old ruin in the heart of the island. We were shown the window through which Charles I., when imprisoned here, attempted to escape. In spite of getting my first historical impressions from Hume, that lover of kings and supreme lover of the Stuarts, I never had much sympathy with this king of bad faith; still it is not easy to stand at this window without a sorrowful sympathy with Charles. There he stood, looking on the land that seemed to him his inheritance by a Divine charter, longing

for the wings of the birds that were singing round this window, to bear him to those friends who were awaiting him, and, instead of him, had only the signal which he hung out of this window to give them notice of the defeat of his project.

Nothing, I know, is more tiresome than the description of old castles which you get from such raw tourists as we are, and may find in every guide-book; but I wish I could do up my sensations and send them to you. As we passed the Elizabethan gate, and wound away up into the old keep, stopping, now and then, to look through the openings left for the exercise of the cross-bow, or as we wandered about the walls, and stood to hear the pebble descend into Carisbrooke well,\* I felt as if old legends had become incorporate.

WE expect nothing pleasanter than the week we have spent on the Isle of Wight. How much of our enthusiasm it may owe to our coming to it from shipboard, and to the fresh impressions of the Old World, of its thatched cottages, ivied walls, old churches and churchyards, and English cultivation, I cannot say. The English speak of it as all "*in little*," a cockney affair, &c.; but, if small, it has the delicacy and perfection of a cabinet picture.

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\* The well is 200 feet in depth, 25 of masonry, and the rest cut through a solid rock.

## SOUTHAMPTON.

MY DEAR C—,

*Thursday, 13th.* The luxury of an English inn, after a day exhausting as our last on the Isle of Wight, has never been exaggerated and cannot be overpraised. We have not been ten days in England, without having certain painful comparisons between our own inns and those of this country forced upon us. But I intend, after I have had more experience, to give you my observations on this subject in one plentiful shower, instead of annoying you with sprinkling them over all my letters.

Our intention was to have proceeded directly to London. Instead of this, we have loitered here two days, and why, I will tell you.

Captain Hall's good taste was shocked at our leaving Southampton without seeing Netley Abbey; and surely to leave this out, in seeing England, would be much like the omission of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* in reading Shakspeare. So yesterday morning, with a sky as clear and almost as deep as our own summer sky, we set off, accompanied by the Halls, for these beautiful ruins. They are much more entire than those of Carisbrooke. The walls are standing, and how long they have been so is touchingly impressed upon you by the tall trees that have grown up in the unroofed apartments. Shrubs four or five feet high



fringe the tops of the walls, and flowers are rooted in the crevices. It seemed as if Nature, with a feeling of kindred for a beautiful work of art, would fain hide the wounds she could not heal—wounds of violence as well as time.

I shall spare you any description, for I should waste your time and mine. No description can convey as definite an idea as any of the hundred engravings you have seen of Netley Abbey; and I am sorry to say to you, that even a Daguerreotype picture would give you no adequate impression of its beauty. There is nothing for you but to come and see these places; their soul, their history, their associations are untransfuseable. I have no extraordinary sensibility to such things, and I saw — smiling at my tears; and glad I should have been to have passed a day alone there, to have trodden the ground with undisturbed recollections of those who reared the beautiful temple, who were, in their time, the teachers of religion, the preservers of learning, the fountains of charity. It would not be easy to indulge this fancy, for, besides the guides that infested us, and a succession of hunters after the picturesque, R. detected some fellows stealing jackdaws' nests; and Captain H. not only threatened them with the strong arm of the law, but, to secure these holy precincts from such marauders, he was at the pains to lodge information against them with the proper authority.

On our return from Netley we ascertained that the —— family are at their place, a short drive from Southampton. You know how much reason we have to wish to avail ourselves of our letters to them; or, rather, you do not know how much, nor did we till we had seen them. So we sent off our letters, and went to Winchester with the Halls by the railroad. It was but the second day since this section of the road was opened, and it was lined with staring people, hurraing and clapping hands. The chief object of the excursion to us was the Cathedral, which is the largest in England. A part of it is of the Saxon order, and dates from the seventh century. What think you of our New-World eyes seeing the sarcophagi containing the bones of the old Saxon kings—the Ethelreds and Ethelwolfs, and of Canute the Dane; the tombs of William Rufus, and of William of Wickham; the chair in which bloody Mary sat at her nuptial ceremony; besides unnumbered monuments and chapels built by kings and bishops; to say nothing of some of the best art of our own time, sculpture by Flaxman and Chantrey? Their details were lost upon us in the effect of the great whole; the long-drawn aisles, the windows with their exquisite colouring, the lofty vault, the carved stones, the pillars and arches—those beautiful Gothic arches. We had some compensation for the unconsciousness of a lifetime, of the power of architecture, in our over-

whelming emotions. They cannot be repeated. We cannot see a cathedral twice for the first time, that is very clear !

I was not prepared for the sensations to be excited by visiting these old places of the Old World. There is nothing in our land to aid the imperfect lights of history. Here it seems suddenly verified. Its long-buried dead, or, rather, its dim spectres, appear with all the freshness of actual life. A miracle is wrought on poetry and painting. While they represented what we had never seen, they were but shadows to us ; a kind of magic mirrors, showing false images ; now they seem a Divine form, for the perpetual preservation of the beautiful creations of Nature and art.

It happened that while we were in Winchester Cathedral service was performed there. I cannot tell how I might have been affected if it had been a more hearty service. There were the officials, the clergyman and clerk, a choir of boys, and, for the audience, half-a-dozen men, three or four women, octogenarians, or verging on the extreme of human life, and ourselves. I confess that the temple, and not He who sanctifies it, filled my mind. My eyes were wandering over the arches, the carvings, the Saxon *caskets*, &c., &c.\*

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\* The prudence of not attempting a description of Winchester Cathedral, or an enumeration of its treasures, will be appreciated by those who know that a volume of 200 pages is devoted to this subject alone.

WHEN we arrived at the depôt at Southampton we found Mrs. —, with her daughter, awaiting us with a welcome that made us forget we were strangers to them and strangers in a strange land—blessed forgetfulness! They transferred K. and myself to their carriage, and we drove home with them to B— Lodge; and, as the days here are eked out with a generous twilight till nearly ten o'clock, we had time to see their beautiful place, and to-day the pleasure has been repeated.

I cannot follow the rule I would fain have adopted, and compare what I see here to what is familiar to you at home. There is, for instance, in this place of Mrs. —, a neatness, completeness, and perfection, of which we have but the beginning and faint shadowing. Our grounds are like our society, where you meet every degree of civilisation. Here, every tree, shrub, and little flower is in its right place, and nothing present that should not be here. On one side of the house the garden is laid out in the fantastical French style, in the form of hearts and whimsical figures, but elsewhere it is completely English, with noble trees, that grow as Nature bids them; hothouses, with grapes and pines; and a lawn that for hundreds of years, probably, has had its grass cropped every week through the growing months.

The house is, I fancy, rather a favourable specimen of the residences of the English gentry, spa-

cious, and arranged with comfort and elegance ; but not surpassing, in these respects, the first class of gentlemen's country-houses in America. But there are luxuries here that we have not, and shall not have for a many a day. The walls are painted by the master of the house with views on the Rhine, from sketches of his own, and very beautiful they are. This is, to be sure, attainable to us ; for a taste, and a certain facility in painting, is common enough among us ; but when shall we see on our walls an unquestionable Titian, or a Carlo Dolce, or when, in a gentleman's country house, an apartment filled with casts from the best antiques ? Certainly not till our people cease to demand drapery for the chanting cherubs, and such like innocents !

Mrs. ——— was a friend of Mrs. Siddons. She has a full-length picture of her by Lawrence, which represents a perfect woman in the maturity of her powers and charms, somewhat idealised, perhaps, as if the painter were infected by Mrs. ———'s enthusiasm, and to the fondness of a friend added the devotion of a worshipper. It is Mrs. Siddons ; not a muse, queen, or goddess, though fit to be any or all of them. She is dressed in a very un-goddesslike short waist. Strange, that a woman who had her classic eye, and her passion for moulding forms after antique models, should submit to the tyranny of a French milliner's levelling fashion ! Her

beautiful arms are classically manifest—bare as Juno's. Lawrence employed thirty hours on each of them!

We all lunched with Mrs. ——. An English lunch is our country dinner, served at our country hour, and of much the same material. Different in the respect, that whatever is to be eaten is placed on the table at the same time, and very different, inasmuch as you are served by three or four men in livery, instead of a girl in a dress unquestionably of her own choosing. Mrs. —'s vegetable-dishes are a precious relic of Mrs. Siddons. They are silver, and bear her initials and an inscription from the lawyers of Edinburgh, by whom they were presented to her.

After lunch, Miss — took us in her carriage, stowing the girls in the rumble, through Lord Ash-down's and Mr. Fleming's parks. We drove a mile through the latter, with thick borderings and plantations of shrubbery on each side of us, so matted, and with such a profusion of rhododendron, as to remind me of passages in the wilds of western Virginia. This, you know, is a plant not native to this country, but brought with much pains and expense from ours. We have not English wealth to lavish on parks and gardens, but with taste and industry we might bring to our homes, and gratefully cherish, the beautiful plants that God has sown at broadcast in our forests. I declare to you, when I remem-

ber how seldom I have seen our azaleas, kalmias, &c., in cultivated grounds, while I meet them here in such abundance, it seems like finding a neglected child housed and gently entertained by strangers. Some of us returned to dine and pass the evening with Mrs. — and her daughter; and we left B—— Lodge warmed to the heart's core with this realisation of our old poetic ideas of English hospitality.\*

*Friday, June 13.*—We left Southampton this morning, feeling much, when we parted from Captain Hall and his family, as if we were launching alone on the wide world. He told us, at the last, if we got into any difficulty, if we were at Johnny Groat's even, to send for him. As far as the most thoughtful kindness and foresight can provide against difficulties, he has done so for us. Both he and Mrs. Hall have given us letters of introduction (unasked), and a score, at least, to their friends in London and Scotland, people of rank and distinction. To these they have added addresses to tradespeople of all descriptions, and all manner

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\* I have abstained from transferring from my journal whatever was personal to our kind entertainers, certainly the paramount charm of their place. We owed the warmth of our reception to letters from their and our dear friend, Mrs. Butler. To her, too, we owed our admission to some of the best society in London, where her genius and character are held in the high estimation they deserve.

of instructions as to our goings on : a kind of mapping and charting inestimable to raw travellers like us. He has even had lodgings provided for us in London by his man of business, so that we shall find a home in that great, and, to us, unknown sea.

You will smile at all our letters running upon this theme of Captain H., and you may perchance fancy that our preconceived opinion of this gentleman is rather bribed by personal kindness than rectified. But remember that we had no claim upon his kindness. It is not our personal benefits (though, Heaven knows, we are most grateful for them) that I am anxious to impress upon you, but to give you the advantage of our point of sight of a character that some of our people have misunderstood, and some misrepresented. I have no such crusading notions as that I could set a whole nation's opinion right, but I should hope to affect yours, and perhaps half-a-dozen others. Captain H. has a mind wide awake, ever curious and active. These qualities have been of infinite service to him as a traveller, and to his charmed readers as well ; but it is easy to see how, among strangers, they might betray him into some little extravagances. Then he is a seaman and a Briton, and liable, on both scores, to unphilosophic judgments. With the faults that proceed from an excess of activity, we, of all people, should be most patient ; and certainly we might have forgiven some mistaken



opinions in conformity to preconceived patterns, instead of imputing them to political prostitution. We might, indeed, had we been wise, have found many of his criticisms just and salutary, and thanked him for them, and have delighted in his frankness, his sagacity, and his vein of very pleasant humour; but, alas! our Saxon blood is always uppermost, and we go on cherishing our infallibility, and, like a snappish cook, had much rather spoil our own pie than have a foreign finger in it. It is an old trick of the English bull-dog to bark at his neighbour's door; but let him do so, if he will caress you at his own.

I FEEL, my dear C., a disposition to self-glorification from one circumstance of our journey from Southampton. My girls and I took our seats on the top of the coach, paying for two inside seats, in case of rain, of which, I take it in England, there are always nine chances out of ten. You may well ask why I boast of this, when we gained the obvious advantage of using our eyes in this rich and new scene; and when they are nearly as useless inside the coach as were Jonah's to him in his "extra exclusive." You know I am a coward on instinct, and to a novice a seat on the top of an English coach is startling; and it is somewhat perilous, the coach being topheavy with the number of passengers and mass of baggage, and we were not

yet accustomed to the security of these smooth roads. And besides, you cannot expect us to be exempt from the general weakness of wishing to impress the grooms, porters, coachmen, innkeepers, &c., with our potentiality! Many Americans give up the delight of travelling in England on account of its expensiveness, or come home with loud outcries against it, when, if they would forego the distinction of posting, and condescend to the humility of an outside seat, (infinitely the pleasantest,) they might travel here quite as cheaply as they can *by coach* at home\*.

Did the sacrifices that a traveller makes to appearances never strike you as one of the ludicrous fatuities of human conduct, when you consider that his observers do not know whether he be "Giles Jolt," or any other member of the human family?

We had good reason to be satisfied with our position. The coachman had driven twenty years on the same road, and was familiar with every inch of ground; he exchanged salutations with the people by the way, and many professional jokes, and pointed out to us the wayside lions,—a seat of Lord Wellington's, a hunting-box of George IV.,

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\* I should have said, as they could have done at home. The rates of travelling expenses are diminishing at such a rate, that you cannot predicate of this year what was true of the last. What is fixed in the United States? A guide-book, written one season, would be in good part useless the next.

&c. We came through Winchester and Basingstoke, passed many a field covered with the crimson blush of the cinquefoil, and bounded by hedges thick set with flowering shrubs. I trust your grandchildren may see such in our Berkshire. I had written to Miss Mitford my intention of passing the evening with her, and as we approached her residence, which is in a small village near Reading, I began to feel a little tremulous about meeting my "unknown friend." Captain Hall had made us all merry with anticipating the usual dénouement of a mere epistolary acquaintance.

Our coachman (who, after our telling him we were Americans, had complimented us on our speaking English, and "very good English too") professed an acquaintance of some twenty years' standing with Miss M., and assured us that she was one of the "cleverest women in England," and "the doctor" (her father) a fine "old gentleman." And when he reined his horses up to her door, and she appeared to receive us, he said, "Now you would not take that lady there for the great author, would you?" and certainly we should have taken her for nothing but a kindly gentlewoman, who had never gone beyond the narrow sphere of the most refined social life. My foolish misgivings

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\* We had a compliment of the same stamp the next day from a Londoner who was in the car with us. He assured us, with praiseworthy condescension, that we spoke English "uncommon correct."

(H. must answer for them) were forgotten in her cordial welcome. K. and I descended from our airy seat; and when Miss M. became aware who M. was, she said, "What! the sister of — pass my door?—that must never be;" so M., nothing loath, joined us. Miss M. is truly "a pleasing person," dressed a little quaintly, and as unlike as possible to the faces we have seen of her in the magazines, which all have a broad humour, bordering on coarseness. She has a pale grey, soul-lit eye, and hair as white as snow; a wintry sign that has come prematurely upon her, as like signs come upon us, while the year is yet fresh and undecayed. Her voice has a sweet, low tone, and her manner a naturalness, frankness, and affectionateness, that we have been so long familiar with in their other modes of manifestation, that it would have been indeed a disappointment not to have found them.

She led us directly through her house into her garden, a perfect bouquet of flowers. "I must show you my geraniums while it is light," she said, "for I love them next to my father." And they were indeed treated like petted children, guarded by a very ingenious contrivance from the rough visitation of the elements. They are all, I believe, seedlings. She raises two crops in a year, and may well pride herself on the variety and beauty of her collection. Geraniums are her favourites; but she does not love others less that she loves

these more. The garden is filled, matted with flowering shrubs, and vines; the trees are wreathed with honeysuckles and roses; and the girls have brought away the most splendid specimens of heart's-ease to press in their journals. Oh, that I could give some of my countrywomen a vision of this little paradise of flowers, that they might learn how *taste and industry*, and an earnest love and study of the art of garden-culture, might triumph over small space and small means!

Miss M—'s house is, with the exception of certainly not more than two or three, as small and humble as the smallest and humblest in our village of S—; and such is the difference, in some respects, in the modes of expense in this country from ours; she keeps two men-servants (one a gardener), two or three maid-servants, and two horses. In this very humble home, which she illustrates as much by her unsparing filial devotion, as by her genius, she receives on equal terms the best in the land. Her literary reputation might have gained for her this elevation, but she started on vantage-ground, being allied by blood to the Duke of Bedford's family. We passed a delightful evening, parting with the hope of meeting again, and with a most comfortable feeling that the ideal was converted into the real. So much for our misgivings. Faith is a safer principle than some people hold it to be\*.

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\* I have not dared to draw aside the curtain of domestic life,

We finished our journey by the Great Western Railway. It is little short of desecration to cut up this garden country, where all rough ways were already made smooth, all crooked ones straight, with railroads. They seem to have been devised for our uncultivated lands and gigantic distances.

## LONDON.

*London, 14th.*—HERE we are, with a house to ourselves, in modest, comfortable, clean lodgings (but is not all England clean?) in Halfmoon-street. It is the London season, so called from Parliament being in session, and all the fashion and business of the kingdom congregating here at this time. We are told that we are fortunate in getting any lodgings at the West End, while the town is so filled; and at the West End you must be if you would hope to live in the daylight of the known, that is, the fashionable world.\*

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and give the particulars of Miss M.'s touching devotion to her father. "He is all to me, and I am all to him," she said. God help them in this parting world!

\* As exact details of expenses are useful to inexperienced travellers, I may perhaps do a service to some one by giving the precise cost of our London lodging. We had a drawing and a dining-room, a bed-room and dressing-room on the second floor, and three bed-rooms on the third floor (all small), for seven guineas a week, and one guinea for firing and attendance. Under the term firing is included cooking. We lived simply, having regularly two dishes meat (or fish and meat), a pudding or tart, and the fruits in

Would you know what struck me as we drove from the depôt of the Western Railroad to our lodgings? the familiar names of the streets, the neutral tint of the houses, the great superiority of the pavements to ours, and, having last seen New York, the superior cleanliness of the streets. I have all my life heard London spoken of as dismal and dark. It may be so in winter; it is not now. The smoke colour of the houses is soft and healthy to the eye, so unlike our flame-coloured cities, that seem surely to typify their destiny, which is, you know, to be burned up, sooner or later—*sooner*, in most cases. And, having had nothing to do to-day but gaze from our windows, what think you has struck us as quite different from a relative position in our own city?—the groups of ballad-singers, consisting usually of a man and woman, and one or two children. I have seen such in New York half a dozen times in my life, and they are always people from the Continent of Europe. Here, not half an hour passes without a procession of these licensed,

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season, strawberries and cherries. Our breakfast was coffee and tea, bread, butter, rolls, muffins, and eggs. The cost to each person (one gentleman and five ladies) was a trifle more than two pounds twelve shillings (thirteen dollars) a week. Every article of food was perfect of its kind, and well served. The most fastidious could have found no ground of complaint. The high prices were raging when we left New York, and we found the common articles of food in London not higher, in some cases lower; for instance, for excellent cauliflowers we gave sixpence—twelve and a half cents.

musical, and, to us novices, irresistible beggars. Then there are the hawkers of flowers as irresistible, lovely bouquets of moss-rosebuds, geraniums, heliotropes, and what not. As we are in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly and the parks, our street is quite a thoroughfare, and we are every moment exclaiming at the superb equipages that pass our window. Nothing, I presume, of the kind in the world exceeds the luxury of an English carriage with all its appointments; and yet, shall I confess to you that, after my admiration of their superb horses was somewhat abated, I have felt, in looking at them, much as I have at seeing a poor little child made a fool of by the useless and glittering trappings of his hobbyhorse. What would our labouring men, who work up the time and strength God gives them into independence, domestic happiness, and political existence—what would they, what should they say, at seeing three—four servants—strong, tall, well-made young men (for such are selected)—attached to a coach, one coachman and three footmen, two, of course, perfect supernumeraries? We “moralise the spectacle,” too; observe the vacant countenance and flippant air of these men, chained to the circle of half a dozen ideas, and end with a laugh at their fantastical liveries; some in white turned with red, and some in red turned with white. Fancy a man driving, with a militia general’s hat, feathers and all, with three



footmen, one seated beside him and two behind, all with white coats, scarlet plush breeches, white silk stockings, rosettes on their shoes, and gold-headed batons in their white-gloved hands. There must be something "rotten in the state," when God's creatures, "possible angels," as our friend Doctor T. calls all human kind, look up to a station behind a lord's coach as a privileged place. "Possible angels" they may be; but, alas, their path is hedged about with huge improbabilities!

SINCE the first day of our arrival here, my dear C., we have been going on with the swiftness of railroad motion. I have made, *en passant*, a few notes in the hope of retaining impressions that were necessarily slight and imperfect; and now, at my first leisure, I am about to expand them for you. You shall have them honestly, without colouring or exaggeration. I can scarcely hope they will have any other merit; for, without any humble disclaimers which might be made as to the incompetency of the individual—that individual a woman always more or less hampered—what is one month in London! one month among two millions of people!

Coming to the cities of the Old World, as we do, with our national vanities thick upon us, with our scale of measurement graduated by Broadway, the City-Hall, the Battery, and the Boston-Common, we are confounded by the extent of London, by its

magnificent parks, its immense structures, by its docks and warehouses, and by all its details of convenience and comfort, and its aggregate of incalculable wealth. We begin with comforting ourselves with the thought "Why, these people have been at it these two thousand years, and Heaven knows how much longer." By degrees envy melts into self-complacency, and we say "they are our relations;" "our fathers had a hand in it;" we are of the same race, "as our new-planned cities and unfinished towers" shall hereafter prove. Mr. Webster said to me after we had both been two or three weeks here, "What is your impression now of London? my feeling is yet amazement."

I got my best idea of the source of the wealth and power of the country from visiting the docks and warehouses, which we did thoroughly, under the conduct of our very kind countryman, Mr. P. Vaughan, whose uncle, Mr. William Vaughan, had much to do with the suggesting and planning these great works. Do not fear I am about to give you a particular description of them, which you will get so much better from any statistics of London. Our "woman's sphere," the boundaries of which some of my sex are making rather indefinite, does not extend to such subjects. We yet have the child's pleasure of wonder, and we had it in perfection in passing through an apartment a hundred feet in length, appropriated to cinnamon, the next of equal

extent, to cloves, and so on and so on to a wine-vault under an acre of ground.

I never enter the London parks without regretting the folly (call it not cupidity) of our people, who, when they had a whole continent at their disposal, have left such narrow spaces for what has been so well called the lungs of a city; its breathing-places they certainly are.\* I do not know the number of squares in London. I should think a hundred as large as our boasted St. John's Park, *the Park*, Washington and Union Squares. Their parks appear to me to cover as much ground as half our city of New-York. The Regent's Park, the largest, contains 450 acres; Hyde Park, 395. Besides these, there are Green and St. James's Parks, which, however, are both much smaller than Hyde Park. I wonder if some of our speculating *lot-mad* people would not like to have the draining of their adorning-waters, and the laying-out of the ground into streets and building-lots, a passion as worthy as Scott's old Cummer's for streaking a corse. It would, indeed, be changing the living into the dead to drive the spirit of health and the healthiest pleasure from

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\* A friend has suggested that this censure is unjust in regard to our largest cities, New-York and Philadelphia; that, being built on a limited space inclosed by great bodies of water, our people could not afford to devote building-ground to other purposes. But, have they done what they could? What is the justification for the sacrifice of Hoboken? and has anything been done to secure the refinement of pleasure-grounds in our smaller towns and villages?

these beautiful grounds. The utilitarian principle, in its narrowest sense, has too much to do in our country. I can fancy a Western squatter coming into Regent's Park and casting his eye over its glades, gardens, and shrubberies, exclaim, "Why, this is the best of parara\* land; I'll squat here!"

Yes, dear C., that surely is a narrow utilitarianism which would make everything convertible to the meat that perisheth; and to that would sacrifice God's rich provisions for the wants of man's spirit. The only chance a London tradesman has to feel that he has anything nobler in his nature than a craving stomach, is when he comes forth on Sunday from his smoky place of daily toil into these lovely green parks, where he and his young ones can lay themselves down on the greensward, under the shadow of majestic trees, amid the odour of flowers and the singing of birds: all God's witnesses even to their dulled senses. We have 300,000 souls now in New-York. We shall soon have our million; but, alas! we have no such paradise in preparation for them!

The Zoological Garden is in Regent's Park. As a garden merely, it is very beautiful; and I do not doubt its planner or planners had reference to the original type of all gardens. Its various and vast number of animals remind you at every turn of Milton's Paradise, though the women in blue and purple satin, and the men in the last fashion of

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\* The Western Anglicè for prairie.

Bond-street, bear little resemblance to the original specimens of those who, with their loyal subjects, were "to find pastime and bear rule."

"For contemplation he and valour form'd ;  
For softness she and sweet attractive grace."

All the representatives of the bird and animal creation that were housed in the ark appear to have their descendants here ; and, as if to guard them against dying of homesickness, they have their little surroundings made as far as possible to resemble their native places. They are accommodated according to the national taste, with private lodgings, and space to roam and growl at will à l'Anglaise. There is sparkling water for aquatic birds, and ponds for the otter to dive in. There is space for the dainty giraffe, who seems hardly to touch the ground from very delicateness, to rove over, and trees, to whose topmost branches he stretches his flexile neck. The bear has his area, with poles to hug and climb, and the elephant his tank to swim in, and forest-like glades to lumber along ; and camels we saw in the distance grazing on fields of green grass ; and then there are "rows of goodliest trees" and "verdurous walls ;" "blossoms and fruits ;" all the luxuries of paradise, save authority, solitude, innocence, and a few such light matters. The garden has not been open more than twelve years. The price of admission is only one shilling English. This we should think liberal enough in our demo-

cratic country. The pleasure is made more exclusive on Sunday by the requisition of a member's ticket, but these are easily obtained. Several were sent us unasked. If you care for such shows, you may then, in addition to the birds and beasts, see the gentry and nobility!

I FANCY that most of our people, when they arrive in London, go to the Tower and Westminster Abbey, as the sights they have most and longest thirsted for. I have been told that Webster had not been half an hour in London when he took a cab and drove to the Tower; and I liked the boyish feeling still fresh and perceptible, like the little rivulet whose hue marks it distinctly long after it has entered some great river. I have *not* seen the Tower; not for lack of interest in it, for, ever since in my childhood my heart ached for the hapless state-prisoner that passed its portals, I have longed to see it. We went there at an unfortunate hour; the doors were closed; and I was like a crossed child when I felt that I should never see the Black Prince's armour, nor the axe that dealt the death-blow to Anne Boleyn, nor the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, nor any of the Tower's soul-moving treasures. We were admitted within the outer wall, which incloses an area where three thousand people live; a fact that, as it is all I have to communicate, will, I hope, surprise you as much as it did me.

We went three times to Westminster Abbey, and spent many hours there; hours that had more sensation in them than months, I might almost say years, of ordinary life. Why, my dear C., it is worth crossing the Atlantic to enter the little door by which we first went into the Abbey, and have your eyes light on that familiar legend, "O rare Ben Jonson!" And then to walk around and see the monuments of Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, and of other inspired teachers. You have strange and mixed feelings. You approach nearer to them than ever before, but it is in sympathy with their mortality. You *realise* for the first time that they are dead; for who, of all your friends, have been so living to you as they? We escaped from our automaton guide, and walked about as if in a trance.

There is much embodied history in the Abbey—facts recorded in stone. And there are startling curiosities of antiquity, such, for example, as a coronation-chair as old as Edward the Confessor's time, and the helmet of Henry V., and his saddle, the very saddle he rode at Agincourt. I thought, as I looked at it, and felt the blood tingling in my veins, that his prophecy of being "freshly remembered," even "to the ending of the world," was in fair progress to fulfilment.

The Gothic architecture of parts of the Abbey is, I believe, quite unequalled; but the effect of

the whole is impaired by Protestant spoliations and alterations. Henry the Seventh's chapel, with its carved stone ceiling, is a proverb and miracle of beauty.

I was grievously disappointed in St. Paul's. I early got, from some school-book I believe, an impression that it was a model of architecture, that Sir Christopher Wren was a Divine light among artists, and sundry other false notions. It stands in the heart of the city of London, and is so defaced, and absolutely blackened by its coal-smoke, that you would scarcely suspect it to be of that beautiful material white Portland stone. A more heavy, inexpressive mass can hardly be found cumbering the ground. It takes time and infinite pains, depend on't, to educate the Saxon race out of their natural inaptitude in matters of taste. As you stand within and under the dome, the effect is very grand and beautiful. The statues here and at Westminster, struck me as monstrous, and even curious, productions for an age when Grecian art was extant, or, indeed, for any age; for there is always the original model, the human form. The artists have not taken man for their model, but the *English* man, of whom grace can scarcely be predicated, and the Englishman, too, in his national, and sometimes in his hideous military costume.

One of the sights that much pleased me was the Inns of Court. The entrance to it is from one



of the thronged thoroughfares (Fleet-street, I believe), to which it seems a sort of episode, or rather, like a curious antique pendant to a chain of modern workmanship. The ground, now occupied by the lawyers, was formerly appropriated to the Knights Templars. Their chapel still remains; a singular old structure it is. A part of it is in its original condition, as it was when the Du Bois Guilberts of the romantic days worshipped there. When I looked at their effigies in stone, I could almost hear their armour clanking and ringing on the pavement.

As you will perceive from my barren report to you, I have given very little time to sight-seeing, and less to public amusements. I went once to Covent Garden Theatre with Mrs. ——. She has a free ticket, which admits two persons; one of the small fruits of her literary sowing, a species of labour which should produce to her a wide-spread and golden harvest. We went unattended—a new experience to me. Necessity has taught women here more independence than with us, and it has its advantages to both parties; the men are saved much bother, and the women gain faculty and freedom. Mrs. —— proceeded with as much ease as if she were going to her own room at home, and we met with no difficulty or impertinence whatever, not even a stare. The play was

Henry V., as it is restored by Macready, who, with a zeal that all true lovers of Shakspeare must venerate, is effacing the profane alterations of the poet's text; such mangling, for instance, as Garrick made of the last scenes of Lear; and, besides, is adding indescribably to the dramatic beauty of the representation by an elaborate conformity to the costume of the period which the play represents. Shakspeare himself would, I suspect, be somewhat startled by the perfection of scenic decoration and costume of Macready's presentation of Henry V. While the choruses are rehearsing by Time, there is a pictorial exhibition of the scenes he describes; and this is managed with such art as to appear to the spectator, not a picture, but an actual scene. As he finishes, a curtain, which seems like a dissolving cloud, is withdrawn, and discloses the actors.

Covent Garden Theatre is much larger, more elegant, and more commodiously arranged than the best of ours. There is a certain indefinite pleasure proceeding from seeing a play of Shakspeare played in the land where he lived; where he has seen them enacted, and himself enacted them. It is something like going to a friend's house for the first time after a long and close friendship with him. A few days since we were at Southampton, and passed through the arch under which Henry led his army when he embarked for

the "fair and lucky war." This, and the recurrence of the names of localities that are now within our daily drives, gave me the *realising* sensation of which you may well be tired of hearing by this time. And, by-the-way, how could I describe this sensation without our expressive American (New England?) use of this world realise?

We went once to the Italian opera, and sat in the pit. The intermixture of gaily-dressed ladies with men in the pit gives it a civilised and lively aspect; it is something like turning a forest into a flower-garden. The pit of the opera is filled with people of respectable condition, as you may suppose from the cost of any box large enough for five or six people being seven or eight guineas. We paid two dollars for a seat. Mrs. — was with us, expounding to us, and enjoying, as none but those who have the genius to the fingers' ends that makes the artist, can enjoy. The people who have the reputation of being the first singers in the world sang: Grisi, the young Garcia, Persiani, Lablache, Tamburini, and a very interesting young man, the son of an Italian marquis, whose *nom-de-guerre* is Mario. The little queen was in her box behind a curtain, as carefully hidden from her people as an oriental monarch; not from any oriental ideas of the sacredness of her person, but that she may cast off her royal dignity, and have the privilege of enjoying unobserved, as we humble people do. No

chariness of her countenance could make her "like the robe pontifical, ne'er seen but wondered at." She is a plain little body enough, as we saw when she protruded her head to bow to the high people in the box next to her: the queen-dowager, the Princess Esterhazy, and so on. Ordinary is the word for her; you would not notice her among a hundred others in our village church. Just now she is suffering for the tragedy of Lady Flora, and fears are entertained, whenever she appears, that there will be voices to cry out "*Where is Lady Flora?*" a sound that must pierce the poor young thing's heart. Ah! she has come to the throne when royalty pays quite too dear for its whistle!

We had the ballet *La Gitana* after the singing—and *Taglioni*. No praise of her grace is exaggerated. There is music in every movement of her arms; and if she would restrict herself within the limits of decency, there could not be a more exquisite spectacle of its kind than her dancing. I would give in to the ravings of her admirers, and allow that her grace is God's beautiful gift, and that fitting it is it should be so used. But could not this grace be equally demonstrated with a skirt a few inches longer and rather less transparent? To my crude notions her positions are often disgusting; and when she raised her leg to a right angle with her body, I could have exclaimed, as Carlyle did, "Merciful Heaven! where will it end?"

Familiarity must dull the sense to these bad parts of the exhibition ; for Mrs. ——— quoted a Frenchwoman, who said, on seeing Taglioni, “ Il faut être sage pour danser comme ça ” (one must be virtuous to dance like that). I should rather have said “ Il ne faut pas être *femme* pour danser comme ça.” And I would divide the world, not as our witty friend ——— does, into men, women, and Mary Wolstonecrafts, but into men, women, and ballet-dancers. For surely a woman must have forgotten the instincts of her sex before she can dance even as Taglioni does. I am not apt, as you know my dear C., to run a tilt against public amusements ; but I hold this to be an execrable one ; and, if my voice could have any influence, I would pray every modest woman and modest *man*, for why should this virtue be graduated by a different scale for the different sexes ? every modest man and woman, then, in our land to discountenance its advancement there. If we have not yet the perfection of a matured civilisation, God save us from the corruptions that prelude and intimate its decline !

We spent a morning at the British Museum, and could have passed a month there profitably. It is on a magnificent scale, worthy this great nation. We have made a few excursions out of London. We took the fourth of July to drive to Hampton Court ; and so bright and warm it was

that, as far as the weather was concerned, we might have fancied ourselves at home, keeping our national festival. "Hampton's royal pile" was begun by Wolsey, who, "though of an humble stock," was born with a kingly ambition, and "fashioned to much honour from his cradle." His expenditure on this palace was most royal, and furnished, as you know, a convenient pretext for his master's displeasure. Henry put forth the lion's right—might—and took possession of it; and the royal arms and badges of the Tudors are carved over the devices and arms of Wolsey. That part of the edifice which belongs to the age of the Tudors seemed to me alone to have any architectural interest or much beauty. It bears the marks of that era when feudal individual fortifications were giving place to the defences of a higher civilisation: when the country-house was superseding the castle. From the time of Henry VIII. to the first two Georges it has been at various times enlarged, and has been one of the regular establishments of the reigning family. It is now, with its extensive and beautifully-ornamented grounds, given up to the public, who are admitted within the gates without a fee! There is no picturesqueness, no natural beauty in the grounds, or, rather, to speak more accurately, in the face of the ground; for who shall presume to say that trees are not natural beauties, and such trees as the magnificent elms, chesnuts,

and limes of Hampton, the most surpassingly beautiful of all natural beauties?

There is one walk of a mile to the Thames, and there is shrubbery, and fountains, and artificial bits of water, and aquatic birds, and plants, as we have good reason to remember; for one of our girls, fancying, with truly American naïveté, they were growing *wild*, and unchecked by the pithy admonition on sundry bits of board, "It is expected the public will protect what is intended for public enjoyment," tempted our friend P. to pluck a lotus for her. He was forthwith pounced upon by a lad, one of the police curs, who seized for "the crown and country" the poor water-lily, and compelled P. to appear before one of the officials. The regular fine was ten shillings English; but the man was lenient; and, in consideration of our being Americans, (semi-barbarians?) P. was let off with paying a slight penalty for his good-natured gallantry. We left the gardens with reluctance for the duty of seeing the interior of the palace, and beginning with a princely hall one hundred feet in length, we circulated through more banqueting-rooms, drawing-rooms, "king's sleeping-apartments," "queen's bed chambers," "king's presence-chambers," "king's and queen's dressing-rooms," "queen's galleries," tapestry galleries, and what not, than ever rose above the horizon of your plebeian imagination.

The apartments are nearly all hung with pictures. There is little furniture, strictly so called, remaining, and what there is, is faded and time-worn.

I give you the following opinion with all modesty, knowing that I am not a qualified judge; the collection of pictures struck me as proving that art is not native to the country. Of course the pictures are chiefly by foreign artists, but obtained by Englishmen who had an unlimited power of patronage and selection. In the immense number of pictures there are few to be remembered. The celebrated portrait of Charles the First on horseback, by Vandyke, rivets you before it by its most sad and prophetic expression. It is such a portrait as Shakspeare would have painted of Charles had he been an outside-painter.

Sir Peter Lely's flesh-and-blood beauties of Charles the Second's time fill one apartment. Hamilton\* and Mrs. Jameson have given these fair dames an immortality they do not merit. They are mere mortal beauties, and not even the best specimens of their kind. They are the women of the coarsest English comedies; not such types of womanhood as Juliet, Desdemona, and Isabella. They have not the merit of individuality. They have all beautiful hands—probably because Sir Peter Lely could paint beautiful hands—and lovely necks and bosoms, most prodigally displayed. There is a mixture of finery and

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\* Mémoires de Grammont.



negligence in their dress that would seem to indicate the born slattern transformed into the fine lady. It would take a Mohammed's heaven of such beauties to work up into the spiritual loveliness of an exquisite head of St. Catherine, by Correggio, in another apartment of this gallery. What a text might be made of these counterfeit presentments of the sinner and the saint for an eloquent preacher in a Magdalen chapel!

Holbein's pictures were to me among the most interesting in the collection. Some one says that Holbein's pictures are "the prose of portrait painting," the least poetic department of the art. If for "prose" you may substitute truth (and truth, to the apprehension of some people, is mighty prosaic), the remark is just. The truth is so self-evident, the individuality of his pictures so striking, that his portraits impress you as delineations of familiar faces; and there are the pictures of Wolsey, of Sir Thomas More, of Harry the Eighth at different epochs of his life, and of Francis the First. Think of seeing contemporaneous pictures of these men by an exact hand! "Oh, ye gentlemen who live at home at ease," ye may sometimes envy us; and this I say while every bone is aching with the fatigue of this sight-seeing day.

We wound up with the gallery of Raphael's cartoons, so named, as perhaps you do not know, from their being done on a thin pasteboard, called in Ita-

lian *cartone*. They were done by the order of Leo the Tenth, to serve as models for the tapestry of one of the halls of the Vatican, and sent to Brussels, where the tapestry was to be woven. After vicissitudes whose history would make a volume, William the Third had this gallery constructed for them, and they were taken from the boxes, in which they were found carelessly packed, and in slips, and put together, and placed in plain frames. These cartoons are the delight of the artistic world. Perhaps the sketches and unfinished paintings of great artists give the best indications of those revelations of beauty that are made to their minds, and to which they can never give material expression. Can ideal perfection be manifested by form and colour? My admiration of the cartoons was very earnest, albeit unlearned. Paul preaching at Athens struck me as the grandest among them.

We returned to London through Bushy Park, where the trees are the most magnificent I ever beheld, not excepting those of Western Virginia. We passed by Twickenham and Strawberry Hill, and came to Richmond Hill (Riche-mont) to dine. The view from this hill has been lauded in poetry and prose, and filled so many dull pages of dull journals, that I in much mercy spare you a repetition. If an Englishman were to select a single view in his country to give a stranger the best idea of the characteristics of English rural scenery, it would probably be

that of Richmond Hill. It is a sea of cultivation, nothing omitted, imperfect, or unfinished. There are no words to exaggerate these characteristics. It is all strawberries and cream; satingly rich; *filled*

“ With hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towers, and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landscape into smoke decays.”

And yet, shall I confess it to you, I would have given all the pleasure I should get from it for a lifetime for one glance from S——’s hill at the valley with its wooden houses, straggling brown fences, and ragged husbandry! Yes, and apart from home associations, is there not more to kindle emotion in that valley, lying deep in her encircling hills, with their rich woodlands and rocky steeps, than in this monotonous beauty? The one is a drawing-room lady, the other a wood-nymph.

We sent away our carriage, and came home in a steamer, which was crowded when we got on board. At first we looked around in the most self-complacent manner, expecting, with our American notions, that seats would be offered on every side, as they would assuredly have been to all us womankind in one of our own steamers. Not a foot stirred. Some of us were positively unable to stand, and for those Mr. P. made an appeal to some men, who refused without hesitation, appearing to think our expectations were impertinent. We were too far gone to be fastidious, so we adopted the backwoods’

expedient, and *squatted* upon what unoccupied territory we could find. If such personal selfishness and discourtesy is the result of a high civilisation, I am glad we have not yet attained it. The general indifference of our companions in the steamer to the scenery of the river reminded us of the strictures of English travellers in America in similar situations. Nothing can be more fallacious than the broad inferences drawn from such premises. They were probably people intent on errands of business, or, like us, tired parties of pleasure ; and I am sure, at that moment, nothing less than Niagara or the Alps could have excited us to express an emotion. We landed at Hungerford stairs : R. said it reminded him of the landing-place at Chicago. It was rude enough for the Far West. You may imagine our wearied condition when I tell you that when we arrived at home, the girls voluntarily let me off from a promise to chaperone them to Mrs. B——'s concert, where Grisi and the other Italian stars were "choiring—to young-eyed cherubims," no doubt.

We have been to Windsor, with the great advantage of Mrs. —— for our companion and guide. She puts a soul and a voice into dumb things—and her soul ! We failed to get a permission to see the private apartments, though Lady B. and some other potent friends stirred in our behalf. Only a certain number of tickets are issued during the week, and our application was too late ; so we could not see

the luxurious furnishings for royal domestic life, if royalty may have domestic life, or ever in

“ Bed majestic  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave  
Who, with a body fill'd and vacant mind,  
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread.”

Windsor Castle, you know, is rich with the accumulated associations of ages, having been begun by Henry III., and enlarged and enriched from time to time down to George I., who put it in complete order. It stands on an eminence just above the little town of Windsor, which, built of brick and stone, is compact and clean, as is everything English, individual and congregate. It is said to be the best specimen of castellated architecture in England. Certainly it is very beautiful; and the most beautiful thing about it is the view from the terrace, which it would be little better than impertinent to describe in any other words than Gray's, in his invocation to those who stand on the terrace :

“ And ye, that from the stately brow  
Of Windsor's heights, the expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among,  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver winding way.”

But such a mead ! such turf ! such shade ! “ Father Thames ” might be compared to an old king winding his way through his court ; the very sheep that were lying on the grass under the majestic trees in

the "Home Park," looked like princes of the blood. The most thought-awakening object in the view is undoubtedly the Gothic pile of Eton College, with its spires and antique towers. When the queen is at Windsor she walks every Sunday on this terrace, where she is liable to be jostled by the meanest of her subjects; and as the railway from London passes within a mile and a half of Windsor, she must often endure there collisions to which English blood has such repugnance.

We spent some hours in going through the magnificent apartments of the palace, looking at the pictures, the Gobelin tapestry, &c., &c. The quaint, curious banqueting-room of the knights of the Garter, with their insignia, pleased me best. Vacant places are left for future knights; but how much longer an institution will last that is a part of a worn-out machine, is a question which your children, dear C., may live to see solved.

We had enough of the enjoying spirit of children to be delighted, and felt much in the humour of the honest man who said to Prince Esterhazy, when he was blazing in diamonds, "Thank you for your diamonds." "Why do you thank me?" naturally asked the prince. "You have the trouble of them, and I the pleasure of looking at them." Wise and happy man! He solved a puzzling problem. In truth, the monarch has not the pleasure of property in Windsor Castle that almost every American citi-

zen has in the roof that shelters him. "I congratulate your majesty on the possession of so beautiful a palace," said some foreign prince to whom Victoria was showing it. "It is not mine, but the country's," she replied. And so it is, and all within it. She may not give away a picture, or even a footstool.

We went into St. George's chapel, which is included in the pile of buildings. We saw there the beautiful effect produced by the sun shining through the painted windows, throwing all the colours of the rainbow on the white marble pillars and pavement. The royal family are buried in the vaults of this chapel. There is an elaborate monument in wretched taste in one corner, to the Princess Charlotte. We trod on a tablet in the pavement that told us that beneath it were lying the remains of Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour! It is such memorials as these that we are continually meeting, which, as honest uncle Stephen says, "give one feelings."

Lady B. had said to me in a note, "if you attend service in St. George's chapel, observe the waving of the banners to the music. It seems like a strange sympathy with the tones of the organ before one reflects on the cause." We did attend the service, and realised the poetic idea. The banner of every knight of the Garter, from the beginning of the institution, is hung in the choir.

This was the third time we had been present,

since we came to England, at worship in the temples into which art has breathed its soul. First in Winchester Cathedral, then at Westminster Abbey, and now at this old royal chapel. The daily service appointed by the church was performing with the careless and heartless air of prescription. The clergyman and clerk hurried sing-songing through the form of prayers, that, perfect as they are, will only rise on the soul's wings. I felt the Puritan struggling at my heart, and could have broken out with old Mause's fervour, if not her eloquence. I thought of our summer Sunday service in dear J.'s "long parlour." Not a vacant place there. The door open into the garden, the children strewed round the door-step, their young faces touched with an expression of devotion and love—such as glows in the faces of the cherubs of the old pictures; and for vaulted roof, columns, and storied glass, we had the blue sky, the everlasting hills, and lights and shadows playing over them, all suggestive of devotion, and in harmony with the pure and simple doctrine our friend Dr. Follen taught us. To me, there was more true worship in those all-embracing words, "*Our Father!*" as he uttered them, than in all the task-prayers I have heard in these mighty cathedrals. Here it *is* the temple that is greatest. Your mind is pre-occupied, filled with the outward world. The monuments of past ages and the memorials of individual greatness are before you. Your exist-



ence is amplified; your sympathies are carried far back; the "inexorable past" does give up its dead. Wherever your eye falls you see the work of a power new to you—the creative power of art. You see forms of beauty which never entered into your "forge of thought." You are filled with new and delightful emotions; but they spring from new impressions of the genius of man, of his destiny and history. No; these cathedrals are not like the arches of our forests, the temples for inevitable worship; but they are the fitting place for the apotheosis of genius\*.

I promised to give you honestly my impressions, and I do so. I may have come too old and inflexible to these temples; but, though I feel their beauty thrilling my heart and brimming my eyes, they do not strike me as in accord with the simplicity, universality, and spirituality of the gospel of Jesus. Some modern unbelievers maintain that Christianity is a worn-out form of religion. Is it not rather true

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\* If perchance there is one among my readers unacquainted with Bryant's Poems, he may thank me for referring to his Forest Hymn, beginning thus:—

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learn'd  
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,  
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed  
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back  
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,  
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,  
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks  
And supplication."

that the spirit escapes from the forms in which man, always running to the material, would embody it?

We took our lunch: and let me, *en passant*, bless the country where you can always command what is best suited "to restore the weak and 'caying nature," as — pathetically called it in his before-dinner grace. For lunch they give you a cold round of beef, juicy and tender; ham, perfectly cured, perfectly cooked, delicious bread and butter, or, indeed, what you will; and all so neatly served! Oh, my dear C., mortifying contrasts are forced on my ever-home-turning thoughts\*!

We walked to Eton, and, most fortunately, came upon its classic play-ground at the moment the boys were let loose upon it. Of course, it was impossible not to recal Gray's doleful prophecy while looking at some former generation of Eton boys.— Mrs. — repeated them:

"These shall the fury passions tear,  
The vultures of the mind;  
Disdainful anger, pallid fear,  
And shame that skulks behind;  
Or pining love shall waste their youth,  
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,

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\* What would probably be served for an extempore lunch at an American inn? Bread and butter, (probably fresh bread, and possibly not fresh butter,) pies, cakes, and sweetmeats. May not the superior muscle and colour of the English be ascribed in part to our different modes of feeding? Our inns improve from season to season, and will, in proportion as our modes of living become more wise and salutary.

That inly gnaws the secret heart,  
And envy wan, and faded care,  
Grim-visaged, comfortless despair,  
And sorrow's piercing dart."

This is undoubtedly powerful poetry, but is it the true sentiment? I never liked it, and liked it less than ever when looking at these young creatures, among whom are the future teachers and benefactors of their land; it may be a Collingwood, a Wilberforce, a Romilly, a Hallam. Should not the poet have seen within these bounding young frames immeasurable faculties, capacities for love and virtue, that eternity cannot exhaust?

The children here strike me as not having the bright, intellectual countenances of ours, which indicate their early development; but, as a physical production, the English boy, with his brilliant complexion and sturdy frame, is far superior to ours.

We have nothing corresponding, my dear C., to the luxury of space and adornment of this playground of Eton. The eye does not perceive its boundaries; the Thames passes through it, and the trees have been growing, and at a fair rate, for hundreds of years.

MY DEAR C—,

THE London breakfast party is a species of entertainment quite unknown to us, and we should not find it easy to acclimate it. It is not suited to

our condition of society. Suppose E. attempting such a thing at New York. She would naturally invite S. S. as the most agreeable woman of her acquaintance. The answer would probably be,—“The children are ailing, and she cannot come.” She, like most of our mothers, never leaves her house, if there be a shadow in the nursery. Then Mrs. B.—“No, she expects a few friends to dinner, and she must overlook her servants;” and so on, and so on. But if the women, whose habits are most flexible, could be managed, where would you find half-a-dozen men at leisure? D. must be at the office of the “Life and Trust” at nine; and of our agreeable poets—our home-lions—Bryant has his daily paper to get out, and Halleck, like poor Charles Lamb, his (only) “heavy works,” his ledger, for his morning task; and, save some half-dozen idlers, all the men in town are at their counting-houses or offices, steeped to the lips in business by nine o’clock in the morning. But here the case is quite different: the women are not so hampered with domestic life, and the men are “*rentiers*,” and masters of their time. The breakfast party is not, however, I believe, of long standing here. I have been told that it was introduced by *that* Mr. Rogers whose household designation among us is “Rogers the poet.”

The hour of the breakfast party is from ten to eleven. The number is, I believe, never allowed

to exceed twelve; and only comes up to that when the host is constrained, like a certain friend of ours, by his diffusive benevolence, to extend his invitation (his "ticket for six") to a caravan of travellers.

The entertainment is little varied from our eight o'clock breakfasts. There are coffee, tea, and chocolate, rolls, toast, grated beef and eggs, and, in place of our solid beefsteaks and broiled chickens, reindeers' tongues, sweetmeats, fruit, and ices. These are not bad substitutes for heavier viands, and for our variety of delicate hot cakes. You see none of these, unless it be the poorest of them all,—a muffin.

On some occasions there were guests invited to come after breakfast, to enjoy the social hour that follows it. Now that ideas travel so rapidly from one quarter of the world to another, I trust some steamer will bear to America that which is recently received in England, and has, as long as other cardinal points of philosophy, governed continental society, viz. that eating and drinking is not a necessary element in social intercourse.

We had the pleasure of a breakfast at Rogers'. Your long familiarity with his poetry tells you the melancholy fact that he is no longer young; a fact kept out of your mind as far as possible on a personal acquaintance, by the freshness with which he enjoys, and the generosity with which he imparts.

I have heard him called cynical, and perhaps a man of his keen wit may be sometimes over-tempted to demonstrate it, as the magnanimous Saladin was to use the weapon with which he adroitly severed a man's head from his body at a single stroke. If so, these are the exceptions to the general current of his life, which, I am sure, flows in a kindly current. K. told me he met him one winter in Paris, where he found him enjoying art like a young enthusiast; and knowing every boy's name in the street he lived in, and in friendship with them all. Does not this speak volumes?

He honoured our letters of introduction by coming immediately to see us, and receiving us as cordially as if we were old friends. He afterward expressed a regret to me that he had not taken that morning, before we plunged into engagements, to show me Johnson's and Dryden's haunts, the house where our Franklin lived, and other classical localities. Ah! this goes to swell my pathetic reiteration of the general lament, "I have had my losses!"

His manners are those of a man of the world (in its best sense), simple, and natural, without any apparent consciousness of name or fame to support. His house, as all the civilised world knows, is a cabinet of art, selected and arranged with consummate taste. The house itself is small—not, I should think, more than twenty-five feet front, and perhaps forty deep, in a most fortunate location, over-

looking the Green Park. The first sight of it from the windows produces a sort of coup de théâtre; for you approach the house and enter it by a narrow street. Every inch of it is appropriated to some rare treasure or choice production of art. Besides the pictures (and "What," you might be tempted to ask, "can a man want beside *such* pictures?") are Etruscan vases (antiques), Egyptian antiquities, casts of the Elgin marbles decorating the staircase wall, and endless adornments of this nature. There are curiosities of another species,—rare books, such as a most beautifully-illuminated missal, exquisitely-delicate paintings designed for marginal decorations, executed three hundred years ago, and taken from the Vatican by the French—glorious robbers! In a catalogue of his books, in the poet's own beautiful autograph, there were inserted some whimsical titles of books, such as "Nebuchadnezzar on Grasses."

But the most interesting thing in all the collection was the original document, with Milton's name, by which he transferred to his publisher, for *ten pounds*, the copyright of *Paradise Lost*\*. Next in

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\* We were the next morning, after breakfasting with Mr. R., in the presence of Carlyle speaking of this deed of sale and of Taglioni. He amused himself and us with calculating how many *Paradise Losts* she might pay for with a single night's earnings; and, after laughing at this picturesque juxtaposition of Milton and Taglioni, he added seriously, "But there have been better things on earth than *Paradise Lost* that have received worse payment; that have been paid with the scaffold and the cross!"

interest to this was a portfolio, in which were arranged autograph letters from Pope and Dryden, Washington and Franklin, and several from Fox, Sheridan, and Scott, addressed to the poet himself. Among them was that written by Sheridan, just before his death, describing the extremity of his suffering, and praying Rogers to come to him. But I must check myself. A catalogue raisonné of what our eyes but glanced over would fill folios. I had the pleasure at breakfast of sitting next Mr. Babbage, whose name is so well known among us as the author of the self-calculating machine. He has a most remarkable eye, that looks as if it might penetrate science, or anything else he chose to look into. He described the iron steamer now building, which has a larger tonnage than any merchant ship in the world, and expressed an opinion that iron ships would supersede all others; and another opinion that much concerns us, and which, I trust, may soon be verified—that in a few years these iron steamers will go to America in seven days!

Macaulay was of the party. His conversation resembles his writings; it is rich and delightful, filled with anecdotes and illustrations from the abounding stores of his overflowing mind. Some may think he talks too much; but none, except from their own impatient vanity, could wish it were less.



It was either at Mr. Rogers', or at a breakfast a few days after at Mr. R.'s sister's (whose house, by-the-way, is a fair pendant for his), that we had much Monkbarne's humour, from worthy disciples of that king of old bachelors, on the subject of matrimony. H. said there had been many a time in his life when he should have married, if he could some fine day have walked quietly into a village-church, and met at the altar a lady having come as quietly into another door, and then, after the marriage service, each have departed their separate way, with no observation, no speculation upon the engagement, no congratulations before or after. Rogers, who seems resolved to win the crown of celibiat martyrdom (is there a crown for it?), pronounced matrimony a folly at any period of life, and quoted a saying of some wicked Benedict, that, "no matter whom you married, you would find afterward you had married another person."

No doubt; but, except with the idealising lover, I believe the expectation is as often surpassed as disappointed. There is a generous opinion for a single woman of your married fortunes!

I BELIEVE, of all my pleasures here, dear J. will most envy me that of seeing Joanna Baillie, and of seeing her repeatedly at her own home; the best point of view for all best women. She lives on

Hampstead Hill, a few miles from town, in a modest house, with Miss Agnes Baillie, her only sister, a most kindly and agreeable person. Miss Baillie—I write this for J., for we women always like to know how one another look and dress—Miss Baillie has a well-preserved appearance; her face has nothing of the vexed or sorrowing expression that is often so deeply stamped by a long experience of life. It indicates a strong mind, great sensibility, and the benevolence that, I believe, always proceeds from it if the mental constitution be a sound one, as it eminently is in Miss Baillie's case. She has a pleasing figure—what we call lady-like—that is, delicate, erect, and graceful; not the large-boned, muscular frame of most English women. She wears her own grey hair; a general fashion by-the-way here, which I wish we elderly ladies of America may have the courage and the taste to imitate; and she wears the prettiest of brown silk gowns and bonnets fitting the beau ideal of an old lady; an ideal she might inspire if it has no pre-existence. You would, of course, expect her to be, as she is, free from pedantry and all modes of affectation; but I think you would be surprised to find yourself forgetting, in a domestic and confiding feeling, that you were talking with the woman whose name is best established among the female writers of her country; in short, forgetting everything but that

you were in the society of a most charming private gentlewoman. She might (would that all female writers could!) take for her device a flower that closes itself against the noontide sun, and unfolds in the evening shadows\*.

We lunched with Miss Baillie. Mr. Tytler the historian and his sister were present. Lord Woodhouselee, the intimate friend of Scott, was their father. Joanna Baillie appears to us, from Scott's letters to her, to have been his favourite friend; and the conversation among so many personally familiar with him naturally turned upon him, and many a pleasant anecdote was told, many a thrilling word quoted.

It was pleasant to hear these friends of Scott and Mackenzie talk of them as familiarly as we speak of W., B., and other household friends. They all agree in describing Mackenzie as a jovial, hearty sort of person, without any indication in his manners and conversation of the exqui-

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\* In the United States Mrs. Barbauld would perhaps divide the suffrages with Miss Baillie; but in England, as far as my limited observation extended, she is not rated so high, or so generally read as here. She has experienced the great disadvantage of being considered the organ of a sect. Do not the "Address to the Deity," and the "Evening's Meditation," rank with the best English poetry? And are not her essays, that on "Prejudice," and that on the "Inconsistency of Human Expectations," unsurpassed?

site sentiment he infused into his writings. One of the party remembered his coming home one day in great glee from a cockfight, and his wife saying to him, "Oh, Harry, Harry, you put all your feelings on paper!"

I was glad to hear Miss Baillie, who is an intimate friend of Lady Byron, speak of her with tender reverence, and of her conjugal infelicity as not at all the result of any quality or deficiency on her part, but inevitable\*. Strange this is not the universal impression, after Byron's own declaration to Moore that "there never was a better or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B."

After lunch we walked over to a villa occupied by Miss Baillie's nephew, the only son of Dr. Baillie. It commands a view almost as beautiful and as English as that from Richmond Hill; a view extending far—far over wide valleys and gently-

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\* I should not have presumed, by a public mention of Lady Byron, to have penetrated the intrenchments of feminine delicacy and reserve which she has with such dignity maintained, but for the desire, as far as in my humble sphere I might do it, to correct the impression so prevailing among the readers of Moore's biography in this country, that Lady B. is one of those most unlovely of women, who, finding it very easy to preserve a perpendicular line, have no sufferance for the deviations of others, no aptitude, no flexibility. How different this image from the tender, compassionate, loveable reality!—the devoted mother, the trusted friend, the benefactress of poor children.

swelling hills, all standing thick with corn. Returning, we went to a point on Hampstead Hill overlooking the pretty "vale of 'ealth," as our coachman calls it, and which has been to us the vale of hospitality and most homelike welcome. This elevation, Miss B. told me, was equal to that of the ball on the dome of St. Paul's. We could just discern the dome penetrating far into the canopy of smoke that overhangs all London. Miss B. says Scott delighted in this view. It is melancholy, portentous, better suited, I should think, to the genius of Byron. I have seen sublime sights in my life, a midnight thunder-storm at Niagara, and a "gallant breeze" on the sea-shore, but I never saw so spirit-stirring a spectacle as this immense city with its indefinite boundaries and its dull light. Here are nearly two millions of human beings, with their projects, pursuits, hopes and despairs, their strifes, friendships, and rivalries, their loves and hates, their joys and anguish, some steeped to the lips in poverty, others encumbered with riches, some treading on the confines of heaven, others in the abysses of sin, and all sealed with the seal of immortality.

THE dinner-hour in London, my dear C., is from six to eight. I think we have received no invitation later than for half-past seven. You

know the London—the English world, is divided into castes, and our letters have obtained access for us to families that never come together here in social life. We have dined with the suburban gentry, people who, enjoying an income of as many pounds as our country gentleman has dollars, give you a family-dinner of two or three dishes with some simple dessert. For such a dinner one of our country ladies would be apt to make an apology; the mortifying truth is, that hospitality does not run so much into eating and drinking here, as with us. Everything is of the best quality and served in the best manner, but there is no over-loading. Without exaggeration, I believe that the viands for a rich merchant's dinner-party in New York would suffice for any half-dozen tables I have seen here; and I am not sure that the supper-table at S.'s ball, just before I left New York, would not have supplied the evening parties of a London season. The young men there drank more Champagne than I have seen in London. May we not hope that in three or four seasons we may adopt these refinements of civilisation? No, not adopt these precisely. The modes of one country are not transferable, without modification, to another. A people who dine at three or four o'clock need some more substantial refection at ten than a

cup of black tea; but they do not need a lord-mayor's feast, than which nothing can be more essentially vulgar.

I told you, my dear C., that I was going to dine at L—— house. I went, and I honestly confess to you that, when I drove up the approach to this great lord's magnificent mansion, I felt the foolish trepidation I remember to have suffered when, just having emerged from our sequestered country home, I first went to a dinner-party in town. I was alone. I dreaded conventional forms of which I might be ignorant, and still more the insolent observation to which, as a stranger and an American, I might be exposed. But these foolish fears were dissipated by the recollection of the agreeable half-hour I had already passed with Lord L., when I had quite forgotten that he had a lordship tacked to his name, or that he was anything but a plain, highly-informed gentleman\*. I felt, too, that an unpretending woman is always safe in her simplicity; and when I alighted and

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\* I have heard that an Englishman, on being asked what struck him most in Americans, replied, "their d—d free and easy manners." There was some truth with much coarseness in this. An American, bred in the best society in his own land, does not feel any more than he acknowledges superiority of rank in another. The distinctions of rank are as vague and imperceptible to him as the imaginary lines are to the puzzled child in his first studies on the globe.

was received by half-a-dozen servants in white and crimson liveries, and announced through magnificent apartments, I felt no more embarrassment than, as a passably modest woman, I should have done in entering alone a gentleman's house in New York. Lady L. has an air of birth and breeding, and still much beauty, not merely "the remains" of beauty, for so we always speak of a woman past forty. Lady L. was courteous, not condescending, the least acceptable grace of those who stand on a higher level than their associates, since it betrays the consciousness of elevation. There were several persons in the drawing-room to whom I had before been introduced, and I soon forgot that I was a stranger. The modes of English life are identically our own, and there was nothing to remind me I was not at home, save more superb apartments, a larger train of servants and in livery, a dinner-service all of plate, and those most covetable luxuries, first-rate pictures and sculpture. I perceived nothing of the studied stillness we have heard alleged of English society. Everything was natural and easy. Lord L. laughed as heartily as T. does, and M. talked to me across the table.

My dinner the next day was far more trying in its circumstances than that at L— house. Accident had prevented my seeing the lady who invited me. I unwarily accepted the invitation ;



for till you have passed the threshold of acquaintance, it is very awkward to plunge into a dinner-party. My invitations had usually been at seven. I had carelessly forgotten the hour named in Mrs. —'s note, and we concluded it was safest to take the average hour. The distance was three miles from Half-Moon-street, longer than that I supposed; our dawdling coachman drove slower than usual; and all the while I was tormenting myself with the fear I might be too late, and that Mrs. — was thinking what a bore it was to be compelled to civility to a blundering stranger. To put the last drop in my brimming cup of vexation, the coachman made a mistake, and had twice to drive round a large square; and when I finally arrived, I was ushered into an empty room—"Portentous!" thought I. The gentleman of the house entered, and, disconcerted at my awkward position, and humanely hoping to help me out of it, he said, stammering, "There is some mistake!" "Heavens, yes!" I groaned inwardly. "Our invitation," he continued, "mentioned six as our dinner-hour. We waited till seven, and it is now past," (*past!* it was nearly eight)—"you can do as you please about going in!" I looked to the window—the carriage was gone; my ear caught the last faint sound of its receding wheels. There was no escape. A hen,

the most timid of breathing things, is courageous when there is no alternative but "to do or die," and so was I. I begged ten thousand pardons, assured Mr. — that the dinner was a perfectly unimportant circumstance to me; that I would not lose the only opportunity I might have of seeing Mrs. —, &c. So, with a dim smile, he gave me his arm, and I entered the dining-room. There were ten or twelve people present. There was an awful silence, an obvious suspension of the whole ceremony of dinner awaiting my decision. My courage was expended; I felt it ebbing, when H., who was sitting next the lady of the house, came to my relief, both hands extended, as if to save a drowning creature. He is, as I have told you before, the very embodiment of the kindly social principle. He stopped my apologies by assuming that I was the injured party, and dealt his blows to our host and hostess on the right and left. He declared that Mrs. — wrote a hand no one could decipher. He never, in a long acquaintance, had made out a note of hers, and he was sure I had not been able to tell whether I was invited at six or eight! He would know "how — had received me." He was certain "he had made some blunder, it was so like him!" I answered, with strict truth, that Mr. — "had made me feel comfortable in a most uncomfortable

position." To my dismay, and in spite of my protestations, Mrs. — insisted on re-beginning at the Alpha of the dinner; the guests had reached the Omega. The soup was brought back. H. averred that it was most fortunate for him; he had been kept talking, and had not eaten half a dinner; so he started fresh with me, and went *bonâ fide* through, covering me with his ægis as I ran my gauntlet through the courses. The age of chivalry is *not* past. Match this deed of courtesy, if you can, from the lives of the preux chevaliers, taken from their sunrising to their sunsetting. This dinner, like many other things in life, was bitter in its experience and sweet in its remembrance.

Our pleasantest dinner, I think, was at K.'s; he who gave us the "ticket for six" to his breakfast. I knew him before coming here as the friend of many of our friends, and the author of very charming published poetry. At dinner I sat next Procter. He is so well known to you as "Barry Cornwall," that you have perhaps forgotten that is merely his *nom-de-guerre*. He was one of the intimate friends of Charles Lamb, and spoke of him in just the way that we, who look upon him with something of the tenderness that we do upon the departed members of our own household, would like to hear him spoken of. Procter

made inquiries about the diffusion of English literature in America, and showed a modest surprise at hearing how well he was known among us.

MY DEAR C——,

I MAY say that we have scaled the ladder of evening entertainments here, going from a six-o'clock family tea up to a magnificent concert at L—— house; and the tea at this home-like hour was at Carlyle's. He is living in the suburbs of London, near the Thames; my impression is, in rather an humble way; but when your eye is filled with a grand and beautiful temple, you do not take the dimensions of surrounding objects; and if any man can be independent of them, you might expect Carlyle to be. His head would throw a phrenologist into ecstasies. It looks like the "forge of thought;" it is; and his eyes have a preternatural brilliancy. He reminded me of what Lockhart said to me, speaking of the size of Webster's head, that he "had brains enough to fill half-a-dozen hats." Carlyle has as strong a Scotch accent as Mr. Combe. His manner is simple, natural, and kindly. His conversation has the picturesqueness of his writings, and flows as naturally, and as free from Germanism, as his own mountain streams are from any infusion of German

soil. He gave us an interesting account of his first acquaintance with E——n. He was living with his wife in a most secluded part of Scotland. They had no neighbours, no communication with the world, excepting once a week or fortnight, when he went some miles to a post-office in the hope of a letter or some other intimation that the world was going on. One day a stranger came to them—a young American—and “he seemed to them an angel.” They spoke of him as if they had never lost their first impression of his celestial nature. Carlyle had met Mr. Webster, and expressed a humorous surprise that a man from over the sea should talk English, and be as familiar as the natives with the English constitution and laws,

“With all that priest or jurist saith,  
Of modes of law, or modes of faith.”

He said Webster's eyes were like dull furnaces, that only wanted blowing on to lighten them up. And, by the way, it is quite interesting to perceive that our great countryman has made a sensation here, where it is all but as difficult to make one as to make a mark on the ocean. They have given him the sobriquet of the “Great Western,” and they seem particularly struck with his appearance. A gentleman said to me, “His eyes open, and open, and open, and you think they will never stop opening;” and a painter was

heard to exclaim, on seeing him, "What a head! what eyes! what a mouth! and, my God! what colouring!"

We had a very amusing evening at Mr. Hallam's, whom (thanks to F., as thanks to her for all my best privileges in London) I have had the great pleasure of seeing two or three times. But this kind of seeing is so brief and imperfect, that it amounts to little more than seeing the pictures of these great people. Mr. Hallam has a very pleasing countenance, and a most good-humoured and playful manner. I quite forgot he was the sage of the "Middle Ages." He reminded me of ——; but his simplicity is more genuine; not at all that of the great man trying to play child. You quite forget, in the freedom and ease of the social man, that he is ever the hero in armour. We met Sidney Smith at his house, the best-known of all the wits of the civilised world. The company was small; he was i' the vein, which is like a singer being in voice, and we saw him, I believe, to advantage. His wit was not, as I expected, a succession of brilliant explosions, but a sparkling stream of humour, very like —— when he is at home, and i' the vein too; and, like him also, he seemed to enjoy his own fun, and to have fattened on it\*.

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\* I have had the grace here, after transcribing and retranscrib-

He expressed unqualified approbation of Dickens, and said that 10,000 of each number of *Nicholas Nickleby* were sold. There was a young man present, who, being flushed with some recent literary success, ventured to throw himself into the arena against this old lion-king, and, to a lover of such sport, it would have been pleasant to see how he crackled him up, flesh, bones, and all.

THE concert at L—— house was in a superb gallery of sculpture, with a carved and gilded ceiling, and other appropriate and splendid accompaniments. I am told that it is one of the choicest collection of antiques in the kingdom; but I had no opportunity of judging or enjoying, for the marble divinities were hidden by the glittering mortals. When K. and I entered, the apartments were filled with some hundreds of people of the first station and fashion in the land, luxuriously dressed, and sparkling with diamonds,—a sea of faces, as strange as their diamonds to me. It was an overpowering kind of solitude. Lady L. had politely directed me to a favourable position, and I slunk into the first vacant place I could find: where

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ing them, to suppress some fresh bon-mots of Sidney Smith's on recent works of popular authors being spoken of. Grace it is, knowing how much more acceptable to readers are bon-mots than descriptions.

I was beginning to feel quite comfortable in my obscurity, when K. said to me, with something of the feeling of Columbus' men when they first cried "Land!"—"There is Mr. — and Mr. —!" These gentlemen soon after made their way to us, and dissipated our forlornness. In the course of the evening we met many agreeable persons to whom we had been before introduced, and several of the most noted lions of the London menagerie were pointed out to us,—Bulwer, Taylor, and Talfourd. Lady Seymour was there,—a superb beauty certainly, and well entitled to the elective crown she is to wear, of Queen of Love and Beauty. I was introduced to Mrs. Norton, who is herself a most queenly-looking creature, a Semiramis, a Sappho, or an Amazon (the Greek ideal Amazon, remember, uniting masculine force with feminine delicacy, or anything that expresses the perfection of intellectual and physical beauty). There is another of these Sheridan sisters celebrated for her personal charms. I had read but a few mornings before, as I mentioned to you, that miserable death-bed letter from their penniless grandfather, and I was somewhat struck with the shifting scenes of life when I saw these women occupying the most brilliant position of the most brilliant circle in London. But what are gold and lands to the rich inheritance of Sheridan's genius and Miss Linley's beauty?



It is indeed a royal entertainment to give one's guests such singing as Grisi's, Garcia's, Lablache's, and Rubini's, and can, I suppose, only be given by those who have "royal revenues\*."

WE passed an evening at Miss C.'s; she is truly what the English call a "nice person;" as modest in her demeanour as one of our village girls who has a good organ of veneration (rare enough among our young people), and this is saying something for the richest heiress in England. I was first struck here, and only here, with the subdued tone we hear so much of in English society. When we first entered Miss C.'s immense drawing-room, there were a few dowagers scattered up and down, appearing as few and far between as settlers on a prairie, and apparently finding intercommunication quite as difficult. And though the numbers soon multiplied, till the gentlemen came *genial* from the dinner-table, we were as solemn and as still as a New-England conference-meeting before the

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\* I think one of our parties must strike an Englishman like a nursery ball. Even in this immense assembly at L. house I saw few young people, none extremely young; but I must confess the *tout ensemble* struck me as very superior in physical condition and beauty to a similar assembly with us. Our *girl*, with her delicate features and nymph-like figure, is far more lovely in her first freshness than the English; but the Englishwoman, in her ripeness and full development, far surpasses ours. She is superb from twenty to forty-five.

minister comes in. This, I think, was rather the effect of accident than fashion, the young lady's quiet and reserved manner having the subduing influence of a whisper. Society here is quieter than ours, certainly. This is perhaps the result of the different materials of which it is compounded. Our New-York evening parties, you know, are made up of about seventy-five parts boys and girls, the other twenty-five being their papas and mammas, and other ripe men and women. The spirits of a mass of young people, even if they be essentially well-bred, will explode in sound; thence the general din of voices and shouts of laughter at our parties.

I have rarely seen at an evening party here anything beyond a cup of black tea and a bit of cake, dry as "the remainder biscuit after a voyage." Occasionally we have ices (in alarmingly small quantity!) and lemonade, or something of that sort. At L—— house there was a refreshment-table spread for three or four hundred people, much like Miss D.'s at her New-York soirées, which, you may remember, was considered quite a sumptuary phenomenon. I am thus particular to reiterate to you, dear C., that the English have got so far in civilisation as not to deem eating and drinking necessary to the enjoyment of society. We are a transition people, and I hope we shall not lag far behind them.

I have met many persons here whom to meet was like seeing the originals of familiar pictures. Jane Porter, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Austen, Lockhart, Milman, Morier, Sir Francis Chantrey, &c.\* I owed Mrs. Opie a grudge for having made me, in my youth, cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair, cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume: but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits. Mrs. Austen stands high here for personal character, as well as for the very inferior but undisputed property of literary accomplishments. Her translations are so excellent that they class her with good original writers. If her manners were not

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\* Some of my readers may be surprised to miss from the list of these eminent persons the names of the two female writers most read in the United States, Miss Martineau and Mrs. Jameson. Miss Martineau was on the Continent when I was in London, and speaking of Mrs. Jameson in this public way would seem to me much like putting the picture of an intimate and dear friend into an exhibition-room. Besides, her rare gifts, her attainments, and the almost unequalled richness and charm of her conversation, are well known in this country. But with all these a woman may be, *after all*, but a kind of monster; how far they are transcended by the virtues and attractions of her domestic life, it was our happiness to know from seeing her daily in her English home.

strikingly conventional, she would constantly remind me of —; she has the same Madame Roland order of architecture and outline, but she wants her charm of naturalness and attractive sweetness; so it may not seem to Mrs. A.'s sisters and fond friends. A company attitude is rarely anybody's best.

There is a most pleasing frankness and social charm in Sir Francis Chantrey's manner. I called him repeatedly *Mr. Chantrey*, and begged him to pardon me on the ground of not being "native to the manner." He laughed good-naturedly, and said something of having been longer accustomed to the plebeian designation. I heard from Mr. R. a much stronger illustration than this of this celebrated artist's good sense and good feeling too. Chantrey was breakfasting with Mr. R., when, pointing to some carving in wood, he asked R. if he remembered that, some twenty years before, he employed a young man to do that work for him. R. had but an indistinct recollection. "I was that young man," resumed Chantrey, and "very glad to get the five shillings a day you paid me!" Mr. B. told a pendant to this pretty story. Mr. B. was discussing with Sir Francis the propriety of gilding something, I forget what. B. was sure it could be done, Chantrey as sure it could not; and "I should know," he said, "for I was once

apprentice to a carver and gilder." Perhaps, after all, it is not so crowning a grace in Sir Francis Chantrey to refer to the obscure morning of his brilliant day, as it is a disgrace to the paltry world that it should be so considered.

I have seen Owen of Lanark—a curiosity rather from the sensation he at one time produced in our country, than from anything very extraordinary in the man. He is pushing his theories with unabated zeal. He wasted an hour in trying to convince me that he could make the world over and "set all to rights," if he were permitted to substitute two or three truths for two or three prevailing errors; and on the same morning a philanthropical phrenologist endeavoured to show me how, if his theory were established, the world would soon become healthy, wealthy, and wise. Both believe the good work is going on—happy men! So it has always been; there must be some philosopher's stone, some short-hand process, rather than the slow way of education and religious discipline which, to us, Providence seems to have ordained.

You will perhaps like to know, my dear C., more definitely than you can get them from these few anecdotes of my month in London, what impressions I have received here; and I will give them

fairly to you, premising that I am fully aware how imperfect they are, and how false some of them may be. Travellers should be forgiven their monstrous errors when we find there are so few on whose sound judgments we can rely, of the character of their own people and the institutions of their own country

In the first place, I have been struck with the *identity* of the English and the New England character—the strong family likeness. The oak-tree may be our emblem modified, but never changed by circumstances. Cultivation may give it a more graceful form and polish, and brighten its leaves, or it may shoot up more rapidly and vigorously in a new soil; but it is always the oak, with its strength, inflexibility, and “nodosities.”

With my strong American feelings, and my love of home so excited that my nerves were all on the outside, I was a good deal shocked to find how very little interest was felt about America in the circles I chanced to be in. The truth is, we are so far off, we have so little *apparent* influence on the political machinery of Europe, such slight relations with the literary world, and none with that of art and fashion, that, except to the philosopher, the man of science, and the manufacturing and labouring classes, America is yet an undiscovered country, as distant and as dim as—Heaven. It is not, perhaps, to be wondered at. There are new and

exciting events every day at their own doors, and there are accumulations of interests in Europe to occupy a lifetime, and there are few anywhere who can abide Johnson's test when he says that "whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the *distant*, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings." Inquiries are often put to me about my country, and I laugh at my own eagerness to impart knowledge and exalt their ideas of us, when I perceive my hearers listening with the forced interest of a courteous person to a teller of dreams.

One evening, in a circle of eminent people, the question was started, "what country came next in their affections to England?" I listened, in my greenness expecting to hear one and all say "America;" no, not one feeble voice uttered the name. Mrs. —, with her hot love of art, naturally answered, "Italy is *first* to us all." "Oh, no," replied two or three voices; "England first, and next—Germany." "England first," said Mrs. A., "Germany next, and I think my third country is—Malta!" I thought of my own land, planted from the English stock, where the productions of these very speakers are most widely circulated, and, if destined to live, must have their longest life; the land where the most thorough and hopeful experiment of the capacity of the human race

for knowledge, virtue, happiness, and self-government is now making; the land of promise and protection to the poor and disheartened of every country; and it seemed to me it should have superseded in their affections countries comparatively foreign to them.

I have seen instances of ignorance of us in quarters where you would scarcely expect it: for example, a very cultivated man, a bishop, asked K. if there were a theatre in America! and a person of equal dignity inquired "if the Society of Friends was not the prevailing religious sect in Boston!" A literary man of some distinction asked me if the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were read in America; and one of the cultivated women of England said to me, in a soothing tone, on my expressing admiration of English trees, "Oh, you will have such in time, when your forests are cut down, and they have room for their limbs to spread." I smiled and was silent; but if I saw in vision our graceful, drooping, elm-embowering roods of ground, and, as I looked at the stiff, upright English elm, had something of the pharisaical "holier than thou" flit over my mind, I may be forgiven.

I was walking one day with some young Englishwomen, when a short, sallow, broad man, to whom Nature had been niggardly, to say the least of it, passed us. "I think," said I, "that is a countryman of mine; I have seen him in New-York." "I took



him for an American," said one of my companions, with perfect nonchalance. "Pray tell me why." "He looks so like the pictures in Mrs. Trollope's book!" It is true, this was a secluded young person in a provincial town, but I felt mortified that in one fair young mind Mrs. Trollope's vulgar caricatures should stand as the type of my countrymen.

I have heard persons repeatedly expressing a desire to visit America—for what? "To see a prairie"—"to see Niagara"—"to witness the manner of the help to their employers; it must be so very comical!" but, above all, "to eat canvass-back ducks!" The canvass-backs are in the vision of America what St. Peter's is in the view of Rome. But patience, my dear C. In the first place, it matters little what such thinkers think of us; and then things are mending. The steamers have already cancelled half the distance between the two continents. The two worlds are daily weaving more closely their interests and their friendships. I have been delighted with the high admiration expressed here in all quarters of Dr. Channing, and, above all, to find that his pure religion has, with its angel's wings, surmounted the walls of sectarianism. I have heard him spoken of with enthusiasm by prelates as much distinguished for their religious zeal as for their station. Prescott's History is spoken of in terms of unqua-

lified praise. I have known but one exception. A reviewer, a hypercritic "dyed in the wool," sat next me at Mrs. —'s dinner. He said Mr. Prescott must not hope to pass the English custom-house unless he wrote purer English, and he adduced several words which I have forgotten. I ventured to say that new words sprung out of new combinations of circumstances;\* that, for example, the French revolution had created many words. "Yes," he replied, "and American words may do for America; but America is, in relation to England, a province. England must give the law to readers and writers of English." After some other flippant criticisms, he ended with saying, that the History of Ferdinand and Isabella was one of the best extant, and that Mr. Prescott had exhausted the subject.

He said, what was quite true before the habits of colonial deference had passed away, but is no longer, "that an American book has no reputation in America till it is stamped with English authority, and then it goes off edition after edition." He uttered sundry other impertinences; but, as he

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\* I was struck with the different views that are taken of the same subject in different positions, when afterward, in a conversation with the celebrated Manzoni, he asked me if America, in emancipating herself from political dependence, had also obtained intellectual freedom; if, unenslaved by the classic models of England, we venture to modify the language, and to use such new phrases and words as naturally sprung from new circumstances?

seemed good-natured and unconscious that they were so, I set them down to the account of individual ignorance and prejudice, not to nationality, which has too often to answer for private sins.

Society, as I have before told you, has the same general features here as with us. The women have the same time-wasting mode of making morning visits, which is even more consuming than with us, inasmuch as the distances are greater. What would Mrs. — do in London, who thought it reason enough for removing from New-York to the country, that she had to spend one morning of every week in driving about town to leave visiting-cards? One would think that the proposition which circulates as undeniable truth, that time is the most valuable of possessions, would prevent this lavish expenditure. But it is not a truth. Nothing is less valuable to nine-tenths of mere society people, or less valued by them, than time. The only thing they earnestly try to do is to get rid of it.

I have seen nothing here to change my opinion that there is something in the Anglo-Saxon race essentially adverse to the spirit and grace of society. I have seen more invention, spirit, and ease in one *soirée* in a German family at New-York, than I have ever seen here, or should see in a season in purely American society. An Englishman has an uncomfortable consciousness of the presence and observation of others; an immense love of appro-

bation, with either a shyness or a defiance of opinion.

Thoroughly well-bred people are essentially the same everywhere. You will find much more conventional breeding here than with us, and, of course, the general level of manners is higher and the surface more uniform.

“ Society is smoothed to that excess,  
That manners differ hardly more than dress.”

They are more quiet, and I should say there was less individuality ; but from a corresponding remark having been made by English travellers among us, I take it the impression results from the very slight revelations of character that are made on a transient acquaintance. There is much more variety and richness in conversation here, resulting naturally from more leisure and higher cultivation. But, after all, there seems to me to be a great defect in conversation. The feast of wit and reason it may be, but it is not the flow and mingling of soul. The Frenchman, instructed by his *amour propre*, said truly, “ *Tout le monde aime planter son mot.*” \* Conversation seems here to be a great arena, where each speaker is a gladiator who must take his turn, put forth his strength, and give place to his successor. Each one is on the watch to seize his opportunity, show his power, and disappear before his vanity is wounded by an indication that he is

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\* “ Every man likes to put in his word.”

in the way. Thus conversation becomes a succession of illuminations and triumphs—or failures. There is no such “*horreur*” as a bore; no such bore as a proser. A bore might be defined to be a person that must be listened to. I remember R. saying that “kings are always bores, and so are royal dukes, for they must not be interrupted as long as they please to talk.” The crowning grace of conversation, the listening with pleased eagerness, I have rarely seen. When Dr. C. was told that Coleridge pronounced him the most agreeable American he had ever seen, he replied, “Then it was because he found me a good listener, for I said absolutely nothing!” And yet, as far as we may judge from Coleridge’s Table-Talk, he would have been the gainer by a fairer battle than that where

“One side only gives and t’other takes the blows.”

A feature in society here that must be striking to Americans, is the great number of single women. With us, you know, few women live far beyond their minority unmated, and those few sink into the obscurity of some friendly fireside. But here they have an independent existence, pursuits, and influence, and they are much happier for it: mind, I do not say happier than fortunate wives and good mothers, but than those who, not having drawn a husband in the lottery of life, resign themselves to a merely passive existence. Englishwomen, married and single, have more leisure,

and far more opportunity for intellectual cultivation, than with us. The objects of art are on every side of them, exciting their minds through their sensations, and filling them with images of beauty. There is, with us, far more necessity, and of course opportunity, for the development of a woman's faculties for domestic life, than here; but this, I think, is counterbalanced by women's necessary independence of the other sex here. On the whole, it seems to me there is not a more loveable or lovely woman than the American matron, steadfast in her conjugal duties, devoted to the progress of her children and the happiness of her household, nor a more powerful creature than the Englishwoman in the full strength and development of her character.

Now, my dear C., a word as to dress for the womankind of your family. I do not comprehend what our English friends, who come among us, mean by their comments on the extravagance of dress in America. I have seen more velvet and costly lace in one hour in Kensington Gardens than I ever saw in New-York; and it would take all the diamonds in the United States to dress a duchess for an evening at L—— house. You may say that lace and diamonds are transmitted luxuries, heir-looms (a species of inheritance we know little about); still you must take into the account the immense excess of their wealth over

ours, before you can have a notion of the disparity between us.

The women here up to five-and-forty (and splendid women many of them are up to that age) dress with taste—fitness; after that, abominably. Women to seventy, and Heaven knows how much longer, leave their necks and arms bare; not here and there one, “blinded, deluded, and misguided,” but whole assemblies of fat women—and, O tempora! O mores!—and *lean*. Such parchment necks as I have seen bedizened with diamonds, and arms bared, that seemed only fit to hold the scissors of destiny, or to stir the caldron of Macbeth’s witches. — dresses in azure satins and rose-coloured silks, and bares her arms as if they were as round and dimpled as a cherub’s, though they are mere bunches of sinews, that seem only kept together by that nice anatomical contrivance of the wristband, on which Paley expatiates. This post-mortem demonstration is, perhaps, after all, an act of penance for past vanities, or perhaps it is a benevolent admonition to the young and fair, that to this favour they must come at last! Who knows?\*

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\* It is to be hoped that Mrs. —, in her promised essay on the philosophy of dress, will give some hints to our old ladies not to violate the harmonies by wearing auburn hair over wrinkled brows, and some to our young women on the bad taste of uniformity of costume, without reference to individual circumstances or appearance. Her own countrywomen do not need these suggestions.

The entire absence of what seems to us fitness for the season may in part result from the climate. In June and July, you know, we have all our dark and bright colours, and rich stuffs—everything that can elicit the idea of warmth, laid aside; here we see every day velvets and boas, and purple, orange, and cherry silks and satins. Cherry, indeed, is the prevailing colour; cherry feathers the favourite head-dress. I saw the Duchess of Cambridge the other evening at the opera with a crimson-velvet turban! Remember, it is July!

We have seen in the gardens plenty of delicate muslins over gay-coloured silks; this is graceful, but to us it seems inappropriate for an out-of-door dress.

The absence of taste in the middling classes produces results that are almost ludicrous. I am inclined to think taste is an original faculty, and only capable of a certain direction. This might explain the art of dress as it exists among the English, with the close neighbourhood of Paris, and French milliners actually living among them; and this might solve the mystery of the exquisite taste in gardening in England, and the total absence of it in France.

As you descend in the scale to those who can have only reference to the necessities of life in their dress, the English are far superior to us.



Here come in their ideas of neatness, comfort, and durability. The labouring classes are much more suitably dressed than ours. They may have less finery for holidays, and their servants may not be so *smartly* dressed in the evening as are our domestics, but they are never shabby or uncleanly\*. Their clothes are of stouter stuffs, their shoes stronger, and their dress better preserved. We have not, you know, been into the manufacturing districts, nor into the dark lanes and holes of London, where poverty hides itself; but I do not remember, in five weeks in England, with my eyes pretty wide open, ever to have seen a ragged or dirty dress. Dirt and rags are the only things that come under a rigid sumptuary law in England.

Order is England's, as it is Heaven's, first law. Coming from our head-over-heels land, it is striking and beautiful to see the precise order that prevails here. In the public institutions, in private houses, in the streets and thoroughfares, you enjoy the security and comfort of this Heaven-born principle. It raises your ideas of the capacities of human nature to see such masses of beings as there are in London kept, without any violation of their liberty, within the bounds of order. I am

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\* Would it not be better if our rich employers would persuade their women-servants to wear caps, and leave liveries to countries whose institutions they suit?

told the police system of London has nearly attained perfection. I should think so from the results. It is said that women may go into the street at any hour of the night without fear or danger; and I know that Mrs. —— has often left us after ten o'clock, refusing the attendance of our servant as superfluous, to go alone through several streets to the omnibus that takes her to her own home\*.

THE system of ranks here, as absolute as the Oriental *caste*, is the feature in English society most striking to an American. For the progress of the human race it was worth coming to the New World to get rid of it. Yes, it was worth all that our portion of the human family sacrificed, encountered, and suffered. This system of castes is the more galling, clogging, and unhealthy, from its perfect unfitness to the present state of freedom and progress in England.

Travellers laugh at our pretensions to equality, and Sir Walter Scott has said, as truly as wittily, that there is no perfect equality except among the Hottentots. But our inequalities are as changing

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\* When we had been in London some weeks, one of my party asked me if I had not missed the New-York stacks of bricks and mortar, and if I had observed that we had not once heard a cry of "fire!" In these respects the contrast to our building and burning city is striking. In fifteen months' absence I never heard the cry of fire.

as the surface of the ocean, and this makes all the difference. Each rank is set about here with a thorny, impervious, and almost impassable hedge. We have our walls of separation, certainly; but they are as easily knocked down or surmounted as our rail-fences.

With us, talents, and education, and refined manners command respect and observance; and so, I am sorry to say, does fortune: but fortune has more than its proverbial mutability in the United States. The rich man of to-day is the poor man of to-morrow, and so vice versa. This unsteadiness has its evils, undoubtedly, and so has every modification of human condition; but better the evil that is accidental than that which is authorised, cherished, and inevitable. That system is most generous, most Christian, which allows a fair start to all; some must reach the goal before others, as, for the most part, the race is ordained to the swift, and the battle to the strong.

But you would rather have my observations than my speculations; and as, in my brief survey, I have only seen the outside, it is all I can give you, my dear C. I have no details of the vices of any class. I have heard shocking anecdotes of the corruption prevailing among the high people; and men and women have been pointed out to me in public places who have been guilty of notorious conjugal infidelities, and the grossest violations of

parental duty, without losing caste; and this I have heard imputed to their belonging to a body that is above public opinion. I do not see how this can be, nor why the opinion of their own body does not bear upon them. Surely there should be virtue enough in such people as the Marquis of Lansdowne and the Duchess of Sutherland to banish from their world the violators of those laws of God and man, on which rest the foundations of social virtue and happiness.

Those who from their birth or their successful talents are assured of their rank, have the best manners. They are perfectly tranquil, safe behind the entrenchments that have stood for ages. They leave it to the aspirants to be the videttes and defenders of the outworks. Those persons I have met of the highest rank have the simplest and most informal manners. I have before told you that Lord L—— and the Bishop of —— reminded me of our friends Judge L—— and Judge W——, our best-mannered country-gentlemen. Their lordships have rather more conventionalism, more practice, but there is no essential difference. Descend a little lower, and a very little lower than those gentry who by birth and association are interwoven with the nobility, and you will see people with education and refinement enough, as you would think, to ensure them the tranquillity that comes of self-respect, manifesting a conscio-

ness of inferiority ; in some it appears in servility, as in Mrs. —, who, having scrambled on to —'s shoulders and got a peep into the lord-and-lady world, and heard the buzz that rises from the precincts of Buckingham Palace, entertained us through a long morning visit with third or fourth hand stories about "poor Lady Flora;" or in obsequiousness, as in the very pretty wife of —, whose eyes, cheeks, and voice are changed if she is but spoken to by a titled person, though she remains as impassive as polar ice to the influence of a plebeian presence. Some manifest their impatience of this vassalage of caste in a petulant but impotent resistance, and others show a crushed feeling, not the humility of the flower that has grown in the shade, but the abasement and incapacity ever to rise of that which has been trodden under foot. Even the limbs are stiffened and the gait modified by this consciousness that haunts them from the cradle to the grave.

A certain great tailor was here yesterday morning to take R.'s directions. His bad grammar, his obsequiousness, and his more than once favouring us with the information that he had an appointment with the Duke of —, brought forcibly to my mind the person who holds the corresponding position in S—. I thought of his frank and self-respecting manner, his well-informed mind, his good influence, and the probable destiny of his

children. I leave you to jump to my conclusion.

The language of the shopmen here indicates a want of education, and their obsequiousness expresses their consciousness that they are the "things that live by bowing." And, by-the-way, I see nothing like the rapidity of movement and adroitness in serving that you find in a New-York shop. You may buy a winter's supply at Stewart's while half-a-dozen articles are shown to you here. If you buy, they thank you; and if you refuse to buy, you hear the prescribed automaton, "Thank you!" I say "prescribed," for you often perceive an under-current of insolence. You will believe me that it is not civility to which I object.

As you go farther down from the tradesman to the servant, the marks of caste are still more offensive. Miss —— took me to the cottage of their herdsman. He had married a favourite servant, who had lived, I believe, from childhood in the family. The cottage was surrounded and filled with marks of affection and liberality. Miss —— had told me that the woman belonged to a class now nearly extinct in England. "I verily believe," she said, "she thinks my mother and myself are made of a different clay from her;" and so her manner indicated, as she stood in a corner of the room, with her arms reverently folded, and court-seying with every reply she made to Miss ——,

though nothing could be more kindly gracious than her manner. I thought of that dear old nurse who, though wearing the colour that is a brand among us, and not exceeded in devotedness by any feudal vassal of any age, expressed in the noble freedom of her manner that she not only felt herself to be of the same clay, but of the same spirit, with those she served.

I confess I do see something more than "urbanity" in this "homage." I do not wish to be reminded, by a man touching his hat or pulling his forelock every time I speak to him, that there is a gulf between us. This is neither good for him nor me. Have those who pretend to fear the encroachments and growing pride of the inferior classes, never any conscientious fears for their own humility? Do their reflections never suggest to them that pride is the natural concomitant of conscious superiority? But to return to these demonstrations of respect; they are not a sign of real deference. I have seen more real insolence here in five weeks in this class of people than I ever saw at home. At the inns, at the slightest dissatisfaction with the remuneration you offer, you are sure to be told, "Such as is *ladies* always gives more." This is meanness as well as insolence.

As we drove off from Southampton, a porter demanded a larger fee than we paid. H. called after us to be sure and give the fellow no more. The

fellow knew his quarry; he mounted on the coach, and kept with us through a long street, demanding and entreating with alternate insolence and abjectness. He got the shilling, and then returning to the homage of his station, "Do you sit quite comfortable, ladies?" he asked, in a sycophantic tone. "Yes," "Thank you." "Would not Miss — like better this seat?" "No." "Thank you." Again I repeat it, it is not the civility I object to. I wish we had more of it in all stations; but it is the hollow sound, which conveys to me no idea but the inevitable and confessed vassalage of a fellow-being.

I am aware that the sins we are not accustomed to are like those we are not inclined to, in the respect that we condemn them heartily and *en masse*. Few Englishmen can tolerate the manners of our tradespeople, our innkeepers, and the domestics at our public-houses. A little more familiarity with them would make them tolerant of the deficiencies that at first disgust them: and after a while they would learn, as we do, to prize the fidelity and quiet kindness that abound among our servants without the expectation of pecuniary reward; and they would feel that it is salutary to be connected with this large class of our humble fellow-creatures by other than sordid ties.

If I have felt painfully that the men and women of what is called "good society" in America are



greatly inferior in high cultivation, in the art of conversation, and in accomplishments, to a corresponding class here, I have felt quite assured that the "million" with us occupy a level they can never reach in England, do what they will with penny magazines and diffusive publications, while each class has its stall into which it is driven by the tyranny of an artificially-constructed society.

While the marks No. 2, No. 3, and so on, are seen cut in, there cannot be the conscious power and freedom, and the self-respect brightening the eye, giving free play to all the faculties, and urging onward and upward, which is the glory of the United States, and a new phase of human society.

With your confirmed habits, my dear C., you might not envy the English the luxuries and magnificence of their high civilisation; but I am sure you would the precise finish of their skilful agriculture, and the all-pervading comfort of their every-day existence. *If you have money*, there is no human contrivance for comfort that you cannot command here. Let you be where you will, in the country or in town, on land or on water, in your home or on the road, but signify your desires, and they may be gratified. And it is rather pleasant, dear C.—it would be with your eye for order—to be in a country where there are no bad—bad! no imperfect roads, no broken or unsound bridges, no swinging gates, no barn-doors off the hinges, no

broken glass, no ragged fences, no negligent husbandry, nothing to signify that truth, omnipresent in America, that there is a great deal more work to do than hands to do it. And so it will be with our uncounted acres of unsubdued land for ages to come. But, courage! we are of English blood, and we shall go forward and subdue our great farm, and make it, in some hundreds of years, like the little garden whence our fathers came. In the mean time, we must expect the English travellers who come among us to be annoyed with the absence of the home-comforts which habit has made essential to their well-being, and to be startled, and, it may be, disgusted, with the omission of those signs and shows of respect and deference to which they have been accustomed; but let us not be disturbed if they growl, for " 'tis their nature to," and surely they should be forgiven for it\*.

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\* It is difficult for an American to appreciate the complete change that takes place in a European's position and relations on coming to this country; if he did, he would forgive the disgusts and uneasiness betrayed even by those who have the most philanthropic theories. He who was born in an atmosphere of elegance and refinement, far above the masses of his fellow-beings; who has seen them eager to obey his slightest signal, to minister to his artificial wants, ready to sit at his feet, to open a way for him, or to sustain him on their shoulders—who is always so far above them as to be in danger of entirely overlooking them, finds suddenly that all artificial props are knocked from under him, and he is brought down to a level with these masses, each individual elbowing his own way, and he obliged to depend on his own merit for all the eminence he attains. M. de Tocqueville is a striking illustration

*July 8.*—**TO-MORROW** we leave England, having seen but a drop in the ocean of things worthy to be examined. We mean, next year, to travel over it, to see the country, to visit the institutions of benevolence, the schools, &c. We are now to plunge into a foreign country, with a foreign language and foreign customs. It seems like leaving home a second time. If anything could make us forget that we are travellers, it would be such unstinted kindness as we have received here. You cannot see the English in their homes without reverencing and loving them; nor, I think, can an Anglo-American come to this, his ancestral home, without a pride in his relationship to it, and an extended sense of the obligations imposed by his derivation from the English stock. A war between the two countries, in the present state of their relations and intercourse, would be fratricidal, and this sentiment I have heard expressed on all sides.

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of the conflict between a democratic faith and the habits and tastes engendered by a European education. Perhaps some observation and reflection on this subject would convince parents of the injudiciousness of rearing children in Europe who are to live in America.

*Antwerp, July 12, 1839.*

MY DEAR C——,

WE left the Tower Stairs yesterday at twelve, and were rowed to the steamer Soho, lying out in the Thames, in a miserable little boat, the best we could obtain. We found a natural *American* consolation in remarking the superiority of our Whitehall boats. We nearly incurred that first of all minor miseries (if it be minor), losing our baggage. François, not speaking a word of English, has been of little use to us; and in our greatest need, at our arrivals and departures, he has been worse than useless, as John Bull's nerves are disturbed by a foreign tongue, and the sub-officials are sure to get in a fluster. Mr. P.'s intervention came in most timely to our aid, and the last boat from the shore brought us our baggage safely. What we shall do without this friend, whose ministering kindness has been so steadfast and so effective, I know not; though François said, as soon as he had shaken the London dust from his feet, with a ludicrously self-sufficient air, "A present, madame, le courier fait tout \*!"

The Soho, we were told, is the best steamer that plies between London and Antwerp. It is one hundred and seventy-five feet in length, and twenty-eight in breadth. It has some advantages over our

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\* "From this time your courier does everything."

Hudson River steamers,—a steadier motion, the result of more perfect machinery, a *salle-à-manger* (an eating-room where there are no berths), and two dinners, served two hours apart. So that, with one hundred and twenty passengers, there is no scrambling, and the dinner is served with *English* order, and eaten at leisure. I was disappointed to find, last night, our condition quite as bad as in a similar position at home. There were thirty more passengers than berths, and these luckless thirty were strewn over the saloon floor, after having waited till a late hour for the last loitering men to be driven forth from their paradise, the dinner-table. The servants were incompetent, and the bedding was deficient, and in the morning we had no place for washing, no dressing-room but this cluttered, comfortless apartment. We all felt a malignant pleasure in having these annoyances to fret about in an English dominion. Even they cannot beguile Dame Comfort to sea,—like a sensible woman, she is a stayer-at-home, a lover of the fire-side. The English go in troops and caravans to Germany and Switzerland for the summer, and most of our fellow-passengers seemed to be of these gentry, travelling for pleasure. How different from the miscellaneous crowd of an American steamer! There is here more conventional breeding, not more civility, than with us.

When I went on deck in the morning, we had

entered the Scheldt, and poor M., with her eyes half open, was dutifully trying to sketch the shores. They are so low and uniform, that a single horizontal stroke of her pencil would suffice to give you at home all the idea we got; and, for a fac-simile of the architecture, you may buy a Dutch town at Werkmeister's toyshop.

We now, for the first, realize \* that we are in a foreign land, and feel our distance from home. In our memory and feeling England blends with our own country.

We entered into the court of the Hôtel St. Antoine through an arched stone gateway, and were, for the first time in our lives, in a paved court, round three sides of which the house, in the common Continental fashion, is built. The mistress of the hotel, in pretty full dress, came out to receive us; and, after hearing our wants, we were conducted through a paved gallery to spacious and well-furnished apartments. Before the hotel is a little square, surrounded with three rows of dwarf elm-trees, and in honour of these, I presume, called La Place Verte (Green Place), for there is nothing else green about it. The ground is incessantly trodden by people crossing it, or seated

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\* My English reader must pardon the frequent repetition of this word, and may judge of the worth of its American use by the reply of my friend, to whom I said, "I cannot dispense with this word." "Dispense with it! I could as well dispense with bread and water!"

about on the wooden benches in social squads. All the womenkind wear a high lace cap, dropping low at the ears, short gowns, and very full petticoats in the Dutch fashion, with which we were familiar enough formerly at Albany. A better class wear a black shawl over the head hanging down to their feet—a remnant of the Spanish mantilla. It is curious to see this and other vestiges of Spanish occupation here, such as some very grand old Spanish houses.

We have been driving about the town in a comfortable carriage, six of us besides the coachman, after a fat, sleek Flemish horse, who seemed quite able to trot off double the number, if need were. I wish I could give you a glimpse of these streets thronging with human life, and seemingly happy human life too. The "honest Flemings" have a most contented look. I almost doubt my identity as I hear this din of a foreign tongue in my ear, and the clattering of the wooden shoes on the pavement. However, that "I is I," I feel too surely at this moment, having just mounted the tower of the Cathedral, 613 steps: a cathedral built in 1300, and eighty-three years in the building. The tower is beautifully wrought. Charles V. said of it, it should be kept in a case, and Napoleon compared it to Mechlin lace. If these great people have not the fairy gift of dropping pearls from their lips, their words are gold for the guides that haunt

these show-places. We paid two francs for the above *jeux d'esprit* to a young *ciceroni*, who could speak intelligibly French, Spanish, English, Italian, and Flemish of course, but could not write, and had never heard of America!!

We saw from the gallery of the tower to a distance (on the word of our guide) of eighty miles. The atmosphere was perfectly transparent, undimmed by a particle of smoke from the city; a fact accounted for by the fuel used being exclusively a species of hard coal. It is worth while to mount a pinnacle in a country like this, where there is no eminence to intercept the view. You see the Scheldt, which is about as wide as the Hudson at Albany, winding far, far away through a sea of green and waving corn,† and towers, churches, and villages innumerable. The view gave us New-World people a new idea of populousness.\* After we descended from the tower, a bit of antiquity was pointed out to us that would have interested your young people more than any view in Belgium. It is an old well, covered with an iron canopy wrought by Quentin Matsys, the "Blacksmith of Antwerp;" who, before blacksmiths were made classic by Scott's "Harry of the Winde," fell in

\* Some of our readers may not be aware that this word is not applied in Europe, as with us, alone to Indian corn, but to every kind of grain.

† This was from the dense population of the surrounding country. Antwerp itself contains but about 77,000 inhabitants.



love with the pretty daughter of a painter, and left his anvil and took to painting to win her, and did win her, and for himself won immortality by at least one masterpiece in the art, as all who have seen his "Misers" at Windsor will testify.

Antwerp is rich in paintings. Many masterpieces of the Flemish painters are here, and, first among the first, "Rubens' Descent from the Cross." Do not think, dear C., that, before I have even crossed the threshold of the temple of art, I give you my opinion about such a painting as of any value. I see that the dead body is put into the most difficult position to be painted, and that the painter has completely overcome the difficulty; that the figures are perfect in their anatomy, and that the flesh is flesh, living flesh; but I confess the picture did not please me. It seemed to me rather a successful representation of the physical man than the embodiment of the moral sublime which the subject demands. Another picture by Rubens, in the church of St. Jacques, was far more interesting to me. It is, considering the subject, fortunately placed, being the altar-piece of the altar belonging to the family of Rubens; and you look at it with the feeling that you are in the presence of this greatest of Flemish artists, as the marble slab on which you are treading tells you that his body lies beneath it. The revolutionary French, with their dramatic enthusiasm for art,

spared this tomb when they broke open and pil-  
laged every other one in this church. The picture  
is called A Holy Family. The painter, by intro-  
ducing his own dearest kindred with the names and  
attributes of saints, has canonized them without  
leave of pope or cardinal. His own portrait he  
called St. George; his father's, St. Jerome; his old  
grandfather's, Time; and his son naturally enough  
falls into the category of angels. Martha and  
Mary Magdalen, two most lovely women, are  
portraits of his two wives; one of these is said to  
be the same head as the famous "Chapeau de  
Paille"—probably *the Magdalen*.

For the rest—and what a rest of churches, pic-  
tures, carvings, and tombs, that cost us hours of  
toilsome pleasure, I spare you.

*Brussels, Monday, 15.*—WE came here twenty-  
five miles by railroad. The cars we thought as  
good as those on the "Great Western" in Eng-  
land; and our fare was a third less, and so was  
was our speed. The country was a dead level.  
A Flemish painter only could work up its creature-  
comforts into picturesqueness; rich it certainly is,  
and enjoyed it appears. After a bustle and con-  
fusion at the depôt that made us feel quite at  
home, we finally got into an omnibus with twelve  
persons inside, nearly as many outside, and an  
enormous quantity of baggage, all drawn with

apparent ease by two of these gigantic Flemish horses, looking, like their masters, well content with their lot in life.

Brussels is a royal residence, and gay with palaces and park. The park impresses me as twice as large as St. John's, in New York; it has abundance of trees, a bit of water with a rich fringe of flowers, and statues, in bad taste enough. There are splendid edifices overlooking it, and among them the palace of the Prince of Orange, and King Leopold's. That of the Prince of Orange, which Leopold, with singular delicacy for a king, has refused to occupy or touch, is shown to strangers. We were unlucky in the moment of making our application to see it. "First come, first served," is the democratic rule adopted. Four parties were before us, and as we could not bribe the portress to favour us—to her honour I record it—and had no time to waste in waiting, we came away and left unseen its choice collection of paintings. Our coachman, to console us for our disappointment, urged us to go into the royal coach-house and see a carriage presented to William, which, he gave us his assurance—truly professional—was better worth seeing than anything in Brussels! A gorgeous thing it was, all gold and crimson outside, white satin and embroidery in; and with a harness emblazoned with crowns. Besides this, were ten other coaches of various degrees of magnificence.

We next visited the lace manufactory of Monsieur Ducepetiaux. The Brussels lace is, as perhaps you do not know, the most esteemed of this most delicate of fabrics. "The flax from which it is made grows near Halle; the finest sort costs from 3000 to 4000 francs per pound, and is worth its weight in gold. Everything depends on the tenuity of its fibre\*."

It was fête-day, and we found only a few old women at work; however, we were shown the whole process very courteously, without any other fee being expected than a small alms to the poor work-women which, after seeing them, it would be difficult to withhold. I observed women from sixty to seventy at this cobweb-work without spectacles, and was told that the eye was so accustomed to it as not to be injured by it; a wonderful instance of the power of adaptation in the human frame in its most delicate organ. Girls begin at this work at four years of age, and the overseer told us she employed old women of eighty. They begin at six in the morning and work till six in the evening; the maximum of wages is one franc; and, to earn this, a woman must work skilfully and rapidly twelve hours and find herself! I thought of the king's ten coaches. There are a good many changes to be made before this becomes "the best of all possible worlds!"

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\* Murray's Hand-Book.

I spare you our visit to the Cathedral, &c., but I wish, my dear C., I could show you the most fantastical pulpit ever made—the masterpiece of Ver-Bruggen, with the story of Adam and Eve carved in wood. I am sure the artist had his own private readings of his work. There seemed to me some precious satire in the symbols he has perched about the pulpit—the monkey! the peacock! and the serpent!

We went into the market-place this morning. It was filled with well-looking peasants, with good teeth and rich nice hair. They were selling flowers, fruit, and vegetables. They addressed us in a very kindly manner, always as “*ma chère*.” We saw excellent butter for ten sous per pound, a good cabbage for two sous, two quarts of beans for four sous.

This market-square, now looking so cheerful with the fruits of man’s rural industry, has been stained with the blood of martyrs of liberty. It was here that Counts Egmont and Horn were executed by the order of the ruthless Alva; and in the *Hôtel de Ville*, overlooking the square, we saw the hall where his master, Charles V., went through the ceremony of abdication.

We pay here, for a good carriage and two horses, two francs per hour. Some difference, M. remarks, between this and the price we paid in London of one pound twelve shillings per day;

but nowhere, I believe, is social life so taxed as in London.

We set off this morning for the field of Waterloo, a distance of twelve miles from Brussels. I sat on the box beside our coachman, a civilised young man. Travelling is a corrector of one's vanities. I heard myself designated in the court to-day as "la dame qui s'assit à côté du cocher"—my only distinction here. I liked my position. My friend was intelligent and talkative, and not only gave me such wayside information as I asked, but the history of his father's courtship and a little love-story of his own, which is just at the most critical point of dramatic progress, and of which, alas! I shall never know the dénouement.

It is the anniversary of the Belgian revolution, and, of course, a fête-day. The streets were thronged. I should imagine the whole number of inhabitants, 100,000, were out of doors; and as the streets are narrow and have no side-walks, we made slow progress through the crowd—but so much the better. It was pleasant looking in their good, cheerful faces, the children in their holiday suits, and the women in their clean caps and freshest ribands. Green boughs hung over the windows, and the fruit-stalls were decked with flowers. I looked up the lanes on the right and left; they were a dense mass of human beings, appearing well fed and comfortably clad. "Where

are your poor people?" I asked my friend. "They are put a one side," he replied. Alas! so are they everywhere if in the minority. There was wretchedness enough in those lanes that now appeared so well; but he assured me I might walk through them without fear, "the police was too strong for them." The suburbs were thronged too; the straggling little villages along the road full of human life. The women and men were sitting on long benches beside the houses, drinking beer and eating cakes. The pressure of the population would have driven Malthus mad. Everything of womankind, down to the girl of four years old, had a baby in her arms, and young things were strewn over the ground, kicking up their heels, and making all manner of youthful demonstrations of happiness.

If some of our worn, pale mothers, who rock their cradles by the hour in close rooms, would turn their young ones into the sweet open air, they would find it play upon their spirits like the breath of heaven on an *Æolian* harp. I never before saw the young human animal as happy as other animals, nor felt how much they were the creatures of mere sensation. "You see how well they look," said my friend, who observed my pleasure in gazing at them; "they work hard too, all that can work, and eat nothing but potatoes and milk." Simple, wholesome diet, and plenty of fresh air: this tells the whole story of health.

The forest of Soignies, which Byron makes poetically grieve over the "unreturning brave," lies now, at least a good portion of it, as low as they; and in the place of it are wheat, barley, potatoes, &c., which my utilitarian friend thought far better than unedible trees. The king of the Netherlands made a very pretty present to Wellington, along with his title of "Prince of Waterloo," of 1000 acres of this forest land, which is extremely valuable for its timber. Waterloo itself is a straggling, mean little village, in which, as we were going to the burial-place of thousands of brave men, we did *not* stop to weep over the grave of the Marquis of Anglesea's leg, which, with its monument, epitaph, and weeping willow, is one of the regular Waterloo lions. At Mont St. Jean, on the edge of the field of battle, we took our guide Martin, a peasant with a most humane physiognomy, indicating him fitter to show a battle-field than to fight on it.

Now do not fear that I am about to commit the folly of describing "the field of Waterloo." I shall merely tell you that we have seen the places whose names are magic words in the memories of those who remember 1815. As we left Mont St. Jean, we came upon an unenclosed country, and at the large farmhouse called *Ferme de Mont St. Jean*, we first saw a mound, surmounted by the Belgic Lion. This mound is two hundred feet



high, and covers the common burying-place of friends and foes. The lion is placed over the very spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, and is cast from the cannon taken in the field of battle. To those cavillers who see no good reason why, amid such a mass of valiant sufferers, a wound of the Prince of Orange should be illustrated, or why the *Belgic* lion should crown the scene, and who lament that the face of the field has been changed by the elevation of the mound, it has been answered pithily, if not satisfactorily, that it is appropriate, "since it serves at once for a memorial, a trophy, and a tomb."\*

Hougoumont remains as it was after the day of the battle. It is an old Flemish château, with farm-offices and a walled garden. The house is shattered, and the walls look as if they had been through the wars. There were twenty-seven Englishmen in the chapel, a structure not more than thirteen feet square, when it took fire. A wooden image of our Saviour is suspended over the door;

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\* It was interesting to read, on the very spot, Byron's testimony to this as a position for a battle-field. "As a plain," he says, "Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Plataea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Cheronæa, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of them, except, perhaps, the last-mentioned."

and our guide averred (and, though a guide, with a moistened eye) that when the flames reached the image, they stopped. "C'est vrai," he repeated. "Aux pieds du bon Dieu! Un miracle, n'est ce pas, madame?"\* I almost envied the faith that believed the miracle, and had the miracle to believe. The English, in their passion for such relics, had begun chipping off the foot, and our good Martin said, shuddering, that if the proper authority had not interfered, "on aurait mis le bon Dieu tout en pièces!" The Catholic sentiment is nearly untranslatable into Protestant English.

The inner wall is written over with the names of visitors. Byron's was there; but some marauding traveller has broken away the plaster, and carried it off to Paris. "Do you not think," said our guide, with an honest indignation, "that a man must be crazy to do this?" The simple peasant-guide knew the worth of Byron's name. This *is* fame.

We drove round the rich wheat-field to *La Haye Sainte*. There is no ground in all rich Belgium so rich as this battle-field. In the spring the darkest and thickest corn tells where the dead were buried! The German Legion slaughtered at *La Haye Sainte* are buried on the opposite side of the road, where there is a simple monument over them.

"Set where thou wilt thy foot, thou scarce canst tread  
Here on a spot unhallow'd by the dead."

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\* "It is indeed true. At the feet of the good God. A miracle, was it not, madam?"

La Belle Alliance, where Wellington and Blucher met after the battle, was pointed out to us; and Napoleon's different positions, the very spot where he stood when he first descried Blucher, and his heart for the last time swelled with anticipated triumph. How I wished for Hal to stand with me where Wellington gave that ringing order, "Up, guards, and at them!"

We were shown the places where Gordon, Picton, and others of note fell; and there, where the masses lay weltering in blood, the unknown, unhonoured, unrecorded, there was

"Horror breathing from the silent ground."

"It was a piteous sight," said our guide, "to see, the next day, the men, with clasped hands, begging for a glass of water. Some had lost one side of the face with a sabre-cut; others had their bowels laid open! They prayed us to put an end to their miseries, and said, surely God would forgive us." All the peasants, men, women, and children, that had not been driven clear away, came in to serve them; but there were not enough; and they died, burned with thirst; and their wounds gangrened, for there were not surgeons for the half of them. They would crawl down to those pools of water and wash their wounds; the water was red and clotted with *blood*. Oh, c'est un grand malheur, que la guerre, mesdames!" he concluded. Martin would be an eloquent agent for our friend Ladd's Peace Society.

BELGIUM is a perfect garden. Between Brussels and Liege, a distance of sixty miles, we did not see, over all the vast plain, one foot of unused earth. There are crops of wheat, rye, oats, beans, and peas, and immense cabbage plantations, with no enclosures, neither fences nor hedges; no apparent division of property. You might fancy the land was under the dominion of an agrarian law, and that each child of man might take an equal share from mother earth; but, alas! when the table is spread there is many a one left without a cover.

On arriving at the depôt, a league from Liege, we had a scene of confusion unusual in these countries, that should and do get the benefit of order from their abounding police-men. A number of ark-like, two-story omnibuses were drawn up. Calling out being prohibited, the signal to attract attention was a hiss, and the hissing of rival conductors was like nothing so much as a flock of enraged geese. We got involved in a dispute that menaced us with a fate similar to that adjudged by Solomon to the contested child. *Monsieur le Courrier* had promised us to the "omnibus Jaune," and *Mademoiselle la Courrière* to the "omnibus Rouge;" the yellow finally carried it, and we were driven off amid such hisses as Dante might have imagined a fit Inferno for a bad actor. Poor M. lost her travelling-cloak in the confusion. I can tell you

nothing of Liege, from my own observation, but that it is a most picturesque old place, with one part of the town rising precipitously above the other in the fashion of Quebec; and that we went to see the interior court of the Palais de Justice, formerly the archbishop's palace, whose name will recall to you Quentin Durward. It is surrounded by a colonnade with short pillars, each carved after a different model. We walked round the space within the colonnade, which is filled with stalls containing such smaller merchandise as you find around our market-places. The English call Liege the Birmingham of Belgium. Their staple manufacture is firearms, and Mr. Murray tells us "they produce a better article, and at a lower price, than can be made for the same sum in England"—a feather this in the Belgian cap! The source of their prosperity is the abundance of coal in the neighbourhood. "The mines are worked on the most scientific principles. Previously to the revolution, Holland was supplied with coal from Belgium; but the home consumption has since increased to such an extent, from the numerous manufactories which have sprung up on all sides, that the Belgian mines are now inadequate to supply the demand, and a recent law has been passed, permitting the importation of coals from Newcastle."\* Wise Hollanders!

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\* Murray's Hand-Book.

THE diligences did not suit our hours, and François could obtain no carriage to take us to Aix-la-Chapelle but an enormous lumbering omnibus. Imagine what a travelling-carriage! Though the distance is but about twenty-five miles, we were nine mortal hours passing it; however, it was through a lovely country, varied with hill and dale, a refreshing variety after the monotonous dead-level of our preceding days in Belgium. On leaving Liege we passed the Meuse and ascended a long hill, and from the summit looked over a world of gracefully-formed land, all under the dominion of the husbandman. The fields are enclosed by hedges, inferior to the English, but resembling them in the trees that intersperse them. There is very little pasture-land amid this garden-like cultivation. I have seen one flock of sheep to-day of a tall, slender breed; and very beautiful cows, white with brown spots, that, cow-fancier as you are, would enchant you. They rival your Victoria and her mother the duchess.

We passed villages at short intervals, not bearing the smallest resemblance to a New-England village, for there is nothing that bears the name in Europe so beautiful. I may say this without presumption after having seen the English villages. The village here is usually one long street of small mean houses built contiguously. At almost every house there is something exposed to sell. The

tenants are all out of door—the “seven ages” of man—and at least half are smoking. We saw girls not more than six years old with their pipes; and they smoke on to old age, apparently cheerful and healthy. Yet we hold tobacco to be a poison; perhaps the out-of-door life is the antidote. We have passed pretty villas to-day, and substantial farm-houses with capital barns and offices, all indicating rural plenty.

With the threats of beggars in our guide-book, we have been surprised at our general exemption; but to-day we have seen enough of them, and a sight it is quite as novel to our New-World eyes as a cathedral or a policeman. They have followed us in troops, and started out from their little lairs planted along the road, blind old men and old crones on crutches. As we begin the ascension of the hills, we hear slender young voices, almost overpowered by the rattling of the wheels on the paved road; by degrees they multiply and grow louder, and before we reach the summit they overpower every other sound, crying out to the mademoiselles in the coupé, and to the monsieur and madame in the *intérieure*, in a mongrel patois of French and Flemish: “Ah, donnez-moi un petit morçeau de *brod*—vous n’en serez pas plus pauvre—da-do—charité pour un pauvre aveugle, madame—da-do!”\*

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\* “Give us a morsel of bread—*da-do*—you will not be the poorer for it—*da-do*!—charity for a poor blind man!”

A few leagues before reaching Liege we experienced another equally disagreeable characteristic of the social system of the Old World. We passed the Prussian frontier, and were admonished by the black eagle—a proper insignia for a custom-house, a bird of prey—that our baggage must be inspected. We dreaded the disturbance of our trunks, and looked with suitable detestation on the mustachioed officials that approached us. While they were chaffering with François to settle the question whether they should go up to the baggage or the baggage come down to them, and deciding that the mountain *should* come to Mahomet, an officer of as harmless aspect as Deacon I., with spectacles on nose and a baby in his arms, came to our relief, saying that if Monsieur le Courier would give his *parole d'honneur* (a courier's *parole d'honneur*!) that there was nothing to declare—that is, custom-able—the examination might be omitted. François pledged his word, and there was no further trouble. This contrasts with the torment we had in England, of having all our baggage overhauled and disarranged, and sent home to us, some light articles lost, and delicate ones ruined. That this should happen in civilised England at this time of day is disgraceful. I felt it a mortification, as if the barbarism had been committed by my own kindred.

While our lunch was preparing, we strolled off



to a little meadow, where there were some young people loading a cart with hay. We sat down on the grass. The scene was pretty and rural, and so home-like that it brought tears to our eyes; home-like, except that there was a girl not so big as your Grace—no, not five years old, raking hay and smoking a pipe.

Returning to the inn, we passed the open window of our friend the master of the customs. I thanked him for his forbearance. He appeared gratified, and when we came away he came out of his door with a friend, and they bowed low and repeatedly. Better this wayside courtesy than the bickerings that usually occur on similar occasions.

*Aix-la-Chapelle.*—This name will at once recall to you Charlemagne, whose capital and burying-place it was. We have just returned from La Chapelle, which so conveniently distinguishes this from the other Aix in Europe. Otho built the present church on the site of Charlemagne's chapel, preserving its original octagonal form, which Charlemagne, intending it for his own tomb, adopted from the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. We stood under the centre of the dome on a large marble slab, inscribed "Carolo Magno;" and over our heads hung a massive chandelier, the gift of *Frederic Barbarossa*. How these material things conjured back from the dead these mighty chieftains!

The vault must have been a startling sight when Otho opened it and found the emperor, not in the usual supine posture, but seated on his throne in his imperial robes, with the crown on his fleshless brow, his sceptre in his hand, the good sword *joyeuse* at his side, the Gospels on his knee, the pilgrim's pouch, which, living, he always wore, still at his girdle, and precious jewels sparkling amid decay and ashes. The sacristan showed us his skull—the palace of the soul!—enclosed in a silver case. His lofty soul has, I trust, now a fitter palace. There are shown also several relics found in his tomb which touch a chord of general sympathy: his hunting-horn, a relic of the true cross, and a locket containing the Virgin's hair, which he wore in death, as he had always worn in life.

This church is said to be the oldest in Germany. The choir, built in 1356, is more modern. Its painted windows are so exquisite in their form, that they affect you like a living beauty.

There is a fête to-day. The "*grandes reliques*," which are shown once in seven years, are exhibiting, and the town is thronged with the peasantry. They were literally packed on the little *place* before the Cathedral. A priest was in a very high gallery with attendants, displaying the relics. This church is rich in these apocryphal treasures. The priest held up one thing after another, the Virgin's chemise, the swaddling-clothes, &c., against a black

surface, and at each holy thing down sunk the mass upon their knees. There were exceptions to this devout action; travellers who, like us, were staring, and talking, and making discord with the deep responses; and there were a few persons pushing their way through the crowd, hawking little books in German and French describing the relics; and selling beads that had been blessed by the priest. If not holy, the relics have an historical interest that makes them well worth seeing. They were presented to Charlemagne by a patriarch of Jerusalem, and by a Persian king.\*

The baths of Aix were enjoyed by the Romans. We went to one in the centre of the town, where a brazen lion spouts out the mineral water, and where there is a very handsome building with a colonnade and refreshment-rooms. We would have gladly lingered here for a few days instead of these very few hours; but, like all our country people, we seem always urged by some demon on—on—on.

*Cologne.*—Still, my dear C., the same story to tell you of yesterday's journey. The peasants have just begun their mowing and harvesting, and the hay and corn are all as thick as the choicest bits in our choice meadows. There were immense plantations of potatoes, oats, peas, and beans; no

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\* "Formerly 150,000 pilgrims resorted to this fête, and so late as 1832 there were 43,000."

fences, hedges, or barrier of any sort—one vast sea of agricultural wealth.

We are now, as Mr. Murray tells us, “in the largest and wealthiest city on the Rhine,”\* and have more than enough to do if we see the half set forth on the eight well-filled pages of his best of all guide-books. We leave here at four P.M.; so you see how slight a view we can have even of the outside of things. Our habit of breakfasting at nine abridges our active time, but it gives me a quiet morning hour for my journal. Do you know—I did not—that Cologne received its name from Agrippina, Nero’s mother;—surely the most wretched of women? She was born here, and sent hither a Roman colony, calling the place *Colonia Agrippina*. A happy accident I should think it, if I were a Colognese, that blotted out her infamous name from my birthplace.

WE passed the day most diligently; and as it is not in human nature not to value that which costs us labour, you must feel very grateful to me if I spare you the description of church after church, relics, and pictures. Such relics, too, as the real bones of St. Ursula and her thirteen thousand virgins; the bones, *real* too, of the Magi,—the three kings of Cologne (whose vile effigies are blazoned on half the sign-boards on the Continent),

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\* Cologne has 65,000 inhabitants.

and such pictures as Rubens' Crucifixion of St. Peter, which he deemed his best, because his last, probably. The *real* thing that would please you better than all the relics in Belgium, is the establishment of Eau de Cologne, of the actual Jean Maria Farina, whose name and fame have penetrated as far as Napoleon's. No wonder that this dirtiest of all towns should have elicited the perfumer's faculties. When some one said "The Rhine washes Cologne," it was pithily asked,— "What washes the Rhine?"

Another sight here, my dear C., would in earnest have pleased you; the only one of the kind I have seen on the Continent: troops of little boys and girls with their books and slates. A woman of distinction, who was born here, tells us that the feudal feeling of clanship is in high preservation. "I never come to Cologne," she says, "without being assailed by some one of the *basse classe*, who obliges me to listen to all the details of a family grievance, as if it were the affair of my own household." This sentiment of feudal dependence will probably melt away before the aforesaid books and slates. So the good goes with the bad. It is a pity we have not a moral flail; but, as of old, the tares and the wheat are too intricately intermingled for human art to separate them. I promised to spare you the churches of Cologne, but I cannot pass by the cathedral. It would be as bad as the proverbial

leaving out Hamlet from the enacting of his own tragedy. The Cologne cathedral is not, and probably never will be finished. It impressed me anew with a conviction of the immortality of the human mind. What an infinite distance between its conceptions, and the matter on which it works! A work of art rises in vision to the divinely-inspired artist; what years, what ages are consumed in expressing in the slow stone this conception! and the stone is transformable, perishable. Can the mind be so?

The name of the architect of the Cathedral of Cologne is unknown. No matter; here are his thoughts written in stone.

You cannot see the Gothic architecture of Europe without being often reminded of Victor Hugo's idea that architecture was, till superseded by printing, "the great book" wherein man wrote his thoughts in "marble letters and granite pages;" and, being once possessed with this notion, you cannot look at the beautiful arches and columns, at such stupendous flying buttresses as these of the Cologne Cathedral, and its "forest of purpled pinnacles," without feeling as if you were reading a Milton or a Dante. There are innumerable expressions that you cannot comprehend, but, as your eye ranges over them, you read the rapturous praises of a David, and prophecy and lamentation, and, even in these sacred edifices, the keen satires

and unbridled humour of the profane poets. Victor Hugo says that, at one period, whoever was born a poet became an architect; that all other arts were subservient to architecture, all other artists the servants of the architect, "the great master workman."\*

I do not know that the ideas which he has so well elaborated originated in his own mind, nor can I tell whether this wondrous art would have suggested the idea to my mind without his previous aid. We see by the bright illumination of another's mind what the feeble light of our own would never reveal; but remember we do as certainly see.

The Apostles' Church here is exquisitely beautiful. Mr. Hope said it reminded him of some of the oldest Greek churches in Asia Minor; and that, when looking at the east end, he almost thought himself at Constantinople; and, though you may think me bitten by Victor Hugo's theory, I will tell you that its romantic and oriental beauty brought to my mind "The Talisman," in Scott's *Tales of the Crusaders*.

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\* "L'architecte, le poète, le maître totalisait en sa personne la sculpture qui lui ciselait ses façades, la peinture qui lui enlumina ses vitraux, la musique qui mettait sa cloche en branle et soufflait dans ses orgues."—*Victor Hugo*.

MY DEAR C.,

*Bonn.*—WE embarked, for the first time, yesterday on the Rhine, the "father and king of rivers," as the German poets with fond reverence call it. "The majestic Rhine" it has not yet appeared to us, having but just come opposite to the Sichengebirge, a cluster of mountains where the scenery first takes its romantic character. We were four hours, in a good steamer, getting to Bonn, a distance of about twenty miles. This slow ascent of the river is owing to the force of the current. We were much struck with the social, simple, and kindly manners of our German companions in the steamer. Several well-bred persons addressed us, and asked as many questions as a Yankee would have asked in the same time. Some of them made us smile, such as whether the language in America was not very like that spoken in England! and if New-York had more than thirty thousand inhabitants! Before we separated, the girls were on familiar terms with some pretty young ladies going to boarding-school, and half-a-dozen people, at least, had ascertained whence we came and whither we were going. M. was quite charmed with this unreserve. "Like to like," you know!

There was a lady on board who riveted our attention. Without being handsome, she had the "*air noble*," that is, perhaps, the best substitute for



beauty. Her face was intellectual, and her eyes such as I have never seen except in the head of a certain harpy eagle in the zoological gardens. Lest you should get a false impression from this comparison, I must tell you that these harpy eyes haunted me for days after I saw them reviving, with their human expression and wonderful power, my childish superstition about the transmigration of souls.

“That woman is very ill-bred,” said M., “to peer at us so steadily through her eyeglass.” “We look at her just as steadily, only without eyeglasses,” said L.; and as none think themselves ill-bred, we came to the silent conclusion that the stranger might not be so. There was something in her air, and in a peculiarity, as well as elegance of dress, that indicated she felt well assured of her position.

*Bonn.*—We brought letters to the celebrated Schlegel, who resides here, and to a certain Madame M. Schlegel sent us a note, saying he was kept in by indisposition, but would be most happy to receive us. Soon after breakfast Madame M. was announced, and proved to be the harpy-eyed lady of the steamer. Her manner struck me as cold, and I felt all the horror of thrusting myself on involuntary hospitality. “She is doing a detestable duty,” thought I, “in honouring Mrs. —’s letter of credit in behalf of strangers from a

far country, and of a language that she does not speak." By degrees her manner changed from forced courtesy to voluntary kindness. She marked out occupation for all our time at Bonn, lavished invitations on all our party, and insisted on my going home with her to see what was to be seen at her house, which she said, in a way to excite no expectation, "was better than staying at the inn." I went, and found that she had a superb establishment in the best quarter of the town. We met a pretty young woman on the stairs, whom she introduced to me as her daughter. She had her long sleeves tucked up over her elbow, and a cotton apron on, and reminded me of a thrifty New-England *lady* preparing to make her "Thanksgiving pies." Mademoiselle M. soon after brought in a small waiter, with rich hot chocolate and cakes. I asked Madame M. if the accounts we had received of the domestic education of women in Germany of the condition of her daughter were true. She said yes; they were taught everything that appertained to house affairs. We know they do not find this domestic education incompatible with high refinement and cultivation. Knowledge of house-affairs is a necessity for our young countrywomen: perhaps some of them would think it less an evil if they could see Mademoiselle M. in her luxurious home expressing, as did Eve, Penelope, and other classic dames, by the dainty work of her

own hands, that she was "on hospitable thoughts intent."

When I entered Bonn through an ineffably dirty street, I little dreamed it could contain a house with the lovely view there is from Madame M.'s window, of gardens and cornfields; and much less did I anticipate sitting with that fearful lady of the steamer over cases of antique gems—some as old as remote epochs of Grecian art—while she expounded them to me; so at the mercy of accident are the judgments of tourists. Madame M.'s house is filled with productions of the arts, pictures, busts, &c., which I was obliged to leave all too soon to go with my party to pay our respects to Schlegel; and I went, half wishing, as L. did on a similar occasion, that there were no celebrated people that one must see.

Schlegel is past seventy, with an eye still brilliant, and a fresh colour in his cheek. He attracted our attention to his very beautiful bust of Carrara marble, and repeatedly adverted to the decay of the original since the bust was made, with a sensibility which proved that the pleasures and regrets that accompany the possession of beauty are not limited to women. He makes the most of his relics by wearing a particularly becoming black velvet cap, round which his wavy white locks lay as soft as rays of light. He was courteous and agreeable for the half-hour we passed with him;

but I brought away no new impression but that I have given you, that he is a handsome man for threescore and ten.

At three, Madame M. came, according to appointment, to show us the Bonn lions and surroundings. We drove first to the University, which is the old electoral palace. Bonn was comprehended within the Electorate of Cologne. The façade of this palace of the lord elector, which has now become a flourishing seat of learning, is nearly a quarter of a mile in extent. The palaces and cottages of Europe indicate its history.

The University, which has now between eight and nine hundred students, was established by the King of Prussia, and is said to owe its reputation to its distinguished professors; Niebuhr was here, and Schlegel is. We were shown a library of one hundred thousand volumes, a museum of natural history, and a very interesting museum of Roman remains found on the banks of the Rhine, altars, vases, weapons, &c. We were conducted through the botanical garden by Monsieur l'Inspecteur, a celebrated botanist, and one of a large family of brothers devoted to the science. "Une aristocratie botaniste," said Madame M. He showed us a rich collection of American plants, and I stood amid the mosses and ferns, my old friends of the ice-glen, feeling very much as if I ought to speak to them, as they did to me!

We drove, by a road that reminded me of the drives through the Connecticut River meadows, to Godesberg. There was one pretty object, the like of which we shall never see in our Puritan land—a high and beautifully-carved stone cross. It marked the spot where two cavaliers—brothers—fought for their lady-love, and the unhappy survivor erected this cross, hoping the passers-by would stop to say a prayer for the soul of his brother.

There is a cluster of hotels at Godesberg, and some villas belonging to the Cologne noblesse; it is a favourite summer retreat. We went to see the ruins of the Castle of Godesberg. They crown an isolated mount, which appears, in the midst of the surrounding level, as if it were artificial; but it is one of those natural elevations which, being castellated and strongly fortified, make up so much of the romantic story of the middle ages, and, with their ruins, so much of the romantic embellishment of the present day. This Castle of Godesberg has its love story, and a true and tragic one. It was here that the Elector of Cologne who married Agnes of Mansfelt held out against his Catholic enemies. His marriage made his conversion to Protestantism somewhat questionable; and the separation and misery in which the unhappy pair died were probably interpreted into a judgment on these two apostate servants of the Church. It has been one of the purest of summer afternoons, and

we had a delicious stroll up to the ruins ; a world of beauty there is within the small compass of that mount. Fancy a hill rising from the bosom of meadows as our Laurel Hill does, but twice as high and twice as steep, with a path winding round it, every foot of cultivable earth covered with grape vines, having shrines chiselled in the rocks, and crucifixes and Madonnas for the devout. Half-way up is a little Gothic church and a cemetery, where the monuments and graves—yes, *old* graves—were decked with fresh garlands, the lilies and roses that have blown out in this day's sun. Is not this a touching expression of faith and love—faith in God, and enduring love for the departed ?

What a picture was the country beneath us ; and what a pretty framework for the picture, the stone arches of the old castle ! The earth was washed clean by the morning showers. Beneath us was an illimitable reach of level land covered with crops. The harvesting and hay-making just begun, but not a blade yet taken off the piled lap of mother earth. At our feet were the peasants' dwellings, little brown cottages, almost hidden in fruit-trees ; beyond, the gay villas of the noblesse ; and still farther, the lively-looking town of Bonn, with its five-towered Cathedral. Still farther, on one side Cologne, on the other the seven mountains, with the ruins of Drachenfels ; fine wide roads—those unquestionable marks of an old civilisation—tra-

versing the country in every direction, and as far as your eye could reach, that king of roads, the Rhine.

Madame M. so fully enjoyed the delight she was bestowing, that she proposed to prolong it by an excursion to-morrow, which shall be still richer in romance. She will come at ten with two carriages. We shall take our *déjeuner à la fourchette* here, and then drive to Roland's Castle, then pass to the monastery of Nonnenwerth, where, her son officiating as chaplain, she proposes to make a nun of Miss K., all to end in a dinner, for (I must tell you the disenchanting fact) the monastery is converted into an inn. This is too pleasant a project to be rejected, and if—and if—and if—why we are to go.

While enjoying to-day and talking of to-morrow, we had returned to the inn. Tea was preparing at the order of our charming hostess. Dispersed about the house and piazza were coteries of German ladies, who had come out for the afternoon, and were knitting and gossiping most serenely.

Our repast was very like a home tea for a hungry party of pleasure, with the agreeable addition to our cold roast fowl and Westphalian ham and strawberries, of wine, melons, and Swiss cheese.

MY DEAR C.,

TO-DAY has played a common trick with yesterday's project—dispersed it in empty air. Com-

pelled to proceed on our journey, we did not lose the highest pleasure we had counted on—Madame M.'s society. She stayed with us to the last moment, and then when saying farewell, a kind impulse seized her; she sent her footman back for her cloak, and came with us as far as Andernach, where she has one of her many villas. This was just what L. M. would have done on a similar occasion; but how many of these incidental opportunities of giving pleasure, these chance-boons in the not-too-happy way of life, are foregone and—irretrievable!

At Bonn the romantic beauty of the Rhine begins. I have often heard our Hudson compared to the Rhine; they are both rivers, and both have beautiful scenery; but I see no other resemblance except so far as the Highlands extend, and there only in some of the natural features. Both rivers have a very winding course, and precipitous and rocky shores. But remember, these are shores that bear the vine, and so winding for *forty* miles that you might fancy yourself passing through a series of small lakes. I have seen no spot on the Rhine more beautiful by nature than the Hudson from West Point; but here is

“ A blending of all beauties, streams, and dells,  
Fruits, foliage, crag, wood, corn-field, mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern farewells,  
From grey but leafy walls, where Ruin greenly dwells.”



Read Byron's whole description, in his third canto of *Childe Harold*, of this "abounding and exulting river," and you will get more of the sensation it is fitted to produce than most persons do from actually seeing it. Its architecture is one of its characteristic beauties; not only its ruined castles—and you have sometimes at one view three or four of these stern monuments on their craggy eminences—but its pretty brown villages, its remains of Roman towers, its walls and bridges, and its military fortifications and monuments:

"A thousand battles have assail'd its banks,"

and have sown them richly with their history. And every castle has its domestic legend of faithful or unfaithful love, of broken hopes or baffled treachery. Story, ballad, and tradition have breathed a soul into every tumbling tower and crumbling wall.

WE passed the night at Coblenz. The Romans called it *Confluentes*, "modernized into Coblenz, from its situation at the confluence of the Moselle and the Rhine. It is the capital of the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, and its population, together with that of Ehrenbreitstein, including the garrison, is about 22,000." Thank our guide Murray for the above well-condensed paragraph, containing more information than half-a-dozen pages of my weaving.

The younger members of our party, *including myself*, were enterprising enough to quit our luxurious and most comfortable apartments at the Bellevue at five o'clock, to go to the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein ("Honour's broad stone," is it not a noble name?).

We passed the Rhine on a bridge of boats, and followed a veteran Austrian soldier, who was our valet-de-place, to the fortified summit. It has been from the time of the Romans a celebrated military post. Byron saw and described it after it had been battered and dismantled by the French, and not as it now is, capable of resisting, on the word of Wellington, "all but golden bullets." It only yielded to famine when the French besieged it. The Prussians have made it stronger than ever, at an expense of five millions of dollars! So the men of toil pay for the engines that keep them mere men of toil.

The works struck me as appallingly strong, but, as I could not comprehend their details, after our guide had told me there were magazines capable of containing a ten years' supply of food for 8000 men, that there were cisterns that would hold a three years' supply of water, and, when that was exhausted, the Rhine itself could be drawn on by a well which is pierced through the solid rock; when I had got all this *available* information, I turned to what much better suited me, the lovely view. Oh,

for my magic mirror, to show you how lovely appeared, in this morning light, the scene below us; the blue Moselle coming down through its vine-covered hills, towns, ruins, villas, cottages, and the Rhine itself, "the charm of this enchanted ground!" I think I like it the better that it is frozen three months in the year. This seems to make it a blood relation of our rivers. You cannot imagine how much the peasant girls in their pretty costumes embellish these surroundings. They do not wear bonnets, but, in their stead, an endless variety of headgear. Some wear a little muslin cap or one of gay-coloured embroidery, and others a sort of silver case that just encloses the long hair, which is always braided and neatly arranged.

DID you know that the prince of diplomatists and arch-enemy of liberty, Metternich, was born at Coblentz? We have just been to see a fountain, on which is an inscription commemorative of the French invasion of Russia. It was put there by the French prefect of the department, and a few months after, when the Russians passed through here in pursuit of the scattered army of Napoleon, their commander annexed the following happy sarcasm: "Vu et approuvé par nous, commandant Russe," &c. (Seen and approved by us, the Russian commander.)

*Wiesbaden, Poste restante, July 26.*

K. and I came here this morning to purvey for the party, and get lodgings for a month or two. The best hotels were full. We were shown disagreeable rooms at the *Poste*, and though the man assured us he could not keep them for us ten minutes, as all the world was rushing to Wiesbaden, we took our chance, and hazed about the streets, finding nothing that we liked. At last I made inquiry in a book-shop, and a good-natured little woman entering into our wants, ran across the street with us, and in five minutes we had made a bargain with a man whose honest German face is as good security as bond and mortgage. We have a very nice parlour and three comfortable rooms for thirty-five florins a week—about fourteen dollars. We pay a franc each for breakfast, for tea the same, and we have delicious bread, good butter, and fresh eggs; for our dinners, we go, according to the custom here, to the table d'hôte of an hotel. We could not get as good accommodations as these in a country town at home for the same money, nor for double the sum at a watering-place.

MY DEAR C.,

*Sunday evening.*—WE have been here now more than a week, and, with true travellers' conceit, I am sitting down to give you an account of the place

and its doings. Wiesbaden (*Meadow-baths*) is the capital of the duchy of Nassau, about two miles from the Rhine. It is a very old German town, and was resorted to by the Romans. It may be called the ducal residence, as the duke, in natural deference to his fair young wife's preference, now resides here a good portion of the time, and is building a large palace for the duchess.

Wiesbaden has more visitors than any of the numerous German bathing-places. The number amounts to from twelve to fifteen thousand annually; this concourse is occasioned by the unrivalled reputation of its mineral water. At six this morning we went to the Kochbrunnen (boiling spring). There is a small building erected over it, and a square curb around it, within which you see it boiling vehemently. Its temperature is 150° Fahrenheit. Its taste is often compared to chicken-broth. If chicken-broth, it must have been made after the fashion of Dr. T.'s prescription to his hypochondriac patient, who fancied water-gruel too strong for her digestion,—“Eight gallons of water, madam, and the shadow of a starved crow !”

From six to eight the water-drinkers did their duty, drinking faithfully. Some read or lounged in a sunny corridor where a band of musicians were stationed playing gay tunes; but the approved fashion is to saunter while you sip. We were mere lookers-on, and it was ludicrous to see these

happy-looking Germans, whom it would seem Heaven had exempted from every evil flesh is heir to, save obesity, come down to the spring with their pretty Bohemian glasses of all colours and shapes, walk back again up the long acacia walks, sipping in good faith, and giving the water credit, no doubt, for doing what, perhaps, might be done without it by their plentiful draughts of the sweet early morning air.

After breakfast I went to the window, and here are my notes of what I saw. "How freshly the windows are set out with flowers! Our opposite neighbour has new-garnished her little shop-window with fresh patterns of calico, and scarfs, fichus, and ribands. Two girls are standing at the next doorstep, knitting and gossiping; and at the next window sits the self-same pretty young woman that I saw knitting alone there all last Sunday. It is a happy art that distils contentment out of a passive condition and dull employment. The street is thronging with fair blooming peasant-girls come into town to pass their Sunday holiday. How very neat they look with their white linen caps and gay ribands, and full, dark-blue petticoats, so full that they hang from top to bottom like a fluted ruffle! The bodice is of the same material, and sets off in pretty contrast the plaited, snow-white shift-sleeve. There are the duke's soldiers mingling among them; their gallants, I suppose. Their deportment is cheerful and decorous.

“Here is a group of healthy-looking little girls in holiday suit, their long, thick hair well combed, braided, and prettily coiled, and a little worked worsted sack hanging over one shoulder. The visitors of Wiesbaden—German, Russian, English—are passing to and fro; some taking their Sunday drive, some on foot. Beneath my window, in a small, triangular garden, is a touching chapter in human life; the whole book, indeed, from the beginning almost to the end. There is a table under the trees in the universal German fashion, and wine and Seltzer-water on it; and there, in his armchair, sits an old blind man, with his children, and grandchildren, and the blossoms of yet another generation around him. While I write it, the young people are touching their glasses to his, and a little thing has clambered up behind him and is holding a rose to his nose.”

IF you recollect that we are now in Protestant Germany, you will be astonished at the laxity of the Sabbath. The German reformers never, I believe, undertook to reform the Continental Sabbath. They probably understood too well the inflexible nature of national customs, and how much more difficult it is to remodel them than to recast faith. We are accustomed to talk of “the horrors of a Continental Sabbath,” and are naturally shocked with an aspect of things so different

from our own. But, when I remember the dozing congregations I have seen, the domestics stretched half the heavy day in bed, the young people sitting by the half-closed blind, stealing longing looks out of the window, while the Bible was lying idle on their laps; and the merry shouts of the children at the going down of the sun, as if an enemy had disappeared,—it does not seem to me that we can say to the poor, ignorant, toil-worn peasant of Europe, “I am holier than thou!”

I left my journal to go to church. At all these Continental resorts there is service in English, and here the duke permits it to be held in his own church. The service was performed by a clergyman of the Church of England.

At four o'clock we set off for our afternoon walk. The gay shops in the colonnade were all open, but there were few buyers, where buyers most do congregate, at the stalls of the all-coloured, beautiful Bohemian glass, and of the stag-horn *jimcracks* so curiously carved by the peasants; even Monsieur Jügel's bookshop was deserted. The English are, for the most part, the buyers, and they do not buy on Sunday. We went into the Kur-Saal Garden, which at this hour is alive with people, hundreds sitting at their little tables on the gravelled area between the hall and a pretty artificial lake, smoking, sipping coffee, wine, and Seltzer water, and eating ices. A band of capital musicians were



playing. We had some discussion whether we should go into the *Kur-Saal*, and finally, determining to see as much as we womankind can of what characterises the place, we entered. The *Kur-Saal* (cure-hall) belongs to the duke, and its spacious apartments are devoted to banqueting, dancing, and gambling. The grand saloon is a spacious apartment with rows of marble pillars, and behind them niches with statues, alternating with mirrors. It was an odd scene for us of Puritan blood and breeding to witness. A circular gambling-table in the midst of the apartment was surrounded with people five or six deep, some players but more spectators. The game was, I believe, roulette. It was most curious to see with what a cool, imperturbable manner these Germans laid down their gold, and won or lost, as the case might be, on the instant. There were not only old and practised gamblers, but young men, and people apparently of all conditions, and among them women, *ladies*. These are a small minority, seldom, as I am told, more than half-a-dozen among a hundred men. I watched their faces; they looked intent and eager; but I did not, with their change of fortune, detect any change of colour or expression. We walked through the smaller rooms, and found in all gambling-tables and players in plenty, and that where there were fewest spectators the passions of the players were more unveiled.

This buying and selling, and vicious amusement, is indeed a profaning of the day on which God has ordained his earth to be a temple of sacred rest from labour, and sordid care, and competitions. When and where will it be so used as to do the work it might achieve—regenerate the world?

We soon emerged into the garden again, and were glad to see a great many more people outside than in. This garden, or rather ornamented ground, for the greater part of it is merely in grass and trees, extends up the narrowing valley for two miles to the ruins of the old castle of Sonnenberg. We passed the little lake with its fringe of bright flowers, its social squads of ducks and its lordly swans, and many a patch of bright flowers and shrubberies, and rustic benches with tête-à-tête pairs or family groups, and kept along a path by a little brook that seems good-naturedly to run just where it looks prettiest and is most wanted, till we mounted the eminence where the feudal castle guarded the pass between two far-reaching valleys, and where the old keep, chapel, and masses and fragments of wall still standing, extend over a space half as large as our village covers. Fragments of the wall form one side of a range of cottages, serving a better purpose than when they were the bulwark of a half-savage warrior.

Sonnenberg is kept in beautiful order by the duke's command and money. There are plan-

tations of furze about the old walls, narrow labyrinthine walks enclosed with shrubbery and embowered with clematis, and seats wherever rests are wanted. I unluckily disturbed a tête-à-tête to-day, which, if there be truth in "love's speechless messages," will make a deep mark in the memory of two happy-looking young people.

There is a compact village nestled close under the ruins of the castle. Here it was that the feudal dependants of the lord lived, and here the rural population is still penned. These villages are picturesque objects in the landscape, but on a close inspection, they are squalid, dirty, most comfortless places, where the labouring poor are huddled together without that good gift—sweet air, and plenty of it, which seems as much their right as the birds'.

When I see the young ones here playing round a heap of manure that is stacked up before their door, I think how favoured are the children of the poorest poor of our New-England villages; but softly—the hard-pressed German peasant, in his pent-up village, has a look of contentment and cheerfulness that our people have not. If his necessities are greater, his desires are fewer. God is the father of all; and these are his compensations.

We got home to Burg-strasse just as the last hues of twilight were fading from the clouds; and just as K. was taking off her hat, she remembered

that after coming down from the castle, she turned aside to gather some flowers, and meanwhile hung her bag, containing sundry articles belonging to herself, and *my* purse, on the railing of a bridge. What was to be done? We hoped that in the dusky twilight it might have escaped observation. K. proposed sending for a donkey and going herself in search of it. I consented, being most virtuously inclined (as those to whom it costs nothing are apt to be) to impress on Miss K. a salutary lesson. The donkey came, and off she set, attended by François, and followed by a deformed donkey-driver with the poking-stick, and everlasting *A-R-R-H*, much to the diversion of the denizens of Burgstrasse, who were all on their door-steps looking on. She was hardly out of my sight before I repented sending her off with these foreign people into the now obscure and deserted walk. I thought there was an evil omen in the donkey-boy's hump-back: and, in short, I lost all feeling for "my ducats" in apprehension for "my daughter;" and when she returned in safety without the bag, I cared not for Herr Leising's assurance "that it would yet be found—that it was rare anything was lost at Wiesbaden."

THIS morning "my ducats" rose again to their full value in my esteem; and just as I was pondering on all I might have done with them, Leising's broad, charming face appeared at the door

with the announcement, "On l'a trouvée, mademoiselle," (It is found!) and he reiterated, with a just burgher pride, "Rarely is anything lost at Wiesbaden." The bag, he says, was found by a "writer," and left with the police; and Leisring, the writer, and the police all decline compensation or reward. If this abstemiousness had occurred in our country, we might, perhaps, have thought it peculiar to it.

I WENT last evening with the girls to a ball given every week to such as choose to attend it; I went notwithstanding Mr. —'s assurance (with a horror not quite fitting an American) that we should meet "Tom, Dick, and Harry there." One of the girls replied that "Tom, Dick, and Harry were such very well-behaved people here, that there was no objection to meeting them;" and so, fortified by the approbation of our English friends Miss — and Miss —, who are sufficiently fastidious, we went. The company assembled in the grand saloon of the Kur-Saal at the indefinite hour at which our evening lectures are appointed, "early candle-lighting," and it was rather miscellaneous, some in full, some in half dress. The girls had been told it was customary to dance, when asked, without waiting for the formality of an introduction, and they were only too happy to obtain their favourite exercise by a

courteous conformity to the customs of the country. They had partners, and very nice ones, in plenty. I was struck with the solemn justice of one youth, who, dispensing his favour with an equal hand, engaged the three at the same time, one for a quadrille, one for a gallopade, and one for a waltz. We had no acquaintance in the room, no onerous dignity to maintain; the girls had respectful partners, plenty of dancing, and no fagging, as we were at home and in bed by eleven.

It seems to me that Sir F. Head, in his humorous account of the German dinner, has done some injustice to the German *cuisine*. After you have learned to thread its mazes to the last act of its intricate plot, you may, passing by its various greasy messes, find the substantial solace of roast fowls, hare, and delicious venison, that have been pushed back in the course of precedence by the puddings and sweet sauces. These puddings and sauces are lighter and more wholesome than I have seen elsewhere. Indeed, the drama, after the prologue of the soup, opens with a tempting boiled beef, at which I am sure a "Grosvenor-street cat," if not as pampered as my lord's butler, would *not*, in spite of Sir Francis' assertion, turn up his whisker.

We dine at the Quatre Saisons, the hotel nearest to us, and, as we are told, the best table-

d'hôte in the place. There is a one-o'clock, and, in deference to the English, a five-o'clock dinner. The universal German dinner-hour is one. The price at one is a florin—about forty-two cents; at five, a Prussian dollar—about seventy-five cents. This is without wine. We dine usually at one; but we have been at the five-o'clock table, and we see no other difference than the more aristocratic price of that aristocratic hour. Besides the *trifling* advantage of dining at one in reference to health, it leaves the best hours of the day free for out-of-door pleasures. The order and accompaniments of our dinner are agreeable; the tables are set on three sides of a spacious *salle-à-manger*, with a smaller table in the centre of the room, where the landlord (who carves artistically) carves the dinner. His eyes are everywhere. Not a guest escapes his observation, not a waiter omits his duty.

When the clock is close upon the stroke of one, people may be seen from every direction bending their steps towards the hotel. You leave your hats and bonnets in an ante-room. The *Oberkellner* (head waiter) receives you at the door, and conducts you to your seats. The table is always covered with clean (not very fine) German table-linen, and, of course, supplied with napkins. Pots with choice odorous plants in flower are set at short intervals the whole length of the table; a good band of music is playing in the orchestra. The

dinner-service is a coarse white porcelain. As soon as you are seated, little girls come round with baskets of bouquets, which you are offered without solicitation. You may have one, if you will, for a halfpenny, and a sweet smile from the little flower-girl thrown into the bargain. Then come young women with a printed sheet containing a register of the arrivals within the last three days, for which you pay a penny. I observe the newcomers always buy one, liking perhaps, for once in their lives, to see their names in print. The *carte à vin* is then presented, and, if you please, you may select an excellent *Rhine* wine for twenty-five cents a bottle, or you may pay the prices we pay at home for Burgundy and Champagne\*. These preliminaries over, the dinner begins, and occupies between one and two hours, never less than an hour and a half. The meats are placed on the table, then taken off, carved, and offered to each guest. You see none of those eager looks or hasty movements that betray the anxieties of our people lest a favourite dish should escape. A German eats as long and as leisurely as he pleases at one thing, sure that all will be offered to him in turn; and they are the most indefatigable of eaters; not a meat, not a vegetable comes on table which they do not partake. A single plate of the cabbage saturated with grease that I

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\* Not the hotel prices, but about one dollar and fifty cents.



have seen a German lady eat would, as our little S. said when she squeezed the chicken to death, have "deaded" one of our dyspeptics "*wery* dead;" and this plate of cabbage is one of thirty varieties. The quiet and order of the table are admirable. The servants are never in a hurry, and never blunder. You know what angry, pathetic, and bewildering calls of "Waiter!" "Waiter!" we hear at our tables. I have never heard the call of "Kellner!" from a German.

I leave the table each day expecting half the people will die of apoplexy before to-morrow, but to-morrow they all come forth with placid faces and fresh appetites! Is this the result of their leisurely eating? or their serene, social, and enjoying tempers? or their lives, exempt from the keen competitions and eager pursuits of ours? or their living out of doors? or all of these together? I leave you to solve a problem that puzzles me.

A German, of whatever condition, bows to his neighbours when he sits down and when he rises from table, and addresses some passing civility to them. We are sometimes amused at the questions that are asked us, such as, "Whether English is spoken in America?" A gentleman asked me "Whether we came from New-York or New-Orleans?" as if they were our only cities; and another said, in good faith, "Of course there is no society except in New-York!" Oh,

genii locorum of our little inland village, forgive them!

We are too often reminded how far our country is from this. Yesterday a Russian gentleman said to K., "Qui est le souverain de votre pays, mademoiselle?" "Monsieur Van Buren est le Président des Etats Unis." "Ah, oui. Mais j'ai entendu le nom de Jackson. Il est du bas-people, n'est-ce pas?"

"Comment s'appellent les chefs des petits arrondissemens\*?" It might be salutary to such of our people as are over anxious about what figure they make in foreign eyes, to know they make none.

I HAVE been attracted to the window every morning since I have been here by the troops of children passing to the public school, their hands full of books and slates; the girls dressed in cheaper materials, but much like those of our village-schools, except that their rich German hair is uncovered, and they all, the poorest among them, wear good stockings—so much for the universality of German knitting. Education is compulsory here as in Prussia; the parent who cannot produce a good

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\* "Who is the sovereign of your country, miss?" "Mr. Van Buren is the President of the United States." "Ah, yes. But I have heard the name of Jackson. He sprang from the lower class, did he not?" "Pray what is the title of the chiefs of the lesser departments?"

reason for the absence of the child pays a fine. I went into the girls' school nearest to us this morning. They looked as intelligent, as early developed, and as bright as our own children.

They went successfully through their exercises in reading, geography, and arithmetic. At an interval in these lessons, the master, who was a grave personage some sixty years old, took from a case a violin and gave them a music lesson, which, if one might judge from the apparent refreshment of their young spirits, was an aliment well suited to them. What is to be the result of this education system in Germany? Will people, thus taught, be contented to work for potatoes and black bread?

We have been in search of an infant-school, which we were told we should find near the *Poste*. To the *Poste* I could go blindfold; for how many times have I been there with a fluttering heart and come away with it too heavy, as it seemed to me, ever to flutter again!

We passed the *Poste* and lost our clew, so I resorted to my usual resource, a bookseller, who directed me up a steep, narrow street, and told me to ask for the "*Klein Kinder Schule*." I went on, confident in my "open sesame;" but nothing could be more ludicrous than my stupefaction when the good people to whom I uttered my given words, not doubting that one who could speak

so glibly could also understand, poured out a volume of German upon me; up—up we went, half the people in the street, with humane interest, looking after us, till we came to the window of an apartment that opened on to a court where the little urchins were seated. The appearance of visitors was a signal for the cessation of their studies. There was a general rising and rush to their plays; but first the little things, from two years old to six, came unbidden, with smiling faces, to shake our hands. It puzzles me as much to know how this quality of social freedom gets into the German nature, as how the African's skin became black! If a stranger were to go, in like manner, among our school children, and they were forced forward by a rule, they would advance with downcast eyes and murky looks, as if the very demon of bashfulness stiffened their limbs. The infant-school is supported by charitable contributions, and conducted much like our infant-schools. The children stay all day, and the parent pays a kreutzer for the dinner of each—less than a penny. We followed them to their plays, and as I looked at them trundling their little barrows and building pyramids of gravel, and the while devouring black bread, I longed to transport them to those unopened storehouses of abundance which the Father of all has reserved in our untrodden "West" for the starved labourers of Europe.

But they were a merry little company, and, if no other, they have here a harvest of contentment and smiles.

OUR letters came to-day ! The delay was owing to the change in our plans. While we were every day going to the *Poste* for them, they were lying quietly at Wildbad. This interruption of communication with those who are bound up in the bundle of life with us is one of the severest trials of a traveller. It was past eleven when we had finished reading them, and then I went to bed with mine under my pillow. I could as easily have gone to sleep if the hearts of those who wrote them had been throbbing there ! “ Blessings on him who invented sleep ! ” says Sancho. “ Blessings on him,” say I, “ who invented that art that makes sleep sweet and awaking happy ! ”

OUR good landlord, Leiring, is, in all exigences, our “ point d’appui.” He has the broad, truth-telling German face, and a bonhomie quite his own. He is, in an humbler position, a Sir Roger de Coverly ; and his family and numerous dependants seem to have as kind a master as was the good knight. He is a master-carpenter, and is just now employed in finishing off the new palace which the Duke of Nassau is building for his duchess, and has twelve subordinates in his

service—nine journeymen and three apprentices. To the nine journeymen, he tells me, he has paid, in the last four months, one thousand florins, about eleven dollars a month each, besides feeding them. The apprentices he supports, and gives them a trifle in money. They eat in a back building attached to ours. I asked leave to-day, while they were at dinner, to look in upon them. They had clean linen on their table, and everything appeared comfortable. They are allowed three rolls of brown bread for breakfast, and coffee, beer, or schnapps (a mixture with some sort of spirit), whichever they prefer. They have soup, meat, and vegetables for dinner; and soup, bread, butter, and cheese for supper. A florin and a half (sixty cents) pays for the meat for their dinner\*. The best butter is twenty-four kreutzers (eighteen cents) a pound; the rolls, a kreutzer each. Vegetables are excessively cheap.

There is a law in Germany compelling an apprentice, when the term of his apprenticeship is completed, to travel a year, to work in different towns, and enrich himself with the improvements in his art. In each town there is an inn for these travelling mechanics. After reporting himself to

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\* The game is all taken in the duke's preserves, and is, of course, his property. Old venison is four kreutzers a pound; young from twelve to sixteen; a hare without the skin, twenty-four kreutzers (eighteen cents.)

the police, he goes there and then finds employment. You meet these young men on the road with their knapsacks, and they often take off their caps and present them at your carriage-window, modestly asking a halfpence. At first we were quite indignant at seeing such decent-looking people begging. But our hasty misjudgments have been corrected by the information that these poor youths go forth penniless; that it is not considered a degradation for them to solicit in this way; and that they are, in fact, sustained by the wayside aid of their countrymen.

WE have made another experiment of German society. The girls went with E. to a *soirée* at the Kur-Saal. This was a *soirée musicale*, that is, a ball beginning with a concert; a higher entertainment, and more choice in its company than the one I have described to you. The only condition for admission was the payment of a little less than a dollar for the ticket of each person. They all came home charmed with the young duchess, with her very sweet, blond beauty, simple dress, and unassuming and affable manners. They were the more pleased as they contrasted her with another sprig, or, rather, sturdy branch of a royal house: a certain Russian princess, who, though assuredly of a very coarse material, fancies herself of a choicer clay than the people about her. This woman,

whom we meet everywhere, in the garden, at the table d'hôte, and at the Kochbrunnen, is quite the noisiest and most vulgar person we encounter. Such a person would naturally be fastidious in her associates; and her prime favourite, if we may judge from their constant juxtaposition, is a coloured man with woolly hair, some say from New Orleans, others that he is a West Indian. I do not speak of this in any disrespect to him, but as a proof that colour is no disqualification in European society.

LAST night, while the fair young duchess was dancing at a brilliant soirée at her palace at Bieberich, a courier arrived with the news of the duke's death of apoplexy while drinking the waters of his bubbles of Kissingen. Rather a startling change from that sound of revelry to the knell of widowhood—from being the “cynosure of all eyes” to be the dowager stepdame of the reigning duke!

Our host tells us the duke was “un bon enfant” (a good fellow), and much beloved, and will be much regretted. No one can doubt that a sober, well-intentioned man of forty-five, who is to be succeeded by a boy of twenty, is a great loss to his people. Where power has, as here, no constitutional restrictions, the people are at the mercy of the personal character of the sovereign.



THE good people of Wiesbaden seem to take the death of their political father very coolly. I see no demonstrations of mourning except that the bells are rung an hour daily, and that the music has ceased at our dinners and in the garden, and that the public amusements are stopped: a proceeding not likely to endear the duke's memory to the innkeepers and their host of dependants, who are all in despair lest their guests should take their departure. The influx of the money-spending English is a great source of profit to the duchy of Nassau, so that nothing can be more impolitic than this prohibition, which extends to Schwalbach, Schlangenbad, &c.

WE have now been here more than a month, and I may venture to speak to you of what has been a constant subject of admiration to us all, the manners of the Germans. The English race, root and branch, are, what with their natural shyness, their conventional reserves, and their radical un-courteousness, cold and repelling. The politeness of the French is conventional. It seems in part the result of their sense of personal grace, and in part of a selfish calculation of making the most of what costs nothing; and partly, no doubt, it is the spontaneous effect of a vivacious nature. There is a deep-seated humanity in the courtesy of the

Germans. They always seem to be feeling a gentle pressure from the cord that interlaces them with their species. They do not wait, as Schiller says, till you "freely invite" to "friendly stretch you a hand," but the hand is instinctively stretched out and the kind deed ready to follow it.

This suavity is not limited to any rank or condition. It extends all the way down from the prince to the poorest peasant. Some of our party driving out in a hackney-coach yesterday, met some German ladies in a coach with four horses, postilions, footmen in livery, and other marks of rank and wealth. What would Americans have done in a similar position? Probably looked away and seemed unconscious. And English ladies would have done the same, or, as I have seen them in Hyde Park, have leaned back in their carriages, and stared with an air of mingled indifference and insolence through their eye-glasses, as if their inferiors in condition could bear to be stared at. The German ladies bowed most courteously to the humble strangers in the hackney-coach.

Yesterday, at the table d'hôte, I observed a perpendicular old gentleman, who looked as if he had been born before any profane dreams of levelling down the steeps of aristocracy had entered the mind of man, and whose servant, in rich livery, as stiff as himself, was in waiting behind him, bow

to the persons opposite to him as he took his seat, and to those on his right hand and his left. Soon after our landlord came to speak to him, and familiarly and quite acceptably, as it appeared, laid his hand on the nobleman's shoulder while addressing him.

Soon after we came here, a gentleman with whom we passed a few hours in a Rhine steamer met us at the table-d'hôte. "Had I not," he said, "the pleasure of coming from Bonn to Cologne with you? I see one of your party is absent. She is, I hope, well," &c. To appreciate as they deserve these wayside courtesies, you should see the relentless English we come in contact with, who, like ghosts, *never* "speak till they are spoken to."

A few days since, as we were issuing from our lodgings, a very gentlemanly German stopped us, begging our pardons, and saying "English, I believe?" and then added, that as we appeared to be strangers in quest of lodgings, as he had just been, he would take the liberty to give us the addresses of two or three that had been recommended to him. This was truly a Samaritan—a *German* kindness. The hotel-keepers, that important class to travellers, often blend with the accurate performance of the duties of "mine host" the kindness of a friend. Their civility, freedom, and gentlemanliness remind me of my friend Cozzens

and others, the best specimens of their fraternity at home. The landlord often sits at the table with his guests, and, with his own country people, converses on terms of apparent equality\*.

The same self-respect blends with the civility of the shopkeeper. He is very happy to serve and suit you, but, if he cannot, he is ready to direct you elsewhere. Shopmen have repeatedly, unasked, sent a person to guide us through the intricate Continental streets to another shop.

The domestics are prompt, faithful, and cheerful in their services. There is freedom, but no presumption in their manners, and nothing of that unhappy uncertainty as to their exact position, so uncomfortable in our people. In all these subordinate classes you see nothing of the cringing servility that marks them in England, and to which they are exposed by their direct dependence on their employers.

Our English friend, Miss —, who has been repeatedly in Germany, and is a good observer, acquiesces in the truth of my observations, and says this general freedom of deportment comes from people of all ranks freely mingling together. If so, this surely is a healthy influence, a natural and beneficent effect from an obedience to that

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\* This opinion may appear to have been formed on a very slight acquaintance with the country. It was afterwards amply confirmed in Germany and Switzerland, where the manners are essentially the same.

Divine precept, "Honour all men." Woe to those who set the brethren of one family off into *castes*, and build up walls between them so that they cannot freely grasp hands and exchange smiles!

I HAVE just been to the *Poste* to see our English friends off. Their departure is a sad epoch to us, for they have been our solace and delight. A curious scene is the "Poste" in a Continental town. Here (and ordinarily, I believe) it has a quadrangular court, inclosed on three sides by an hotel and its offices, including that for letters, and having on the fourth side a passage through a stone arch to the street. Here the public coaches arrive, and hence take their departure; and here the travellers and their luggage are taken up and discharged. I will describe the scene to you precisely as I just saw it. Besides the diligence for Schwabach, in which our friends were going, and towards which the luggage of various passengers was converging, while that which exceeded the authorised weight was passing through the post-office window out of the hands of the weighmaster,\* there were private carriages arriving and departing. Some of these were elegant, and the horses curveting and prancing right royally, so that I fancied they must be

\* The allowed weight of baggage in Germany as well as in France is small, thirty pounds, I think. And for the excess of this you pay at so high a rate, that the transportation of one's luggage often costs more than that of one's self.

carrying German princes, or *Englishmen*, who are princes all over Europe.

My friend's postilion, with his yellow and black Nassau livery, his official band round his arm, his leather boots cut to a peak in front and extending some inches above his knee, his immense yellow tassel bobbing over his shoulder, was blowing his note of preparation from the trumpet he carries at his side. Fat Germans stood at the windows of the different stories of the hotel, smoking and talking to women as fat as they. There were other Germans, mustachioed and imperturbable, coolly awaiting the moment of departure, meandering about among the carriages and barrows, with their pipes dangling from one side of their mouths, and their incessant "Ja," "Ja wohl" (Yes—yes, indeed), dropping from the other. Our friend's female fellow-passengers, in caps without bonnets, had ensconced themselves in a little nook, where they were knitting as if they were neither part nor parcel of this stirring world.

But what a contrast to this quietude, the English traveller! You may know him by the quantity and variety of his luggage, by every ingenious contrivance for comfort (alas! comfort implies fixture), impregnable English trunks, travelling-bags, dressing-cases, cased provisions for all the possible wants that civilisation generates, and all in travelling armour. There is no flexibility about an English-

man, no adaptation to circumstances and exigences. He must stand forth, wherever he goes, the impersonation of his island-home. I said his luggage betrayed him; I am sure his face and demeanour do. His muscles are in a state of tension, his nerves seem to be on the outside of his coat, his eyebrows are in motion; he looks, as my friend says she felt when she first came to such a place as this, "as if all the people about her were *rats*;" his voice is quick and harsh, and his words none of the sweetest, so that you do not wonder the Continental people have fastened on him the descriptive sobriquet of "Monsieur God-d—n."

An interesting little episode to me in this bustling scene was Miss W., the very essence of refinement and *English gentlewomanliness*, running hither and yon, settling with porters, garçons, and maîtres de poste, while her Yorkshire maid was watching with dismay the rough handling of her lady's precious parcels, and Miss St. L. looking as if she did not care if they were all lost, if she could but save her friend from these rough duties, to which she is compelled by being the only one of the party who speaks German.

MY DEAR C.,

WE have been waiting for fine weather, that being an indispensable element in a party of pleasure, for an excursion down the Rhine, and this morning we set off, the girls and myself, without any attendant of mankind; an elegant superfluity, as we are beginning to think.

While François was getting our *billets*, we, eager to secure the best places in the diligence, jostled past the Germans, who stood quietly awaiting the conductor's summons; and when, ten minutes after, our fellow-passengers were getting in, offering to one another precedence, the conductor came to us and said, "Ah, ladies, you are placed; I had allotted better seats for you." Was not this an appropriate punishment for our selfish and truly national hurrying? I could give you many instances of similar offences committed by ourselves and other travellers among these "live-and-let-live" people. There is a steam navigation company on the Rhine, who have three boats ascending and descending daily; this enables you to pay your passage to a certain place, and avail yourself of each boat or all, as suits your convenience. You are at liberty, at any point you please, to quit the steamer, ramble for two or three hours on the shore, and then proceed on your expedition. We are descending the river rapidly; the current runs at the rate of six miles an hour.



The big Russian princess, who is a sort of "man of the sea" to us, is flourishing up and down the deck with two of her suite, one on each side, as if to guard her from contact with the plebeian world. Every look and motion says "I do *not* love the people." The royal brood may wince, but they must submit to the democratic tendencies of the age. These steamers and rail-cars are undermining their elevations. I have not, as you know, my dear C., any vulgar hostility to those who are the heirs of the usurpations of elder times—"the accident of an accident"—but when I see a person radically vulgar like this woman, queening it among those who are her superiors in everything but this accidental greatness, my Puritan blood and republican breeding get the better of my humanity.

We are passing the château of Johannisberg—a castle of Prince Metternich, an immense white edifice, which, as we see it, looks much like a Saratoga hotel. It is on a gently-sloping hill, covered with vines which confessedly produce the best Rhine wine. "The extent of the vineyard is," Murray says, "fifty-five acres. Its produce in good years amounts to about forty butts, and has been valued at 80,000 florins." This vineyard was formerly attached to the abbey of St. John; and a genial time, no doubt, the merry monks had of it. Would they not have regarded the modern tabooing of wine as the *ne plus ultra* of heresy? But, poor

fellows ! their abbey and their wine were long ago secularised, and have fallen into the hands of military and political spoilers. Napoleon made an imperial gift of these vineyards to Marshal Kellerman, and in 1816 they again changed hands, being presented to Metternich by the Emperor of Austria. I have drunk wine bearing the name of Johannisberg in New-York, but I have been told by a person who had tasted it at Metternich's table, that it is only to be found unadulterated there. Murray informs us that they permit the grape to pass the point of seeming perfection before they gather it, believing that the wine gains in body by this, and that so precious are the grapes that those which have fallen are picked up by a fork made for the purpose.

We met a countryman to-day who has been travelling through France and Italy with his sister, "without any language," he says, "but that spoken on the rock of Plymouth," which, true to his English blood, he pronounces, with infinite satisfaction, to be the best and all-sufficient. He is a fair specimen of that class of Anglo-American travellers who find quite enough particulars, in which every country is inferior to their own, to fill up the field of their observation. He has just crossed the deck to say to me, "I have let them know what a *tall* place America is; I have told them that an American steamer will carry 2000

people and 1000 bales of cotton, and go down the river *and up* twice as fast as a Rhine steamer." He has *not* told them that a Rhine steamer is far superior in its arrangement and refinement to ours. These little patriotic vanities are pleasant solaces when one is three thousand miles from home—but truth is better.

*Braubach.*—WE arrived here at half-past three, having passed about 50 miles of the most enchanting scenery on the Rhine. Imagine, my dear C., a little strip of level land, not very many yards wide, between the river and precipitous rocks; a village with its weather-stained houses in this pent-up space; an old château with its walls and towers, and at the summit of the rocks and hanging over them, for the rocks actually project from the perpendicular, the stern old castle of Marksburg; and you have our present position. Murray says this castle is the only one of the strongholds of the middle ages that has been preserved unaltered, the beau ideal of an old castle; and this is why we have come to see it. I am sitting at the window of the château, now the *Gasthaus zur Phillipsburg*. Under my window is a garden with grapes, interspersed with fruit-trees and flowers, and inclosed by a white paling, and finishing at each end with the old towers of the castle-wall. Along the narrow road between the garden and the river there are peasant-

girls going homeward with baskets of fresh-mown grass on their heads, followed by peasants in their dark blouses, with their sickles swung over their shoulders. Little boats are gliding to and fro, guided, and, as their ringing voices tell you, enjoyed by children. But here is mine host to tell us the *esels* are ready—the four asses we have ordered to take us to Marksburg.

OF all “riding privileges,” that on a donkey is the least. You are set on to something half cushion, half saddle, that neither has itself nor imparts rest. Though there is a semicircular rampart erected, to guard you from the accident of “high-vaulting ambition,” it seems inevitable that you must fall on one side or the other. There is a shingle strapped to the saddle for the right foot, and a stirrup for the left; fortunate are you if you can extricate your feet from both. A merry procession we had of it, however, up the winding road to Marksburg. The Braubach donkeys have not had much custom of late, I fancy, for we ran a race, fairly distancing our donkey-drivers, who seemed much amused with our way of proceeding. The fellow who was spokesman demanded, as I thought, an exorbitant price, and I appealed to one of his comrades, who decided that half he asked was quite enough. I mention this with pleasure, because it is the only thing of the sort we have had to complain of since

we came into Germany. The fellow was a stranger and an alien from this worthy household, I am sure ; he had a most *un*-German expression.

The castle has been, till recently, a state-prison, and is now occupied by invalid soldiers. We were led through dark passages and up a winding stone staircase to the apartment where prisoners were put to the rack ; and we were shown another gloomy den, where there were two uprights and a transverse beam, and beneath them a trap-door ; if not satisfied with so much of the story as these objects intimate, you may descend and search for the bones which you will certainly find there ! In another apartment are some mediocre paintings on the wall, done with only a gleam of light by a poor fellow who had thus happily beguiled weary years of imprisonment. On the whole, the castle was not so interesting, not nearly so striking, as I expected. Nothing is left to indicate the rude luxury of its lordly masters ; its aspect is merely that of an ill-contrived prison.

WHEN we got back to the inn, an old man, who seemed an *habitué*, asked us, in very good French (which Germans of the inferior orders never speak), to walk into the garden. Such a pretty garden, with its towers, its fragment of the old castle-wall, its bowers and wreaths of grapes, and such grapes ! oh, you would go mad if you could

see them, remembering your seasons of hope and despair over your few frostbitten vines. The old man picked some plums, and served them to us with sylvan grace on a grape-leaf. We fell into conversation. He told me the story of his life; it was common enough, but there was a gentleness and sensibility in his voice and expression very uncommon. He came from Alsace, and was travelling in this vicinity with his wife and only surviving child, a girl, "trying to forget home;" for he had lost at short intervals his three sons, when his daughter was asked in marriage by a young man of Braubach. The parents gave their consent, and, wisely resolving to have but one home among them, he bought this old château, and converted it into the *Hôtel zur Phillipsburg*; and here he and his wife have reposed under the spreading shadow of their posterity. "I am not rich," he said, "but I have enough. I thought myself happy; my life was gliding in the midst of my family and my vines; but man, with whom nothing lasts, should not call himself happy. Seven months ago my wife died"—the old man's eyes filled—"it was a sudden and a hard blow; we must bow before the stroke of the good God! My daughter has four children. I am their instructor. In my youth I was at college, and, afterward being engaged in commerce, I travelled: so I can teach them French, Dutch, and Italian. Certainly I am not a severe master; but

they love me, and love can do more than fear. The youngest is sometimes too much for me. He is a superb boy, madame! When I say, 'Julius, come to your lessons!' he answers, 'Oh, it is too fine weather to study; see how the sun shines, grandfather, and the boys are all at play;' and away he goes." You may think me as garrulous as the old man to repeat all this to you, since I cannot send with it this lovely scene in twilight, harmonising so well with the twilight of his closing life.

I inquired into the condition of the poor in this neighbourhood. He says their poverty is extreme. They live on potatoes and *some* black bread; on Sunday they have, for a family, half a pound of meat. A woman with three or four children to support has a florin a month allowed her. Begging is prohibited, but they must subsist on charity. Every hotel has a poor's box, of which the magistrate keeps the key, and comes each month to take out and distribute the travellers' alms\*. He says that, whenever a poor woman of the village lies in, she is supplied for fifteen days from their plentiful table. God bless their basket and their store!

WE left Braubach this morning. The old grandfather and that *youngest* grandchild, "a superb boy,"

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\* I have repeatedly observed these boxes affixed to the wall, and have been told that a German rarely passes them without a donation.

truly, came to the shore with us, and we exchanged cordial good wishes at parting.

As we pushed off in our little boat and looked up to the precipitous shore, it seemed, even while we gazed on them, incredible that the vines should be reached for cultivation there, where they hung like a rich drapery. The peasants, women as well as men, scale the precipices to dress their vines, and every particle of manure is carried up on their shoulders.

In the steepest places the vines are put in baskets as the only way of retaining the soil about them. For the most part the vineyards are a series of terraces or steps (we have counted from twenty to thirty) covering the face of the hill. Each terrace is supported by a wall from five to ten feet high. Murray tells us the Rhineland vinedresser is not rich, but generally the possessor of the vineyard he cultivates. What a beautiful gift of Providence is the vine to the patient, contented tiller of ground that would produce nothing but this! and this "makes glad the heart of man."

The steamer carried us past village after village most beautiful as seen in passing; but again, my dear C., I warn you not to let this, the greenest word in memory, call before you wide streets, shaded courtyards, ample space, and all rural luxuries. A village here is a mass of wretched dwellings stuck against mouldering walls, where human



existence, in point of comfort, is nearly on a level with the brutes; in fact, the same roof often shelters all the *live-stock*, from the master to his ass. The streets are scarcely wide enough for a carriage to pass, and the lanes are but a flea's leap across—a measurement that naturally occurs here. But mark the compensating blessing! the denizens of these dreary places, steeped to the very lips in poverty, are a smiling, kindly people.

WE landed at St. Goar's, in the midst of the most enchanting scenery of the Rhine, and in showery weather giving us the most favourable possible light. Nature, like "ladies and fine Holland," owes much of its effect to the right disposition of light and shadow. The mountains enclose this little village. The Mouse and the Cat, the beautiful ruins of two castles, are at either extremity of the view. The "Cat" is well stationed to watch its prey, but, contrary to all precedent, the "Mouse" is said always to have been the strongest when they were held by their lords, rivals, and enemies. The immense Castle of Rheinfels, half-way up the steep behind St. Goar, looks, as L. says, like a great bull dog that might have kept all its subordinates civil. Rheinfels, as early as the fourteenth century, was the strongest hold on the Rhine. It was built by a Count Deither, who, secure in his power, levied tribute (the exclusive

privilege of governments at present, and they, as Murray happily says, call it *laying duties*) with such unsparing cupidity, that the free cities of Germany confederated against him, and not only dismantled his castle, but the other "robbers' nests" on the Rhine.

The girls carried my carpet-bag up to the inn, which being rather weighty with my journal, one of them expressed the pious wish it "might not be so heavy in the reading as the carrying." On our way we went into a most grotesque little Catholic church, where an image of the good hermit who gave his name to the village is preserved. He looks like an honest German, and, though his head had been crowned with a fresh garland of roses last Sunday, and plenty of cherubs were hovering round him, I fancied he would have liked better a pipe in his mouth and a table before him, and the cherubs converted into garçons, to serve him with Rhine wine and Seltzer-water.

We took a boy from the steps of "The Lily" to cross the river with us, and guide us up the Schweitzer Thal (the Swiss Valley). We followed the pathway of a little brook resembling some of our mountain haunts. *Die Katz* hung over our heads half-way up a steep, which Johanne (our guide) told us was higher than the Lurlieburg. It may be, but there is nothing on the Rhine so grand as this pile of rocks, which look with scorn on the

perishable castles built by man's hands. It is in the whirlpool in their deep shadow that Undine, the loveliest of water-nymphs, holds her court. No wonder it requires, as says the faith of the peasants of St. Goar, the miraculous power of their canonised hermit to deliver the ensnared from her enchantments.

We walked a mile up the valley, and loitered at little nooks, so walled in by the hills that we looked up to the sky as from the bottom of a well. To us it appeared clear and blue as a sapphire; but we were sprinkled with rain so sparkling that L. said the sun was melting, and coming down in drops! I amused myself with finding out as much of my little guide's history as could be unlocked with the talismanic words "father," "mother," "brother," helped out with dumb show; and I found out that he had one sister that was shorter than he, and one brother much taller, who was a soldier, and so would Johanne be. Against this resolution I expostulated vehemently (as a friend of William Ladd, and a member of the Peace Society, should do), but Johanne laughed at me; and I doubt not, as soon as he has inches and years enough, he will buckle on his sword.

When we got back to St. Goar the shower came on in earnest, and we took refuge at a jolly miller's—a fit impersonation of that classic character. In an interval of his work he was sitting over his bottle

and cracking his jokes. We invited him to go to America. "No," he said, holding up his Rhenish and chuckling over it, "I should not get this there; and, besides, all the millers that go there die!" He is right to cherish a life so joyous.

The steamer came up at a snail's pace. We had the pleasure of finding on board one of our fellow-passengers in the Saint James. He had been purifying in the bubbles of Schlangenbad, which produce such miraculous effects on the skin that Sir Francis Head avers he heard a Frenchman say, "Monsieur, dans ces bains on devient absolument amoureux de soi-même!" (One falls in love with one's self in these baths.) Our friend was a witness to its recreative virtue.

MY DEAR C—,

I WILL not even name to you the beautiful pictures past which we floated. Everything is here ready for the painter's hand. Oberwesel, with its Roman tower, its turreted walls and Gothic edifices; the old Castle of Schonberg, Anglicè *Beautiful Hill*, where there are seven petrified maidens, who were converted into these rocks for their stony-heartedness—fit retribution. Villages, vineyards, and ruins appeared and disappeared as the mist, playing its fantastic tricks, veiled and unveiled them. As we drew near to Bingen, the sun shone out, throwing his most beautifying horizontal beams

on Rheinstein and other famed points of the landscape, while masses of black clouds, driven on by the gusty wind, threw their deep shadows now here, now there, as if (we flies on the wheel fancied) to enchant the senses of travellers for the picturesque.

After much discussion with a friendly Englishman (an old-stager in these parts) as to the comparative advantage of landing at Bingen or Rudesheim, we followed his advice and went on shore at the former place, where we found a cheerful welcome in the face of mine host of the Weisse Rosse, but no room in his house. This man is quite my beau ideal of a German innkeeper, and, but that it would take too much space, I should like to tell you the pains he took to get us rooms in another inn, and how, after he did get them, we reconsidered our decision and determined to pass the night at Rudesheim; and how, when we came to him with our tongues faltering with some mere pretext for being off, he just good-humouredly brushed aside the flimsy veil, saying, "Never mind, you choose to go, and that is enough;" and proceeded to select boatmen for us, and to make them promise to take us down to Rheinstein and back again to Rudesheim at the lowest and a very moderate rate. Would not the world go on swimmingly if all strangers errant were dealt by as mine host of the Weisse Rosse dealt by us?

How would you like, dear C., to see us, your nearest and dearest relations, boating on the Rhine with men whose German even K. found it hard to comprehend? There would be no reason for anxiety; they took us in good faith in half an hour to Rheinstein—or rather the current took us. The Castle of Rheinstein has been restored by Prince Frederic of Prussia, and refurnished, and is now supposed to represent the castles as they were when there was wassail in the hall and love in the bower. The castle itself is the most beautiful on the Rhine. It is planted on a projecting rock, half-way to the summit of a steep, and set off by a dark, rich woodland. It is built of stone taken from the bed of rock that forms its foundation, and you can scarce tell where nature finishes and art begins. In truth, the art is so perfect that you forget it. Nature seems to have put forth her creative power, and to have spoken the word that called from its mother rock this its indescribably beautiful and graceful offspring.

We wound up a path of easy ascent, passed over a drawbridge and under a portcullis, when the warder appeared. He was a sober-suited youth, with a rueful countenance; love-lorn, the girls said, pointing to his hump-back and a braid of hair round his neck. He bowed without relaxing a muscle, and led us through a walled court where there were green grass and potted plants, and, perched over our heads, in niches of the rock,

eagles, who, it would appear but for the bars of iron before them, had selected these eyries of their own free will. Our warder proceeded through a passage with a pretty mosaic pavement to the knights' hall, which is hung with weapons of the middle ages, disposed in regular figures. The ceiling is painted with knights' devices; and complete suits of armour, helmets, and richly-embossed shields, hang against the wall.

We were repeatedly assured that the furniture was, in truth, of the middle ages, and had been collected by the prince at infinite pains; and looking at it in good faith as we proceeded, everything pleased us. There is a centre-table with an effigy in stone of Charlemagne, a most fantastical old clock, carved Gothic chairs, oak tables; in the dining-room an infinite variety of silver drinking-cups, utensils of silver and of ivory richly carved, and very small diamond-shaped mirrors, *all* cracked;—by-the-way, an incidental proof of their antiquity. The princess' rooms, en suite, are very prettily got up; her sleeping-room has an oaken bedstead of the fourteenth century, with a high, carved foot-board like a rampart, and curtains of mixed silk and woollen. In the writing-room are beautiful cabinets of ivory inlaid, and wood in marquetric—that is, flowers represented by inlaying different coloured woods.

In the working-room was a little wheel, which

made me reflect with envy on the handiwork of our grandames, so much more vivacious than our stitching. You will probably, without a more prolonged description, my dear C., come to my conclusion, that Rheinstein bears much the same resemblance to a castle of the middle ages, that a cottage orné does to a veritable rustic home. I imagined the rough old knights coming from their halls of savage power and rude luxury to laugh at all this *jimcrackery*.

The prince and princess make a holiday visit here every summer, and keep up this fanciful retrocession by wearing the costume of past ages. The warder maintained his unrelenting gravity to the last. "Man pleased him not, nor woman either," or I am sure my laughing companions would have won a smile.

We found going up the river quite a different affair from coming down. Our oarsmen raised a ragged sail. The wind was flawy, and we were scared; so they, at our cowardly entreaties, took it down, and then, rowing the boat to the shore, one of the men got out, and fastening one end of a rope to our mast and the other round his body, he began toilsomely towing us up the stream. Our hearts were too soft for this, so we disembarked too, and walked two miles to "The Angel" at Rudesheim; an angel indeed to us after this long day of—pleasure.



*Friday. Rudesheim.*—THIS morning we set off on an excursion to the Niederwald, the "Echo," "The Temple," "The Enchanted Cave," and the Rossel. Now, let your fancy surround you with the atmosphere of our cool, bright September days, and present the images of your friends, mounted on asses, winding up steep paths among these rich Rudesheim vineyards, which produce some of the finest wines on the Rhine. See our four *eselmeisters* slowly gossiping on after us, and our path crossed, ever and anon, with peasant women emerging from the vineyards with baskets on their heads, piled with grape-cuttings, and weeds to feed the asses, pigs, or—children! See us passing through the beech and oaken wood of the Niederwald, and coming out upon the "Temple" to look down on the ruins of the Castle of Brömser, amid a world of beauty, and think upon its old Jephtha lord who, when a captive among the Saracens vowed, if he returned, to devote his only daughter Gisela to the church—of poor Gisela, who had devoted herself to a human divinity, and, finding her crusading father inexorable, threw herself from the tower of the castle into the river. With the clear eye of peasant faith, you may see now, of a dark and gusty night, the pale form of this modern Sappho, and you may hear her wailings somewhere about Hatto's Tower.

Next see us emerging from our woodland path, and taking possession of by a *very* stout woodland nymph, who has the showing of the Bezauberte Hole (Enchanted Cave); but, no; you shall not see that with our eyes, but read Sir Francis Head's description of it, which proves that, if he has any right to designate himself as "the old man," time has not done its sad work in abating the fervours of his imagination. He has made a prodigious bubble of this cave. His "subterranean passage" was, to our disenchanted vision, but a walled way on upper earth; and where he looked through fissures of the rock, we had but the prose of windows, whose shutters were slammed open by our Dulcinean wood-nymph. But never mind! long may he live to verify the fantastical figure in the vignette to the Frankfort edition of his charming work, to walk over the world blowing bubbles so filled with the breath of genius and benevolence that they diffuse sweet odours wherever they float.

See us now standing at the Rossel, looking with the feeling of parting lovers at the queenly Rheinstein sitting on her throne of Nature's masonry—at a long reach of the river up and down—at the lovely Nahe; not merely at its graceful entrance into the Rhine, but far, far away as it comes serenely gliding along its deep-sunken channel from its mountain-home—at Drusus' bridge, with its misty light of another age and people—at the

massy ruin of Ehrenfels under our feet—at the Mouse Tower of old Bishop Hatto on its pretty island—at vineyards without number—at hills sloping to hills, at the green ravines between them, and the roads that traverse them—at villages, towers, and churches; and, finally, at our little hamlet of Rudesheim, which, with its 3500 people, is so compact that it appeared as if I might span it with my arms. And remember that into all this rich landscape, history, story, ballad, and tradition have breathed the breath of life. Do you wonder that we turned away with the feeling that we should never again see anything so beautiful? Thank Heaven, to a scene like this “there can be no farewell!”

We were delighted on getting down to “the Angel” to see the “Victoria” puffing up the Rhine; for, to confess the truth, now that the feast of our eyes and imaginations was over, we began to feel the cravings of our grosser natures. There is no surer sharpener of the appetite than a long mountain-ride in a cool morning. The Niederwald, the Hohle, the Rossel, all were forgotten in the vision of the pleasantest of all repasts—a dinner on the deck of a Rhine steamer. It was just on the stroke of one when we reached the Victoria. The table was laid, and the company was gathering with a certain look of pleased expectation, and a low murmur of sound much resem-

bling that I have heard from your barnyard family when you were shelling out corn to them. The animal nature is strongest at least once in the twenty-four hours! The Russian princess was the first person we encountered. "Monsieur Tonson come again." "We'll not have a seat near her," I whispered to the girls, as, with some difficulty, we doubled the end of the table which her enormous royal person occupied. "No; farthest from her is best," said K.; so we proceeded to the other extremity of the table, where we were met by the head waiter. "Places for four, if you please," said I. He bowed civilly, was "very sorry, but there was no room." "Surely you can make room!" "Impossible, madame!" A moment's reflection convinced me that a German would not risk the comfort of one guest by crowding in another, so I said, "Well, give us a table to ourselves." "I cannot; it is impossible!" "What!" exclaimed the girls, "does he say we cannot have places? Do order a lunch, then; I am starved:" "And so am I;" "And I." My next demand showed how narrowed were our prospects. "Then," said I, "I'll ask for nothing more if you will give me some bread and butter, and a bottle of wine!" "Afterward, afterward, madame," he replied, his German patience showing some symptoms of diminution; "afterward lunch, dinner, or what you please; but now it is impossible." Like the

starving Ugolino when he heard the key of the Tower of Famine turned on him,

“Io guardái

Nel viso a' mie' figliuoli senza far motto.”

But soon touched by their misery and urged by my own, I once more intercepted the inexorable youth, and mustering all my eloquence, I told him he had no courtesy for ladies, no “sentiment;” that he would have to answer for the deaths of those three blooming young women, &c. &c. He smiled, and I thought relented; but the smile was followed with a definite shake of the head, and away he went to perform well duties divided between half-a-dozen half-bred waiters in our country. Nothing remained for us but to submit. In a Hudson River steamer (we remembered regretfully our national despatch) the “afterward” would have been time enough; at most, an affair of half an hour’s waiting, but the perspective of a German’s meandering through his “meridian” was endless. Besides, we were to land at Bieberich in two or three hours, so, “ladies most deject,” we sat ourselves down in the only vacant place we could find, close to the head of the table. The people, for the most part, had taken their seats; here and there a chair awaited some loiterer, but one dropped in after another, and my last faint hope that, after all, the waiter would distribute us among them, faded away. There was some delay, and even those

seated with the sweet security of dinner began to lose something of their characteristic serenity. There was a low growl from two English gentlemen near us, and the Germans beside us began mumbling their rolls. "Ah," thought I, "if ye who have been, as is your wont, feeding every half-hour since you were out of bed, sitting lazily at your little tables here, could feel 'the thorny point of our distress,' you surely would give us that bread!"

The soup came, and as each took his plate, from the top to the bottom of the table, the shadows vanished from their faces as I have seen them pass from a field of corn as a cloud was passing off the sun. "I should have been quite content," said M., meekly, "with a plate of soup on our laps." "Yes," said L. in a faltering voice, "I should be quite satisfied with soup and a bit of bread." But away went the soup, no one heeding us but a fat German whose back was towards us, and who, comprehending our dilemma, felt nothing but the ludicrousness of it. He turned when he had swallowed his soup, and smiled significantly.

Next came the fat, tender bouilli, with its three satellites, potatoes *à la maître d'hôtel*, cucumbers, and a fat compound called "gravy." "I always relish the bouilli," said K., faintly. Bouilli, potatoes, and cucumbers were eaten in turn; a German has no sins of omission to answer for at table.

Then appeared the entremets, the croquets, sausages, tongue, the queenly cauliflower floating in butter, rouleaux of cabbage, macaroni, preparations of beans and sorrel, and other messes that have baffled all our investigation and guessing.

Now, fully to comprehend the prolongation of our misery, you must remember the German custom of eating each article of food presented, each separately, and lounging through a change of twenty plates as if eating dinner comprehended the whole duty and pleasure of life. "If they would only give us a bit of tongue!" said K., "or a croquet," said M., "or just one sausage," said L. But tongue, croquet, and sausage vanished within the all-devouring jaws, and again the emptied dishes were swept off, and on came salmon, tench, pike, and trout (served cold, and with bits of ice), and the delicious puddings. Now came my trial. The puddings, so light, so wholesome, with their sweet innocent fruit-sauces, are always my *poste restante* at a German dinner. But "what was I to Hecuba, or Hecuba to me?" the pudding, in its turn, was all eaten, and our fat friend, wiping his mouth after the last morsel, turned round and laughed,—yes, actually laughed; and we, being at that point of nervousness when you must either cry or laugh, laughed too—rather hysterically.

Are you tired? I have described but the pre-

fatory manœuvring of the light troops. Now came the procession of joints, mutton, veal, and venison, interspersed with salads, stewed fruit, calves'-foot jelly, and blancmanges. "Surely they might spare us one form of jelly," said M.; "Or a blancmange," said K.: but no; meat, jelly, and all were eaten, and again our stout friend looked round, with less animation this time, for he was beginning to resemble a pampered old house-dog who is too full to bark. The dessert appeared: apricots, cherries, mulberries, pears, and a variety of confectionary. The conductor appeared, too, with the *billets*. "Surely," I said, "that is not Bieberich!" "Pardon, madame, we are within a quarter of an hour of Bieberich." "It is a gone case!" I sighed out to the girls; and, in truth, we arrived before the Duke of Nassau's heavy palace just as the company, with the most provoking flush of entire satisfaction, were turning away from the table. We had learned to appreciate the virtue of those Lazaruses who, witnessing the feasting of the Dives, go hungry *every* day.

I have given you an exact inventory of the dinner, "setting down naught in malice" or in misery; and when you are told that it costs but one florin (forty-two cents), that it is served with nice table-linen, large napkins, and silver forks, you must conclude that provisions are cheap, and



that the traveller—if he can “catch the turbot”—is a happy man in Germany\*.

When we got into the diligence at Bieberich there were two neat peasant-women beside us. We saw the Russian princess, whose carriage had disappointed her, waddling about, attended by her suit, in quest of a passage to Wiesbaden. One of the gentlemen said to her, “The sun is hot; it will be tiresome waiting,” and counselled her highness to take a seat in the diligence. “It is quite shocking,” she said, “to go in this way.” “But there is no other, madame.” So she yielded to necessity, and put her royal foot on the step, when, looking up, she shrunk back, exclaiming, “Comment? il y a des paysannes” (“How is this? there are peasants here!”) I am sure we should not have been more dismayed if we had been shoved in with the asses that carried us in the morning. We drove off; and when I compared this woman, with her vacant, gross face, her supercilious demeanour, and her Brussels-lace mantilla, to our peasant companions, with their clean, substantial, well-preserved dresses, their healthful, contented, and serene faces, and their kindly manners, all telling a story of industry, economy, and

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\* The Englishman goes from here to London in two days, and there must pay at an hotel, for the single item in his dinner of a lobster sauce to his salmon, seventy-five cents! No wonder he “puts up” with Germany.

contentment, I looked proudly, thankfully back to my country of no princesses! Arrogance and superciliousness exist there, no doubt, but they have no birthright for their exercise.

I THINK it is Madame de Staël who, in speaking of travelling as a "triste plaisir," dwells much upon that sad part of it, "hurrying to arrive where none expect you." This was not now our case. We were going "home to Wiesbaden," and there sparkling eyes, welcoming voices, and loving hearts awaited us. And, don't be shocked at the unsentimentality of my mentioning the circumstance, we arrived in time for the five-o'clock dinner at the *Quatre Saisons*, after having passed three days that will be for ever bright in memory's calendar, and having paid for all our varied pleasures but about seven dollars each. Had we not them "at a bargain?"

## FRANKFORT.

MY DEAR C.,

August 30.—THE spell is broken and we have left Wiesbaden. We arrived here last evening, after a drive of four hours through a tame country, varied here and there by a brown village, a church or little chapel, and the old watch-towers near the town, marking the limits of its territory, which does

not exceed ten English square miles. I had supposed this was a free city, and I was surprised to meet at the gate we entered, soldiers in the Austrian uniform. We should think it an odd sort of freedom that was protected by the forces of a foreign prince.\* The annual fair is just beginning, and the town is crowded, though these fairs are no longer what they were before the general diffusion of commerce and manufactures; the introduction of railroads will soon put an end to them.

We drove to six hotels before we could find a place to lay our heads in: this is certainly a *very* "triste plaisir" that we travellers have now and then.

Having secured a roof to shelter us, we sallied forth for a walk. We went up the principal street, the Zeil, where the buildings are magnificent, looked in at the shop-windows, examined the bronze images at the fountain, and then, as if by instinct, turning at the right places and proceeding just as far as was necessary, we reached the Maine, which is not much wider than the Housatonic in our meadows. Returning, we went into the public gardens, which occupy the place of the old ramparts. This green and flowery belt girdling the town is

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\* I was afterwards informed that there was an alarming effervescence among the students in 1833, which induced the Frankforters to call in the aid of Austria and Prussia, who have kindly since watched over the "tranquillity" of the city—a kind of vigilance in which they excel.

a pretty illustration of turning the sword into the pruning-hook. The redeemed ground is laid out with economy of space and much taste. We passed through copses, groves, and parterres, and came out upon a growth of firs encircling a bronze bust of a benefactor who had contributed to this adornment. As I looked at the children and various other happy groups we passed, I wished there were some arithmetic that could calculate the amount of happiness produced by a man who originated a public garden, and set it off against the results of the lives of those great conquerors whose effigies and trophies cumber the earth!

Our first impression of Frankfort is very agreeable. It has not the picturesque aspect of the other Continental towns, but it is clean, with broad streets and modern houses, and appears lively and prosperous, as if one might live and breathe and get a living in it. M., true to her general preference of cleanliness and comfort to the picturesque, declares it is the only place she has seen, since she left England, she could be tempted to live in; while L., as true to her peculiar tastes, prefers the oldest, wretchedest German village, provided there is a ruined castle brooding over it, and plenty of fragments of towers, peasants in costume, &c.

“NECESSITY is the mother of Invention.” I believe she is the mother of half our faculties; and

so will you, dear C., when I tell you, you who would not trust me to buy a go-cart, that I have selected and bought to-day our travelling carriage. Mr. K. tells me I have good reason to be satisfied with my bargain, though I did not take François' advice, who said to me, as we were entering the coach-warehouse, "No matter if you are very well pleased, always shake your head and say 'Il ne vaut rien'" ("It is good for nothing"): this is a fair specimen of courier diplomacy.

WE took tea this evening with Madame —. She has a gem of a country-house half-a-mile from town, resembling the cottage of a Boston gentleman. The grounds are laid out and cultivated with the elaborateness of an English suburban villa. Madame — received us at the gate, and conducted us to seats beside a green painted table surrounded with flower-beds and under the shadow of fine old chestnuts. She told us her husband was induced by these chestnuts to buy the lot for a playground for his grandchildren. Then, in case of a shower, they must have a shelter, and he built a tea-room, and the shelter expanded to its present comfort and elegance; a pleasant illustration of the growth of a project. Madame — gave us our choice of taking our tea in the garden, the balcony, or the drawing-room. The Germans seem to me to go into their houses as the pigeons do,

only for shelter and sleep. Their gardens are, in fact, their drawing-rooms.

After tea, Madame —— took us a drive. We crossed the Maine on a stone bridge to Sachsenhausen, a suburb of the town, and drove to an eminence, where we had a good view of the town, the river, and very extensive vegetable gardens. We then drove quite round the town, outside the public gardens. The environs are gay with summer-houses and gardens, now brilliant with dahlias and asters. Very cheerful and uniform they looked, as if each one had a fair portion; not one a feast and another a fast, the too general condition of life in the Old World. On our return we passed the new library, with the inscription, "Studiis, libertati, reddita civitas" ("The city returned to studies and freedom"); and we were beginning to feel as if we were surrounded by a home atmosphere, when we plunged into the Jews' quarter, so dark, narrow, and intricate that it reminded me of Fagan's haunts. The old town is very curious. The old houses have grated windows and massive doors, and are many stories high, each story projecting over that below it. The fronts of those which are of stone are curiously carved or painted in compartments. All this, indeed, looked "the ancient, imperial, free city!"

We finished the day in Madame ——'s box at the theatre, literally the day, for it was yet twilight

when we got home. The theatre is by law closed at nine o'clock precisely. This very rational hour obviates a serious objection to the amusement\*.

We were fortunate in seeing one of the great dramatic performers of Germany, Emile Devrient. The play was one of the Princess Amelia's; a tale of domestic sorrow, as I ascertained by my interpreters. There was no scenic effect, no dramatic contrivance to aid it. The scene was not once shifted during the play. Devrient seemed to me, as far as I could judge merely from his action, expression, and voice, to deserve the applauses showered on him. The playing was all natural, and the voices of the women marvellously sweet. Have I never yet remarked to you the sweet, low tone of the German woman's voice? From the cultivated actress to your chambermaid, it is a musical pleasure to hear them speak. Is it an atmospheric effect, or the breath of a placid temper? The latter, I thought, when, a moment since, my inkstand was upset, and the girl summoned to repair the mischief held up her hands, smiled, and uttered, in a lute-like tone, a prolonged g—u—t! (good!)

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\* The theatre at Frankfort was near our hotel, and it used to amuse me to see the people going to it with much the air of quietness and sobriety that you will see an assembly collecting for a lyceum lecture in a New-England village. Ladies go without any male attendant, and in their ordinary dress. The price of a box ticket is fifty cents. The orchestra is said to be one of the best in Germany. Does not all this indicate a high degree of civilisation?

WE dined to-day at Mr. Köck's. He is an eminent banker here, and, from his extensive English connexions, is in some sort compelled to be a general receiver of Continental tourists. We do not bank with him, and therefore have not this claim, such as it is, upon his hospitality; but, for all that, it has been most liberally extended to us. A family whose hospitality is not exhausted in such a thoroughfare as Frankfort, must have an inexhaustible fountain of humanity. Hospitality in an isolated country residence is the mere gratification of the appetite of a social being; here it is virtue. Our dinner-table was arranged in a manner quite novel to me. In the centre of the table there was a china vase with a magnificent pyramid of flowers, and the whole table was covered with fruits, flowers, wine, and confectionary.

"Fruit of all kinds, in coat  
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell."

If you think the confectionary was not quite à la Paradise, remember Milton makes Eve to "temper dulcet creams" "from sweet kernels pressed." Considering her unfortunate love of delicacies, her skill, and the climate, nothing is more probable than that in the "fit vessels" which Milton mentions she converted her "dulcet creams" into ice. However that may be, Madame K.'s table looked like a sylvan feast. We had the most delicious atmosphere



of fruits and flowers, instead of being stupified with the fumes of meat. There was no bustle of changing dishes, no thrusting in of servants' arms. The meat was carved and brought from an adjoining room. We had one of the very largest pineapples I ever saw, raised in Yorkshire\*!

*Kronthal.*—OUR decision is made, and, instead of being on our way to Italy, here we are, close under the Taunus Hills, trying the virtue of a gas-bath, recently discovered. E. says you cannot turn up a stone with your foot in Germany without finding mineral water under it. The bathing-places are innumerable. The water here is very like in its taste to the Hamilton spring at Saratoga. The gas is conveyed in India-rubber pipes into a bathing-tub, in which you sit down dressed, and are shut in, except your head. The perceptible effect is a genial warmth and a slight moisture. We hear marvellous stories of its cures. It makes the deaf hear and the dumb speak; and, in short, does what all other baths do, if you believe their believing champions. One rare advantage that we have here is a physician of excellent sense, and of a most kind and winning disposition; another is, that we see the manners of the people of the country,

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\* This mode of serving a dinner was, as I have said, quite novel to me; but I am told that within the last few months it has become common in New-York. So easily do we adopt foreign fashions!

without the slightest approach to foreign fashions or intermixture of foreign society. It is a two-hours' drive to Frankfort, over a perfectly level plain. The Frankfort gentry come out every day with their children and servants, and seem to find quite pleasure enough in sitting down at a table before the door, and working worsted, knitting, smoking, drinking wine and Seltzer water, sipping coffee, and eating Mademoiselle Zimmermann's cakes, which are none of the most delicious. Her *very* frugal table must be rather a contrast to those of their luxurious homes; but I never see a wry face, or hear a discontented word from them. Of a fine day the area before the door is covered with coteries of people, who have no amusement in common, none but such as I have mentioned; these suffice. They interchange smiles and bows as often as they cross one another's path, and thus flow down the stream of life without ever ruffling a feather.

The Germans never stray beyond the gravelled walks around the house. Such quietude would kill us, so we appease our love and habit of movement with a daily donkey-ride among the Taunus Hills, or a walk through the lovely woodland paths. The famous castles of Kronberg (Crown-hill), Königstein (King's-stone), and Falkenstein are within a reasonable walk. Königstein has been an immense fortress, and its story is interwoven with

the annals of the country. We visited the ruins yesterday. The girls wandered away, and left me with an Englishwoman, who, while I was admiring these irregular, romantic hills, and the sea-like plain that extends eastward from their base, without any visible bound, was telling me a marvellous tale, and an "o'er-true one," as she believed. Some other time I will give you the particulars; I have now only space for the catastrophe. Two *American* lovers, whether married or not no one knew, came to Königstein, mounted the loftiest part of the ruin, and, clasped in one another's arms, as the peasant-boy who saw them averred, threw themselves down. "It was from that old tower," said my companion; "you see how tottering it looks: they say the view is better there; but it is considered so unsafe that it is forbidden to mount it." I started up, not doubting that my girls, with the instinct that young people seem to have to get into places of peril, had gone there. I fancied them tumbling down after their sensible compatriots. I screamed to them, and was answered distinctly—by a well-mannered echo! However, I soon found, by a little ragged boy, that they were loitering unharmed about the old tower, and I got them down before they had time to add to the American illustrations of Königstein.

To-day we have been to Falkenstein. It is one of the highest summits of the Taunus, near those

loftiest pinnacles, the Fellberg and Alt König. There is a pretty story of a knight having won a daughter of Falkenstein by making a carriage-road in a single night up to the castle-wall; the most sensible miracle I ever heard being required of a lover. The elf who lent him spades and pickaxes, and worked with him, demanded in payment the fee simple of some wild woodland hereabout. I like this story better than that in Schiller's ballad of the "Lord of Falkenstein." One does not like to mar such a scene as this with the spectre of a treacherous and cruel lover, or to remember, amid this rural peace and beauty, that there are sweet deceived young mothers whose spirits brood over the graves of the children they in madness murdered. And who that has seen Retzsch's exquisite sketch of the peasant-girl of Falkenstein can forget it? We were there just before sunset. The little stone-built village lay in the deep shadow of the woodland steep which is crowned by the castle. It was a fête-day, and the villagers in their pretty costumes looked so happy and yet so poor, that they almost made me believe in the old adage, "No coin, no care." While the girls sat down to sketch, I escaped from a volunteer companion whose voice was as tiresome as a March wind, and, getting into an embowered path, passed the prettiest little Gothic church I have seen since we were in the Isle of Wight. Here in the green earth, as the

legend rudely scrawled above them tells you, "ruhen in Gott" ("rest in God") the generations that have passed from the village. Faith, hope, and memory linger about these graves. There are roses and heart's-ease rooted in the ground, and wooden crosses, images of saints, and freshly-platted garlands of flowers over the graves. What more could the richest mausoleum express? I mounted through a fragrant copsewood to the castle—part rock and part masonry. The tower is standing, and waving from its top is some rich shrubbery, like a plume in a warrior's cap. Falkenstein village, close under the castle, looked like a brood of chickens huddled under its mother's wing. Kronberg and its towers were in shadow; but the vast plain beyond was bathed in light, and the Maine and the Rhine were sparkling in the distance. All around me was a scene of savage Nature in her stern strength, all beyond of her motherly plentiful production. I counted eighteen villages; a familiar eye would probably have seen twice as many more. They are not easily distinguished from the earth, with which their colour blends harmoniously.

"Life is too short," we said, as we forced ourselves away just as the last ray of the sun was kissing the aforesaid green plume of the castle. We did not get home till it was quite dark, but we were as safe and unmolested as if we had been on our own hill-sides.

YOU will, I know, dear C., think there is "something too much" of these old castles and Taunus scenery; but consider how they fill up our present existence. But I will be forbearing, and abridge a long, pleasant day's work we have had in going to Eppenstein, a village in a *crack* of the Taunus, one of the narrowest, most secluded, wildest abodes that ever man sought refuge in; for surely it must have been as a hiding-place it was first inhabited.

Some knight must have fled with a few faithful followers, and wedged them in here among the rocks and mountains. The lords have passed away, and the vassals are now peasants. We were invited into the habitation of one of them by a cheerful dame, whose "*jüngste*" (a blooming lassie) she introduced to *my youngest*. I am not willing to lose an opportunity of seeing the inside of a cottage; hers was all that is habitable of the old castle, and is the neatest and most comfortable peasant's dwelling I have seen. The lord's kitchen was converted into the peasant's salon, where there was a good stove, antique chairs, a bureau, pictures, and a crucifix. In the kitchen I saw a very well filled dresser. The good woman was eager to hear of America; some of her neighbours had gone there. "They had but money enough to carry them to the ship, and had since sent help to their friends." Strange, it seemed, that there should be

a relation between this sequestered valley and our New World, and that our abundance should be setting back upon these poor people. "Ours is a fine country for the young," said I. "Yes," said an old woman from the corner, "but an old tree don't bear transplanting!"

I should like you to have seen us taking our repast at the mill *gasthaus*, seated on the pebbly plat in *settles* made of birchen sticks, served by a cheerful hostess, who sat knitting in the intervals of supplying our wants, and supplying them with ne-plus-ultra bread and butter, tender boiled beef, honey, Seltzer water, and wine: four hungry women for sixty cents. The mill-wheel kept its pleasant din the while, and another din there was that amused us from a handsome youth, who occupied a table near us, and who was telling the hostess, with frequent glances at us, of a visit he had paid to London. As he spoke in French, I presume it was more for our edification than that of our hostess. After a very picturesque account of the shocking disparity between the amount of food and the amount of the bill at an English inn, he concluded, "Ah, le triste sejour, que Londres! On prie le bon Dieu tout le Dimanche—ça n'amuse pas!"\*

I can believe that England would be to a German traveller with stinted means one continued fast and penance.

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\* "Oh, what a dismal place London is! They pray all day long on Sunday—not very amusing that!"

We saw to-day fifty peasants gathered under a chestnut-tree, and an auction going on; but as we saw no wares, we were at a loss what to make of it, till we were told the duke's chestnuts were selling. Chestnuts are an article of food here. This neighbourhood abounds in thriving nurseries, which are a main source of revenue to the peasants. There is one on the hill-side, opposite my window. It covers thirty acres, and is divided into small properties, and owned by the peasants of Kronberg, to whom it brings an annual revenue of 10,000 florins (4000 dollars): a shower of gold on these children of toil and hardship.

A labourer in haying and harvesting, the busiest season of the year, is paid one florin twelve kreutzers a day (fifty cents), and finds himself, and works earlier and later than our people. If he works for several days consecutively for one employer, he is allowed a trifle more as *trinkgeld*. A female domestic, in a family where only one servant is kept, is fed and paid twenty florins a year (four dollars!!); and for this pitiful sum she gives effective, patient, and *cheerful* labour. An accomplished cook can earn twelve dollars!

The perfect blending of self-respect with deference, of freedom with courtesy, in the manners of the subordinate classes in Germany, puzzles me. They are, as you perceive by the rate of wages, quite as dependent on their employers as in Eng-



land, but I have never seen an instance of cringing servility or insolence. The servants are indefatigable in their attendance, grateful for a small gratuity, and always meet your social overtures frankly and cheerfully. A seamstress sewed for us for two or three weeks, a quiet, modest, and respectful girl; when she parted from us, she kissed us all, including R.,—not our hands, but fairly on the cheek; a demonstration to which, as she was young and very pretty, neither he nor you would object.

I bought some trunks at Frankfort of a man who, when we had closed our traffic, asked me to go up stairs and look at his rooms, and the picture of his wife; and when he saw my pleasure in his very clean, well-furnished home, he said it was all their own earning; that they had not much, but they had contented minds, and “that made a little go a great way.” When he brought home the trunks, he brought his two little boys to see us. I could tell you fifty similar anecdotes, which all go to prove that the bond of brotherhood is sound and strong among them.

The family ties seem to be very strictly maintained. Children are kept much longer in subordination to their parents, and dependence on them, than we have any notion of. The period of minority may be almost said to extend through the parents' life. A very clever German woman

lamented to me the effect of an English education upon the habits of her son. And, by-the-way, she considered his reluctance to submit to the restraints of his father's house, and his notion of complete independence and escape from the thralldom of his minority, to have been perfected by a year's travel in America. After telling me that he had refused to occupy a suite of apartments in his father's house, because he could not submit to be asked, "Where were you yesterday?" "Where do you go to-morrow?" she concluded with, "But I have nothing to complain of—he is a very good young man, but he is no longer a German. We should have foreseen this when we sent him to England. We cannot expect if we plant cabbages they will come up potatoes."

The strict union of families seems to me to be promoted by the general cultivation of music. I say *seems* to me, my dear C.; for, conscious of my very limited opportunities of observation, I give you my impressions with unaffected diffidence. Almost every member of a family is in some sort a musical performer, and thus is domesticated the most social and exciting of the arts. You would be astonished at the musical cultivation in families where there is no other accomplishment.

There is one of the rights of women secured to them here which I have been assured has an important effect on general prosperity and indivi-

dual happiness. The German wife has an inextinguishable right to half the joint property of herself and her husband. He cannot deprive her of it by will, nor can it be applied to debts of his contracting. "This it is," said a gentleman to me, "that makes our wives so intelligent in the management of their concerns, so industrious and economical." I don't know how this may be ; but it seems to me to be but common justice that a wife should be an equal partner in a concern of which she bears so heavy a part of the burden. Would not the introduction of such a law have a beneficent effect on the labouring classes in the United States? How many women would be stimulated to ingenuity and productive labour, if the results of their industry were secured to them! How many women are first wronged and then disheartened by having an inheritance consumed by a husband's vices, or dispersed by his wild speculations! How many, well qualified for respectable branches of business, are deterred from attempting them by the impossibility of securing to themselves and their children the proceeds! How many poor women among the lowest class of labourers have you and I both known, whose daily earnings have been *lawfully* taken from them by their brutal husbands! This is a pretty serious evil, as in that class at least (you will allow me to say) the destructive vices are pretty much monopolised by your sex.

It is one of our distinctions, thank God, in the New World, that we do not quietly rest in any error; so I have faith that in good time this matter will be set right.

It is impossible to witness the system of general instruction in Germany, without asking if the rulers are not making an experiment dangerous to the maintenance of their absolutism. Debarred as the lower orders are from all political action, it may be some time before they use the "sharp-edged tools" put into their hands; but when they once begin to read, to reflect, and to compare, they will hardly go on quietly wearing a master's uniform, doing his work, and eating black bread and potatoes, as if this were their full and fair share.

When you look at the highly-educated classes, at the diffusion of knowledge among them, and consider the activity, boldness, and freedom of the German mind, you are confounded at the apparent serenity and quietude. But is it not the serenity of the mighty ocean, that wants but the moving of the wind to rise in resistless waves?—the quietude of the powder-magazine, inert only till the spark touches it?

We are not in a way to hear political topics agitated. They make no part of general conversation. But I have met with some touching expressions of feelings that I imagine are much diffused under this placid surface of society. One of our German friends spoke to me with deep

emotion of her aunt, who is just embarking for the United States. "She is leaving us all," she said; "her children and grandchildren, brothers, nephews, nieces, all the friends of a lifetime—and such a happy home!—to go and live with one son in the backwoods of America."

"Is that son so much a favourite?" I asked.

"Oh, no; but he and his brother have suffered for their political opinions. They were imprisoned eight years; one of them died. *He* was a favourite—and so good, so beloved by everybody! My aunt says she cannot breathe the air of Germany. She must have the free air of America!"

There is a captain in the Austrian army at Kronthal for his health, a man about fifty, with a most melancholy expression of countenance. Ever since he knew we were Americans he has manifested an interest in us. He has asked many questions about the country, and let fall on various occasions, in an under tone, his respect for our free institutions. His extreme despondency affected me, and I took an opportunity to endeavour to inspire him with hope in the efficacy of the waters. I repeated to him every instance I had heard of benefit in cases similar to his. At each he shook his head mournfully, and then explained why the "amen stuck in the throat." "It is not my disease," he said, "that may be cured, but it is my incurable position. What am I but a mere tool in the hands of the men of power employed to watch every

generous movement, and support the wrong against the right?" It wants but that this feeling should be a little more general, and the oppressor's rod will be broken.

I leave this country with an interest, respect, and attachment that I did not expect to feel for any country after leaving England. I rather think the heart grows by travelling! I feel richer for the delightful recollections I carry with me of the urbanity of the Germans. Never can I forget the "Guten Tag," "Guten Abend," and "Gute Nacht," ("good-day," "good-evening," and "good-night,") murmured by the soft voices of the peasants from under their drooping loads as we passed them in our walks. Addison says that the general salutations of his type of all benignity, Sir Roger de Coverly, came from the "overflowings of humanity,"—so surely did these. On the whole, the Germans seem to me the most rational people I have seen. We never "are," but always "to be blessed." They enjoy the present, and, with the truest economy of human life, make the most of the materials of contentment that God has given them. Is not this better than vague, illimitable desires, and ever-changing pursuits?\*

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\* I cannot be understood to say, or suspected of intimating, that Germany impressed me as happier than our country of general activity, progress, and equalised prosperity. No, every American must feel, wherever he goes from home, that his is the happiest country for the general interests of humanity—the favoured land;

*Basle, Switzerland, Sept. 23.*

WE have been seven days on the way from Frankfort to this place, a distance of 225 miles. We have posted—a most comfortable mode of travelling in Germany. The postilions are civil, the horses strong and well broken, and changed every six miles. There is no *fast* driving—that would be perfectly *un-German*—but far more to my liking; it is cautious, safe, and uniform. Driving rapidly through a new and beautiful country seems to me in the same good taste as walking with a quick step through a gallery of pictures. Our posting expenses have been at the rate of twelve dollars for thirty-six miles; this, for seven persons, is lower than our ordinary stage-coach fare at home. And how superior the accommodation! You can travel just as far, and stop when, and as long as you please. We have often wished we could turn W.'s corner and drive up to your door, and hear the shouts of the children at what would seem to them a very grotesque appearance. The leaders, attached with rope traces, are so far from the wheel-horses, that our equipage must be about thirty feet in length. The postilion sits on the near-wheel horse, and guides the leaders with rope

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but let us remember there are some compensations to other countries—and thank God for it—and imbibe, if we can, their spirit of contentment and enjoyment.

reins. He and his horses are all stout, heavy moulded, and reliable. He wears a short blue coat turned up behind with red tips. His trumpet is suspended by a cord, from which two huge tassels of bright-coloured worsteds hang bobbing down his back. His breeches are of a yellow buckskin, and his boots are cut up to a point in front some inches above the knee, and the whole pleasure of his profession seems to be to keep up an eternal cracking of his whip, which I found, to my surprise, after two or three days' annoyance, we minded no more than his horses did\*.

The roads are excellent; quite as good, it seems to me, as the English roads; that is to say, *perfect*. We travelled one hundred and eighty miles without passing an elevation of more than fifteen or twenty feet at the utmost. It is like a road through a meadow, raised some ten or twelve feet above the adjacent ground. This is probably from the accumulation of stones and dirt brought on from year to year to repair it. This level road is called (for some distance) *Berg-strasse* (mountain-road), because it runs parallel to a range of hills which

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\* Posting here, and generally on the Continent, is monopolised by the government. With our preconceived notions of individual rights, we were startled, on arriving at a post-station where there was a deficiency of horses, to hear the postmaster order an impressment of peasants' horses. What would our friends, *Colonel W.* or *Major D.*, the gentlemen-yeomen of S., say to such a procedure? We should have a revolution.



bound your view on the east of the Rhine. R. insisted they had been swung back like a gate for the traveller to pass; and so it appears. They start forth at once from the low ground, without any preparatory slope or an intervening hill, and there they stand as if they had just stepped out of your way. They are covered to their summits with corn and vines, and castle-crowned, of course. It would be as strange to see a man in Berkshire standing out of door without his hat, as a hill here without its o'ertopping castle. On our right stretches a vast sandy plain, with the Rhine gliding through it, and bounded, at some sixty miles' distance, by the Vosges—French mountains. You might fancy a painter had laid out the road, so pretty are the views of the villages, so fortunately does the spire of a cathedral come in here and a village church there. The road is often on the outskirts of orchards, and bordered by an avenue of fruit-trees that extend from town to town. At almost every post we observed a new costume. It seemed like the shifting scenes of the theatre. Here we pass peasants and peasant-boys driving their carts, with three-cornered hats such as our old ministers wore. Six miles farther, there were fifty peasant-girls seated on the ground, picking hops from the vine, with immense tortoise-shell combs in their hair. A few miles farther on we saw them scattered over a hayfield, with hats wide

enough for umbrellas ; and the next change was a little high-crowned hat with a narrow brim. Here were girls driving a cart drawn by cows, with enormous black bows on the top of their heads, and, a few miles farther, old women *shovelling out manure*, with red velvet caps bordered with black lace. The prettiest costumes we saw, and they would have done honour to a Parisian *improvisatore des modes* (there are such people, I believe), were on a fête-day at Freyberg. Beside all the varieties I have mentioned, we had, in their holiday freshness, scullcaps of black and coloured velvet, prettily embroidered with silver and gold, and long braids of hair hanging behind and tied with ribands that touched the ground—bodices were of velvet with slashed sleeves. Some wore simply a bosom-piece worked with beads, and others had bright-coloured handkerchiefs tied round their throats, and their skirts bound with bright-coloured ribands. Contrast this in your imagination with the working-dresses of our working-people. Why, it is the difference between tropical birds and a flock of tame *she-pigeons* !

As we made southing, we noticed some productions that we had not seen before. Tobacco-fields abounded. In approaching Freyberg we saw pretty fair patches of Indian corn ; and to-day, trailing down the terraces, our own honest, broad-faced pumpkin has greeted us. The grapes

are obviously nearer the vintage. I bought a magnificent bunch yesterday, and, holding it up as I came in so as to display its broad shoulders, said, "I gave but seven kreutz' for this!" "Ah, ça commence!" exclaimed François, his eyes gleaming with his Italian reminiscences.

There are vineyards of wide-spread fame on this route. We drank a delicious red wine at "The Fortune" at Offenburg, kept by Pfählers, called Affenthaler. Our landlord told us he made 50,000 bottles a year, and had had orders from New-York. I wish he may have more, and everything else that may minister to his prosperity; and so am I sure all must wish who have enjoyed, as we did, the comforts and luxuries of "The Fortune."

The first bad bread we have eaten in Europe—a villanous composition with caraway seeds—was at Brucksal. One would think *good* bread would be one of the first products of any society one advance beyond the savage state; but we know that our country is not yet old enough to have perfected the art of making it. Perhaps the reason of the difference is, that with us, except in the large towns, it depends on individual skill, knowledge, *virtue*, and is exposed to various family mischances, whereas in Europe it is uniformly made in bakeries. Heaven speed the time when we shall have no more sour bread, hot bread, heavy bread, bread made with "milk risings," and with no risings at all! "distressful bread" truly!

We have passed through some very interesting towns on this route, and done travellers' duty in seeing their lions: Darmstadt, not at all interesting, by-the-way, though the residence of the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. It is filled with gigantic houses, from which the giant proprietors seem to have run away; a more empty-looking town you never beheld. Heidelberg, with its magnificent old castle, its picturesque sites, and the scenery on the Neckar around it, is worth coming all this way to see.

At Carlsruhe there is the palace of the Grand-duke of Baden, and old, extensive, and beautifully-adorned pleasure-grounds, to which the public have free access.

Baden-Baden is, as you know, the most famous watering-place in Germany. As its waters have no longer much reputation, it must owe its chief attraction to the beauty of the scenery. In its natural features it resembles the northern towns in our own Berkshire; but, with all my home prepossessions, I must confess that it is more beautiful even than Williamstown; more beautiful, I mean, in its natural aspect. As to what man has built, from the cottage to the cathedral, the difference between the Old and the New World is—unmeasurable. In the material, form, and colour of our buildings, we have done, for the most part, all we could do to deform the fair face of our nature. All

that we can say for them is, that they are either of so perishable a material, or so slightly put together, that they cannot last long ; and when they are to be replaced, we may hope that the inventive genius of our people, guided by the rules of art, will devise an architecture for us suited to our condition, and embodying the element of beauty. I say "suited to our condition ;" for it is very plain that where property is so diffused as to make individual possession and comfort all but universal, and where society is broken into small multitudinous sects, we have no occasion for the stately palaces, the ducal residences, the cathedrals and splendid churches of Europe ; nor shall we have the beautiful, *comfortless* cottage niched in an old tower, or made of the fragments of a castle-wall, so enchanting to the eye in the picture-scenes here. After all, dear C., when I get home, and have nothing to see but our scrawny farm-houses, excrescences, wens as they are on the fair earth, it will be rather a comfort to think they are occupied by those that *own* them ; that under those unsightly, *unthatched*, shingled roofs are independent, clean, and abundant homes, and a *progressive* people. Still, with patriotism, common sense, and, I may add, but a common gratitude to Providence for our home-condition, *on the whole*, I cannot but sigh as I look back upon the delight we had yesterday in seeing surely the most exquisitely beautiful of all cathedrals, the

Cathedral of Freyburg, and in joining in the vesper service there in the twilight of the preceding evening: yes, joining, for surely dull must be the spirit that does not allow free course to its devotional instincts in such a place and at such an hour, while people of all conditions are kneeling together. You do not ask or think by what name their religion is called. You feel that the wants of their natures are the wants of your own, and your worship is spontaneous, which it is not *always* in our pharisaical pews, amid a finely-dressed congregation, and while listening to a sermon written for the *élite* of the *élite*. Dear C., let us see things as they are; depend on it, the old faith, with all its corruptions and absurdities, is, in a few of its *usages*, nearer to the Christian source than the new.

We went to the Cathedral again and again, walked round it, and to different points of view, and mounted up a vine-covered hill, and sat down under a crucifix, whence for an hour we gazed on it, and finally looked our last after leaving Freyburg, when the last rays of the sun were upon it, and it was set off by a background of the Black Forest. Our sensations were like those you get from reading an exquisite old poem.

To come to the prose of the matter, the Cathedral was begun some eight hundred years ago, and is the only large Gothic church in Germany which is

completed. The tower is finished with a spire; and though of so ponderous a material as stone, so light in its effect as to give you the idea (it did give it to L.) of an arrow shooting from a bow. I can go on and give you dimensions, colour, and form; but after all, there is nothing for you but to come and see\*.

*Berne, Sept. 25.*

MY DEAR C.,

My last letter was from Basle, a town containing twenty-one thousand inhabitants, and our first resting-place in Switzerland. It is at the head of the navigation of the Rhine, and the current is here so rapid and the ascent so difficult, that, as we looked out from the windows of our hotel, *Drei*

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\* My readers will thank me, I am sure, for condensing into a few pages my journal of our route from Frankfort to Basle. It was full of variety and beauty in the external world, but there was little incident and no character; and it requires a skilful artist to make his landscape attractive without figures. We became ourselves tired of the repetition of descriptions of villages and castles; and, finally, we amused ourselves with making the following summary of epithets. For castles:—"beautiful, brooding, baronial, crowning, elevated, lofty, high, grand, magnificent, superb, sublime, lordly, mounted, mouldering, murky, perched, springing up, suspended, overlooking, watching, protecting, guardian, smiling, frowning, threatening, lowering, hovering, hung, towering, decayed, dilapidated, crumbling, ruinous, picturesque, lovely, light, airy, massy, heavy." Villages:—"Pitched, perched, planted, embosomed, lapped, cradled, nested, sheltered, hidden, concealed, cribbed, ensconced, peeping, terraced." We had the modesty to call them *synonymes*.

*Könige*, whose walls it washes, we should have thought it impossible but for witnessing the fact. We walked out on the terraces over the ramparts, overlooking on one side the Rhine, and on the other beautiful surroundings, bounded by the Jura, the Vosges, and the Black Forest.

We went to the Minster; not to admire it, for it is a huge clumsy edifice of the eleventh century; its antiquity desecrated with that Protestant innovation—pews. But we were attracted by a bust of Erasmus, and a monument to him. He and other distinguished reformers were buried here. It did not strike me quite agreeably to see the memorials of these men in a church whose faith they had dissolved, and whose worship they had subjugated. This is too much like converting a conquered enemy's holiest possessions into trophies.

Basle is Holbein's birthplace; and we saw there a collection of his pictures and sketches—a few of the originals of his most celebrated pictures. It is always interesting to go to the birthplace of a man of genius. However far his fame has extended, there his heart has rested; that has been the scene of his affections, and, of course, of the happiest hours of his life.

At Basle posting ended, and we took a *voiturier* \*. Shortly after leaving Basle we passed a

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\* An individual undertakes with one set of horses to conduct you for one or two days, or all over Europe, if you please. They



spot memorable in Swiss history, where a battle was fought in 1444 between the Swiss and French. The Swiss fought with invincible courage, and killed tenfold their number. It was the unblenching valour displayed on this occasion, that led a French monarch to select the Swiss for his body-guard, and, of course, from this epoch, from this battle-ground, dates the employment of Swiss as mercenaries. This is a foul blot on their escutcheon, but they have done what could be done to diminish it, by serving with a fidelity that has passed into a proverb.

On leaving Bienne we mounted a hill, whence we saw the Lake of Bienne and the lovely island where Rousseau lived; and it was while we were

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travel from twenty-five to forty miles a day, starting and stopping at an hour agreed on, and resting two hours in the middle of the day. Your postilion is seldom the owner of the horses, but always a reliable person, and we found him uniformly civil: his civility is indeed secured by his wages in some measure depending on the satisfaction he gives. You pay fifteen francs a day for each horse (this includes return fare); five francs a day, if he serves you well, to your postilion; and five francs a day for each horse whenever you wish to lie by. In Italy, perhaps elsewhere, it is very common for the *voiturier* to provide for you at the inns. In this case you make a contract with him as to the kind and mode of your supplies, and the price to be paid. On the first of two occasions when we tried this we were perfectly well served; but on a second, being not so well served, we preferred travelling less trammelled, and not quite so much in the fashion of a bale of goods. On the whole, when the roads are good, and the days not at the shortest, to *elderly people* *voiturier* travelling is a very agreeable mode. We would not recommend it to the impatient or the young, who like to put a girdle "round the earth in forty minutes."

on this hill that a cry went from mouth to mouth of, "The Alps! the Alps! the Alps!" Our hearts and—yes, I will tell you the whole truth—our eyes were full; for how, but by knowing how we felt, can you estimate the sensations they are fitted to produce? We have heard of the Alps all our lives. We have read descriptions of them in manuscript and print, in prose and poetry; we knew their measurement; we have seen sketches, and paintings, and models of them; and yet, I think, if we had looked into the planet Jupiter, we could scarcely have felt a stronger emotion of surprise. In truth, up, up, where they hung and shone, they seemed to belong to heaven rather than earth; and yet, such is the mystery of the spirit's kindred with the effulgent beauty of God's works, that they seemed

"A part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them."

François ordered the postilion to stop, and for a minute not a sound broke the delicious spell. The day, fortunately, was favourable. The whole range of the Bernese Alps was before us, unclouded, undimmed by a breath of vapour. There they were, like glittering wedges cleaving the blue atmosphere. I had no anticipation of the exquisite effect of the light on these aerial palaces, of a whiteness as glittering and dazzling as the garments of the angels, and the contrast of the *black* shadows, and here

and there golden and rose-coloured hues. I have no notion of attempting to describe them; but you shall not reproach me, as we, so soon as we recovered our voices, reproached all our travelled friends with, "Why did not they tell us?" "How cruel, how stupid to let any one live and die without coming to see the Alps!" This morning was an epoch in our lives.

I LEFT them lunching at Aarberg, and walked on alone. I hoard with a miser's feeling every minute in this beautiful country. All my life I have been longing to come to Switzerland, and now so rapid must be our passage through it, it seems as if, like the rainbow, it would fade away while I am looking at it. The softer, the comparatively *very* tame parts of it, remind me of our own home surroundings, which we have always deemed and which are so romantically lovely. This resemblance, and the little domestic scenes I passed while straying on alone, gave me a home feeling. Once I sat down on a bridge to look at some peasant women who were dressing flax on a grassy bank sloping to the water's edge, while their children were dabbling in the brook. A little girl, of her own kind will, left her playmates, came straying on to the bridge, and sat down by me, looking up in my face with a sweet, trustful expression, as if she had grown at my side. I perceived one of the

flax-dressers suspend her hetchelling to watch our by-play, and, toil-worn, weather-beaten as she was, it was easy to see, in her pleased attention, that she was the mother of the fair, dimpled, bright-eyed little creature beside me. She was a picture in her pretty Bernese costume. I asked her question upon question about her black lace fly-cap, her braids, and chains, and bodice; and she replied, and, though our words were in an unknown tongue, we had no need of an interpreter. She had got her arm around my neck; and as I took her dimpled hand in mine, I was tempted to cross it with silver, but I checked the impulse in time, not to substitute for the kindly feeling that for the moment had knit the little stranger to me, a sordid emotion. It would have been a disturbance of Nature's sympathies and affinities. There should be other intercourse than mere giving and taking between the rich and the poor; it would be well for both parties.

*Berne.*—I stood in the balcony of Professor V.'s house this morning, while his son pointed out the different summits of the Bernese Alps and gave me their names. It seemed something like being introduced to so many illustrious heroes; and so they are; for there they have stood battling it with the elements since their foundations were laid, inspiring in each generation, as it came and passed, awe and

delight. You can hardly imagine a position within the bounds of a town so lovely as that of Professor V.'s house. It has a terraced garden in the rear extending to the Aar more than a hundred feet below it, a stream with a *Swiss* voice. Then think of having these Alps for your daily companions—of the dawn and the sunset upon them! Professor V.'s wife is the sister of our friend Doctor Follen. They assembled their family (very charming young people) and some of their friends to see us. I hardly enjoyed this scene, for, whether I looked out of the window or in, I could only think of our beloved friend, and of what it had cost him to break the ties that bound him to his glorious country and to such kindred. Those who achieve liberty in their homes can hardly estimate the love of freedom, the devotion to human rights, that drives such a man as Charles Follen into voluntary and perpetual exile!

We pride ourselves on the asylum our country offers to the champions of liberty who have become the victims of the Old World's oppressors. This they owe to our fathers. Is not our welcome too often a cold and stinted one? Do we not often regard them with distrust, rather than supply to them, as far as may be, the lost charities of home\*?

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\* I have omitted our journey from Berne to Geneva, as we retraced this route in 1840, and then passed some most delightful

*Geneva, Sept. 28.*

MY DEAR C——,

THIS place, so long a city of refuge to the victims of a persecuting creed, has a peculiar interest to all lovers of religious liberty. As religious freedom is a natural spur to intellect, Geneva has long been, and is yet, a focus of great names, which have extended indefinitely the intellectual dominions of this little canton; so little, that Voltaire said,—“When I shake out my wig, I powder the whole republic!”

There is nothing very attractive in the aspect of the town. There is the usual opposition found in the Continental towns, of the romantic to the useful, in the contrast between the picturesque, inconvenient old structures, and the modern, light, commodious buildings. Lake Lemman you and all the civilised world have by heart through Byron's poetry and Rousseau's eloquent descriptions; and what a world of tiresome journal-reading, “skimble-skamble stuff,” you are saved thereby! We are at an hotel on the Rhone, just where it issues from the lake; “the arrowy Rhone” it truly is here. The water is of an indigo blue colour, a peculiarity which Sir Humphry Davy imputes to the presence of iodine.

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weeks in Switzerland, which came into a subsequent portion of my letters.

WE went to the Cathedral this morning, attracted by its association with Calvin's name. It was here this great man preached when he was exercising almost unlimited sway over the consciences and lives of the Genevese, and here he promulgated those doctrines that are still the rule of faith to the strictest sects of the religious world. There are various opinions as to the soundness of his doctrines; but no one can question the mental energy of a man, a private individual, and a stranger, who, by the mere force of his fulminations, governed, and with the severest rein, the dress, the dinners, and the amusements of this community.

We found a large congregation listening intently to a preacher, who set before them the duties resulting from the superior light their fathers had enjoyed. He made use of one very discreet tactic. During the sermon he made three pauses of about two minutes each, which not only gave him time to draw his breath and arrange his thoughts, but provided a safety-valve, by which the coughs and other impertinent sounds so annoying were let off, and on we glided in silent attention. The benediction that closed the service was a pleasing variation from the common formula. "*Allez en paix, souvenez-vous des pauvres, et que la paix de Dieu reste avec vous* \*!" You can hardly imagine, my

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\* "Go in peace, remember the poor, and may the peace of God dwell with you."

dear C., what a refreshment a good sermon is to those who are deprived, Sunday after Sunday, of their accustomed religious services. The sermon was apparently extempore, and delivered with an unction that delighted us. On coming out, we learned we had heard M. Cockerel, of Paris, a celebrated evangelical preacher.

Towards evening, K. and I drove out to M. Sismondi's. He resides at Chesne. We drove away from the lake on a level road, past pleasant villas, and in face of Mont Blanc; thickly veiled his face was though, and, as we are told, he does not show it, on an average, more than sixty times a-year. After a pleasant drive of a mile and a half, we reached M. Sismondi's house, a low, cottage-like building, with a pretty hedge before it, and ground enough about it to give it an air of seclusion and refinement. On the opposite side of the road, and withdrawn from it, is a Gothic church, shaded by fine old trees; and before it is the Salève, and Mont Blanc for a back-ground. I envied those who could sit down on the stone benches in the broad vestibule of the church, with these glorious high altars before them. It pleased me to find Sismondi's home in a position so harmonising with the elevation and tranquillity of his philosophic mind. As we drove up the serpentine approach to his door, I felt a little trepidation, lest I might not find a friend in my long and intimate corre-



spondent—a natural dread of the presence of a celebrated man; but I had no sooner seen his benignant face, and heard the earnest tones of his kind welcome, than I felt how foolish, how pitiful was such a dread; and that I might as well have feared going into the sunshine, or into the presence of any other agent, however powerful, that is the source of general health and happiness. To our surprise, we found we were expected. Confalonieri is in Geneva, and, expecting to intercept us, has delayed for some days his return to Paris.

After an hour we came away perfectly satisfied. Not a look, a word, or tone of voice had reminded us that we were meeting for the first time. We seemed naturally, and with the glow of personal intercourse, to be carrying on the thread of an acquaintance that we had been all our lives weaving. I can say nothing truer, nor to you more expressive, than that the atmosphere of home seemed to enfold us. You would like to know how M. Sismondi looks. I can tell you that he is short, stout, and rather thick; that he has a dark complexion, plenty of black hair, and brilliant hazel eyes; and then you will have just about as adequate a notion of his soul-lit face as you would have of the beauty of Monument Mountain, the Housatonic, and our meadows, if you had never seen the sun shine upon them or the shadows play over them. I sometimes think it matters not

what the original structure is, when the character is written on it, and the golden light of the soul shines over it. It is a very common opinion, but is it not an erroneous one, that you cannot form a correct opinion of an author from his works? Nine-tenths (ninety-nine hundredths?) of authors, so called, are mere collectors—*rifacitori*—ingenious makers of patchwork. An original writer writes with earnestness and sincerity. As Titian is said to have ground up flesh to produce his true colouring, so their works are a portion of their spirits; the book is, in fact, the man.

WE dined at Chesne to-day. Madame S. insisted we should all come, saying, in her kindest manner, "It is but sitting a little closer;" and, turning to Confalonieri, "We do not give entertainments; but it is better than Spielberg, my dear count." We found everything as you would wish to find it in the house of a liberal friend. Married people without children have always seemed to me much like mutes, but here I do not miss them—affections that flow full and free will make their own channels. Sismondi rarely dines out, and "has not," Madame S. says, "in his life drunk a half-glass of wine beyond what was good for him;" and surely he has his reward in a clear head, and unshaken hand. He is sixty-seven. Madame S. expressed her regret that he was so near the allotted term of

life, while "he had yet so much to do." "I wish," she added, playfully, "that I were nineteen, and my husband twenty-one." Sismondi replied, that he should not care to live his life over again; "it had been so happy, he should not dare to trust the chances." We in our rash love would have exclaimed, "O king, live for ever!" forgetting that he will live for ever without "the chances."

I inquired after a pair of lovers who had suffered from a forbidden attachment, and whose marriage had been effected by Sismondi's intervention. A letter had just been received from the wife expressing in the strongest terms her happiness. Madame S. said "it was indeed a satisfaction to have made one human being happy." "One, and it may be more," added Sismondi; "for there is already one child, and there may be many more." Is it not a sign of a healthy moral condition when a man of sixty-seven takes it for granted that existence is happiness?

You should have heard the clatter of our young people as we drove away. "Who would think M. Sismondi was a celebrated savant!" exclaimed L.; "I should never think of his being a great author, or anything but the best and kindest of men." "Did you observe," said M., whose American feeling is always at welding heat, "how perfectly well informed he is about America, even to the smallest details?" K. declared that, though she

had ridiculed the idea of falling in love at first sight, she had already plunged so deep into an affection for Sismondi that she began to think such a catastrophe possible. And then came other characteristic remarks; L. maintaining that "Madame S. could not be an Englishwoman, she was so gentle and lovely!" and M. saying she was like the best specimens of American women—like E. F. and S.; and we finally laid aside all our national biases *pour et contre*, and finished by agreeing that she is

"That kind of creature we could most desire  
To honour, serve, and love."

K. AND I walked out this morning to breakfast with the Sismondis. It was scarcely nine when we sat down to the table. He breakfasted on curds and cream, and on these delicate articles Madame S. says he expends all his *gourmandise*. Nine is not late now (October 6), and he had already written three letters and several graceful stanzas for some lady's album. It is by these well-ordered habits of diligence that he accomplishes such an immensity of work. And with all this labour his mind is as free, as much at ease as if he had nothing in the world to do but make his social home the cheerful place it is. He spoke in terms of high commendation of Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella, but he thought Mr. P. had painted his heroine-queen *en beau*, and he went on to express

his detestation of her bigotry, and his horror of its tremendous effects. We women contended for her conjugal and maternal character. "And what," he asked, "had she done for her children but educate a madwoman?" Madame S. reminded him of Catharine of Aragon. "But she," he said, "was not Isabella's daughter." We all smiled, and I said that I was glad to find him at fault in a point of history. "Ah!" he replied, "history for me is divided into two parts: that which I have written and forgotten, and that which I have not written and have not yet learned."

M. Sismondi was to bring us to town in his carriage, and, before setting off, there was a good-humoured conjugal discussion who, of a swarm of strangers, all, of course, with letters to the Sismondis, were to be invited there in the evening. Madame S. objected to Lady So-and-so; "she would talk 'tittery tattery;'" and to Madame —, who "would come expecting a grand soirée." Sismondi pleaded for all, and finally came away to make his visits to these people with much the feeling that a bountiful man has in going among the poor with a purse full of money, which he feels coerced to withhold by the reigning theories of political economy. And *apropos* of political economy, Sismondi remarked this morning that the English political economists had quite overlooked the most striking circumstance in the condition of

the Continental peasantry, that is, that they are either the absolute proprietors of the land they cultivate, or they are metayers, that is, they cultivate it on shares. The lease is sometimes for three hundred years. You see at once this gives a stability and dignity to their condition which the English tenant has not; and the pride and pleasure of family transmission, and thus an extension of their being.

I asked if the working classes here were making progress. He said "No; on the contrary, there was less development of mind than fifty years ago, for then there existed a law, now annulled, forbidding a master-workman to employ more than two journeymen. Now the tendency of things is to make great capitalists, and to reduce the mass of men to mere 'mechanicals.' As to progress with the peasantry, that was quite out of the question." What a strange and death-like condition this seems to us! When I think of the new, the singularly happy condition of our people among the working classes of the world, I am vexed at their solemn, anxious faces. If they have all outward prosperity, they have not that cheerfulness of the countenance which the wise man says betokeneth the prosperity of the heart. There is something wrong in this—some contravention of Providence.

I MET M. De Candolle last evening at a soirée

at Sismondi's. Besides having the greatest name in Europe as a botanist, he is a most agreeable person. He and Sismondi talked across me most courteously of our country, and with a minuteness of information that showed what an interesting field it is to the philosopher and the man of science. De Candolle spoke respectfully of our botanists, Grey, Nuttall, and Elliott, and dwelt on the superior richness of our country, for the botanist, to Europe. "America is for me and not for Sismondi," he said; "for you have no history." He does not imagine how much we make of our little!

There were some dozen people present, and we took our tea round the tea-table, which was spread with biscuits, cake, sweetmeats, and fruit, quite in the rural fashion of New-England. The English, we are told, laugh at this mode of hospitality, and desecrate Lake Lemman with the homely title of "*Tea-water Lake*." When will the English learn to look with a philosophic eye on customs that differ from their own?

There was a gentleman present who enacted the part of the fly on the wheel, making a prodigious buzzing. He seemed particularly disturbed with the idea of women intermeddling in politics, but graciously concluded by conceding "they might know what they would on the subject provided they did not talk about it." "On the contrary," said De Candolle, "they may talk as much

as they please provided they know nothing." So, pardon the vulgar proverb, the fool put us into the frying-pan, and the wise man pushed us into the fire!

De Candolle adverted to the curious subject of relative happiness. He said you might know the moment of passing from a Protestant to a Catholic canton by the extreme wretchedness of the people; and yet they were far more gay than their Protestant neighbours.\* This he imputed in part to their throwing off the burden of their sins every Sunday, and in part to their having no anxious dreams of improving their condition; to their being, in short, in that respect, in the condition of the brutes that are grazing in the fields. M. de Candolle is right; it is those "who *have* a prospect" that strain every nerve to press forward. It is the foreseeing, the providing, the *calculating*, that shadows over the countenances of an ever-onward people with anxiety. With so much good we must take the evil patiently.†

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\* At the Reformation, the religion of each canton was decided by vote; in some cases by a majority of only one or two voices. The dissenters acquiesced or removed. "Dieu bénisse la plus grande voix," was their motto; their version of "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*"

† The working man of the Old World has nothing to do, *can* do nothing, but provide for the cravings of nature. What does our working man? Strain every nerve to *educate* a son, and give to all his children "school privileges." Instead of tilling another's land, he improves *his own* farm, or strives to be able to buy a



*Sunday evening.*—WE have just returned from taking tea with the Sismondis. Madame S. spoke of the Genevese women as the most exemplary she has ever known; this, mind ye, is the opinion of an Englishwoman. They are reproached, she says, with being *raide* and pedantic in their virtues, but she maintains that "it is exactness, not pedantry." She attributes much of the merit of their strict performance of their moral duties to the pastors of Geneva. Every young person, on attaining the age of fifteen, enters on a course of religious instruction from the pastor, which excludes other studies and all amusements. All ranks are comprised in this sacred study and noviciate. The neophyte is examined at the end of the year, and, if found wanting, the instruction is extended through another year. When admitted to the communion, she appears dressed in white, veiled, and attended by her friends, and a discourse is preached touching the duties and dangers of her future life. All this must make a deep impression on the mind at

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better. Instead of a blind submission to a transmitted faith and an imposed priest, he examines the grounds of his religion and selects its minister; and in place of an inevitable obedience to absolute rulers and oppressive laws, he chooses his governors, and the legislators that are to make and modify the laws he is to obey. It is obvious what different places in the scale of humanity are occupied by these two classes of *working men*, and why the happiness of the citizen of the United States should not be the happiness of the *peasant*, but should be more elevated, more extended, and more *serious*.

its most susceptible period. Madame S. says she has often been astonished at the nice discrimination of her domestics on moral subjects ; and when she asked, " Where did you learn this ? " they replied, " Ah, madam, we learned a great deal during our year of instruction ! "

There is another old institution in Geneva to which she imputes much virtue. This is the *Société des Dimanches* (the " Sunday Society "). When a girl attains the age of five years she is made a member of a *Société des Dimanches*, consisting of the children of her mother's friends. They meet every Sunday afternoon, attended only by a nurse or governess, who does not prescribe their amusements, and only interferes in case of necessity. The first girl of the community who marries gives her name to the society, and as soon as there is a married woman among them, young men are admitted, on application, by the vote of the sisterhood. Their meetings continue through life. Madame S. says this association supplies to the lonely the attachments and aids of a family circle ; that if a girl falls into misfortune, she is succoured by her companions ; if her father's fortunes are ruined, there is no apparent change in her condition. This institution is confined to the native Genevese ; of course Madame S. is excluded, and her favourable opinion is the result of her observation of its effects, and not of an esprit de corps. Sismondi is

a member of three societies, De Candolle of every one in the place. It was delightful to see the pleased interest with which Sismondi listened to his wife's eulogium of his countrywomen. He drew his chair nearer and nearer, and when she ended he he put his arm around her, and said with that simplicity which in him is such a grace, "*Je te remercie, mon cœur.*"

Sismondi said the chief glory of Geneva resulted from its having been the asylum of the oppressed from all parts of Europe. "I can never think without emotion," he continued, "of the band of French Protestants who came here for refuge." His voice was choked; after a moment he added, "When they reached the summit of the Jura and saw the lake and city before them, they all, with one accord, fell on their knees and sang a psalm!" His tears again interrupted him, and he apologised for them, saying, "*Ce sont les choses qui me meuvent le plus; je ne peux jamais en parler.\**" You have an infallible test of the heart when you know what does most move it. In this uncontrollable emotion Sismondi betrayed the unbounded love of freedom and the deep love of his fellow-creatures that breathe in all his works.

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\* "These are the sort of things that most move me; I cannot speak of them." Though Sismondi speaks English perfectly well, French is his language, and, when off his guard, he falls into it.

SISMONDI was to take K. and me up to-day on his way to Malagny, where we were engaged to dine at Mrs. Marcet's. He came rather late, and somewhat flurried; one of his horses, a faithful servant stricken in years, had fallen on the way. He lamented him as your Willie would have lamented old Larry. "I must make up my mind to it now," he said; "he must be shot, I would shoot my wife if she were in such a condition!"

We got another carriage, and were at Mrs. Marcet's quite in time. This lady, as I am sure your grown-up and growing-up girls will be glad to know (if there is any gratitude in them), is living in affluence, and with great elegance, at one of the most beautiful villas on the lake. Don't let them imagine she has found the philosopher's stone in her scientific researches. She inherited her fortune, and has set them the example of studying for the love of it, and has reaped, distributed, and enjoyed a rich harvest.

WE went last evening to our friends at Chesne to meet a *sewing society* for the poor—just such as we have in our own villages. We found the historian of the Italian Republics, and the writer of other and more books than many people ever read, arranging the chairs and tables with madame, and Henri and Françoise, their servants, whom

they treat more like friends than servants. Presently, Madame Martin, the wife of the pastor, entered with a pile of garments cut out and ready for her coadjutors. Their goings-on were much like ours on similar occasions, except that the husbands were allowed admittance, and a quiet game of whist in the corner, provided they play for a few sous, and give the winnings to the society. M. Martin is a man of superior intellect and most delightful countenance; I thought so, at least, while he was asking me questions with great interest about my country. The girls had promised to join the sewers, but, instead, they were reapers. I turned, and saw them all gathered round M. Sismondi in the corner, L. at his feet, and he reciting Italian verses to them!

WE drank tea last evening with Madame B., a pretty little Genevese, who lives during the summer at a most lovely place on the lake. We walked down to the shore by the twilight, and saw at a short distance a beautiful chaloupe (a yacht) with, as it appeared, a single sailor on board. Madame B. shouted to him, and directly he came in a row-boat to the shore, and proved to be her brother, a youth who, while getting a mercantile education at Liverpool, conceived such a passion for water-pleasures, that his father has given him this chaloupe; and every day, after coming from the counting-

house in town, he puts on his red flannel shirt and tarpaulin, and enacts the sailor on the lake. He rowed us to the chaloupe. It was a warm and lovely evening, and there we floated in a state of quiet enjoyment, not a sail passing us, or a sound disturbing our tranquillity. What a contrast this lake to what it would be with us! It is the largest lake in Switzerland, between forty and fifty miles long and six broad, with Geneva, a free town of 30,000 inhabitants, at one end of it, and many populous towns on its shores, and on the great thoroughfare to Italy. Some of the land about it is extremely valuable, selling at one thousand pounds sterling an acre, and producing 8000 bottles of wine; and, finally, Geneva is so mercantile a place in its character, and so thriving, that, as some wag has said, "If you see a man jumping out of a third story window, you may safely jump after him; you will be sure of making ten per cent. by it."

With all these incitements to activity, there is hardly a sail moving on the lake, and only one little steamer, that plies daily between Geneva and Vevay. No wonder De Tocqueville says he was prepared for everything in America but its general stir.

We had a family party at tea, the father and uncle of our hostess. They have all summer residences within one inclosure; on one "campagne," as they call a country place here. Our

new acquaintances have the sterling currency of our best people at home : intelligence, good sense, and naturalness. The family ties are drawn closer here than with us, where the young birds are driven forth from the parent-nest as soon as fledged.

You would not thank me, perhaps, for saying nothing of Ferney, though I can have nothing new to say of a place that every traveller visits. We made an hour's drive of it to the village of Ferney, a place which grew up under Voltaire's fostering hand during his twenty years' residence here. The church is standing which he erected for *others* to worship in. The pious revolutionists have removed the stone on which he inscribed "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" The château and grounds are in good preservation. The show-rooms, Voltaire's bed-room, and an adjoining salon are, with good taste, kept by the proprietor as Voltaire left them,—that is, as far as the virtuoso-spoilers will permit them to be. The bed-curtains have been torn off shred by shred, till only fragments remain. The apartment struck me as one of the saddest monuments of human vanity. There were everywhere traits of that littleness of mind which, in spite of Voltaire's infinite genius and his love of freedom—his utter hatred of bigotry and tyranny ecclesiastical and political—degraded him, justly diminished his influence with most people and

destroyed it with the best. None but moral power has an indestructible agency.

There is a picture in the salon—a wretched daub—said to have been painted by his direction, at any rate it was hung up under his eye. He is represented as being led to the throne of Apollo by Henry the Fourth, with the *Henriade* in his hand, while Fame blows her trumpet, and a host of allegorical winged figures stand ready with smoking censers in their hands to usher him into the temple of Memory. Beneath his feet lie his detractors undergoing every species of torment.

In his bedroom is another apotheosis, a “*fantasie*,” called “*Le Tombeau de Voltaire*.” The four quarters of the globe, represented by emblematical figures, are approaching to do homage, while Ignorance, with bat’s wings and bandaged eyes, is advancing to drive them away. America is represented by Franklin in a fur cap, moccasins, and a blanket!—The dear old sage, the very antagonist principle of savage life! Opposite the fireplace is a huge erection, that looks more like a German stove than anything else, with an urn on the top of it, in which Voltaire’s heart was to have been placed. It is thus inscribed: “*Mes manes sont consolés puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous;*” and underneath, “*Son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici.*” The empire of his mind has contracted to a small space; and as to his



heart—but God forgive us for our narrow judgments!

By the side of a portrait of Catherine II. of Russia, worked in worsted by herself for Voltaire, there is a picture of a very sweet-looking young woman, his laundress, and another of a Savoyard peasant-boy whom he adopted; this looked well. On one side of the fire-place is a portrait of Madame de Châtelet, tremendously rouged; and on the other, of Mademoiselle St. Denis. Among some indifferently-engraved heads hanging up, I noticed Racine, Corneille, Milton, Newton, Washington, and Franklin. If, as I have fancied, the pictures a man selects for his bed-room afford some indication of his character, these are good witnesses for Voltaire. The furniture was ordinary, and nothing superfluous.

We walked over the grounds, and were shown the "petite forêt" (a long avenue through a wood), down which he daily drove in great state with six horses and gilded harness. We passed through his "*Berceau*," a walk between elm-trees closely planted and trained to meet overhead, where, it is said, he composed as he walked.

On one side the boundary of his estate is marked by a high embankment, which, we were told, he had made to shut out the view of the château from a man with whom he had had a controversy at law. Was it in his own heart that he found the

gall to write his satires on human nature? He was, they say, the terror of all the little boys in the neighbourhood; and yet there are local tales of his generosity and benevolence; an ocean of them could scarcely wash out this stain.

We went to see an old man living in a lodge on the estate, who was the son of Voltaire's gardener, and who had the honour of carrying his note-book for him during his walks the last four years of his life. He drives a good trade, showing "antiquities," as he calls some old rubbish, relics of his saint—canes, wig, &c. The only thing worthy of note was a book of seals, which Voltaire was in the habit of taking from the letters of his correspondents, and preserving in this way for reference, so that he might know who were the writers of subsequent letters, and take them or not, as suited him, from the post-office. To many of them he had affixed after the name a word of comment, as "J. J. Rousseau—un Bouillon!" The prevailing one is "Fou!" The old man gave us an absurd narrative of the beginning of Voltaire's and Gibbon's acquaintance. I do not know what foundation in truth it has, but there is some wit in it. Voltaire had been offended by a sarcasm of Gibbon's on his person; and when he first visited Ferney, its master shut himself up in his room, desiring his niece to be polite to his visiter. But his visiter persevering in staying, he wrote him

the following note: "Don Quichotte prenait les auberges pour des châteaux, mais vous prenez mon château pour une auberge\*."

"Eh bien, madame," said François, as we returned to the carriage, "vous avez vu le château du plus grand poète du monde." Oh, shades of Shakspeare, Milton, Dante, that even a courier should thus style Voltaire!—but this *is* fame.

WE have been to Coppet, about seven miles from Geneva, and all the way a most enchanting drive on the borders of the lake. The château is occupied by the Baroness de Staël, the widow of Madame de Staël's only son—a childless widow. Madame Sismondi told me she saw the poor woman's only child die in her arms. So there is no present, no future to this abode of genius and filial love. The château has a park attached to it, and is a large edifice, with an air of wealth and comfort. The family burying-place is surrounded with so thick a plantation of trees that you can see nothing from without, and all ingress is forbidden to strangers. I like this. The places of our dead should be kept for those who come with soft tread and tearful eyes. I felt a nervous shuddering in looking at this burial-place. There was in Madame de Staël something so opposed to death—

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\* "Don Quixotte took inns for castles; you have taken my castle for an inn."

a life that "worked up to spirit" what in others is inert, that it seemed as if she herself were struggling to escape from this silence and inactivity.

I have heard Madame de Staël spoken of here among her old neighbours and friends as one of the most amiable of women, full of all sorts of gentle humanities; and yet — tells me that spending a day at Coppet was in Madame de Staël's lifetime one of the heaviest things imaginable. The Duchess de Broglie and her brother were silent and indifferent. The son was overshadowed by his mother's genius, and — thinks the Duchess de Broglie might have been saddened by the violence her mother's life did to her very strict religious ideas. It was not till very near the close of her life that the daughter awoke to a sense of happiness, and then she was a completely altered woman.

Madame de Staël's experience is against the theory of the transmission of genius by the mother. Her son, by De Rocca, now living in Paris, is said to be an excessively ridiculous person, silly and affected; and, what is worse, rich and avaricious. The world have been much amused with a story of his having jumped out of a window from mere fright. Is it not strange that a son of Madame de Staël and De Rocca, a man of known valour, should have neither intellect nor bravery?

WE have one association with the waters of

“clear and placid Leman,” not very poetic, though poetic it should be, since so true a poet as Dickens has taken to weaving the warp and woof of working life in “fancy’s loom.” Directly under the window of our saloon, at a few feet from the shore, and communicating with it by a bridge, there is a wash-house, where at least fifty washerwomen wash every day, and all day from dawn till dark. You know we look upon Monday as the day Job cursed, because it is devoted to this hardest of household labour. But here these poor women are at it week in and week out, rubbing the clothes on an inclined board, beating them, and then stretching out of the window to rinse them in the rushing water. What a holiday is our women’s “washing-day” compared to this. It was well for them they had excited our sympathy, for my laundress has just brought home my clothes with a deficit of a night-dress; and, on my asking for it, she replied, “Ah, madame, c’est noyé!” (it is drowned;) an accident which, she tells me, often occurs.

AFTER waiting as long for fair weather\* as we

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\* The clouds, or, as they say, the “le chapeau de Mont Blanc,” were never fairly off his head while we were at Geneva, for three weeks. We had, however, little rain, and the weather was uniform and of a delicious temperature, the mercury scarcely varying day or night from 64°. M. Sismondi told me that in winter it sometimes falls as low as 20° below zero, Fahrenheit; and he had known it in one day fall forty degrees. This approaches our climate of magnificent extremes.

discreetly could, we left Geneva yesterday on an excursion to Chamouny; and though the sun shone out on our starting, we arrived after nightfall at St. Martin's in a pouring rain. This morning, when I rose at six, it was still cloudy, but not raining, and I could see (if I half broke my neck to look straight up rocky ramparts) here and there a pinnacle of the Alps. The peasants were passing in carts and on foot to their labour, very, *very* poor, but decently clad in substantial stuffs, and, almost without exception, with umbrellas—a rare, and but a holiday luxury with our working people at home!

I went down to a stone-bridge a few yards from our inn, where we are told that in clear weather there is one of the most beautiful views in Switzerland. Even as I saw it, with Mont Blanc hidden and half the sublime mountains that inclose the valley veiled in mist, there was as much beauty as I could take in. I will not attempt to describe it, for I could only use terms I have used before, and you would get no new idea; while to us it seemed as if we stood on the vestibule of another world. While I remained on the bridge in a sort of rapturous trance, I stopped a peasant with the question with which I importune every passer-by, "Shall we see Mont Blanc to-day?" "Ah! I do not know—it is possible—*cependant le tems est un peu fâcheux.*" He saw I was *sorrier* than the

weather, and lingered to point out to me some promising signs, and we fell into a little talk, in the course of which he found out that I came from New-York, at which he made a vehement exclamation, and added that he had a brother in my country. "In what part of it?" I asked, "for it is somewhat bigger than Switzerland."

"In Buenos Ayres! and if Madame would have the goodness to take a letter to him!"

"With all my heart," I said, "but that New-York was much farther from Buenos Ayres than St. Martin's from Paris." "Ah! but it was on the same side of the great sea;" and he seemed so sure Heaven had sent "madame" an express to take the letter, that I gave him my word I would do my best to get it to his brother; upon which he was posting off to Sallenches, three or four miles, to obtain a sheet of paper on which to write it. I offered him one, so he came with me to the inn, and I heard him telling our postilion what a capital opportunity he had found to send a letter to his brother! His letter will put in requisition the best writer of the parish, to get it ready before our return from Chamouny. Poor peasant of St. Martin's! But there are homesick times, my dear C., when I could envy him his ignorance of distances.

We left St. Martin's at nine in two *chars à bancs*, a little low carriage which, with squeezing, will

contain three people, sitting sideways to the horses, who trot at a pretty good pace over the steep and stony hills. The drive to Chamouny is perfectly Swiss in its character; stern and wild, lonely, and yet most beautiful. The poor peasants, toiling in these sullen solitudes, strike you at one moment as the most helpless and neglected children of earth, and at the next you look at them with a sort of reverence and admiration. You see young creatures just on the threshold of life, and old women just dropping out of it, who all day long are following their cows, their few sheep, and sometimes a single goat, around these rocky precipices, on the verge of *eternal* snow, menaced by avalanches, slides, and torrents, with their knitting in their hands, dauntless and as fearless as if they were in our quiet pastures beside our still waters. "The heavens shall be rent as a scroll, the mountains shall tremble, the earth shall pass away"—the spirit of man remaineth!

You are constantly reminded of man's perils and wants. Here you pass a mute little stream that a few hours' rain swells to a frightful torrent; and there the bed of a lake that last year was a mirror of beauty, and now is a mass of naked stones and dirt; everywhere are crucifixes to remind you that where danger is present religion is felt to be a necessity. The sunshine and shadows that flit over the gleaming needles and walls of rock fill



every minute with the sensations of events. Nature speaks here to the soul, as history, poetry, tragedy do elsewhere.

As you approach Chamouny, the interval between the mountains becomes narrower and narrower; and when you enter what is properly the "valley," and see a little cluster of houses and a sprinkling of cottages over the almost inaccessible hill-sides, you wonder where are bestowed the 3000 people who, our guide-book tells us, dwell here.

It is not quite a hundred years since Chamouny has been visited except by those who came to supply the physical and religious wants of the poor people. *Campus Munitus*, *Champ-muni*, or fortified field, perhaps from its mountain boundaries, was the origin of its present name. Now more than three thousand visitors come here in one season; three thousand happy creatures they must be, at least once in their lives. We could easily believe that the snowy peaks we see belong to Mont Blanc; but the good people are too loyal to their sovereign to let us enjoy this delusion. "Oh, non, non, ce n'est pas Mont Blanc—c'est *bien* dommage, mais Mont Blanc est voilé\*."

We were posting off to the source of the *Avveron*, but some English explorers have just returned, and, in conjunction with our weary bones aching from

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\* "No, that is not Mont Blanc; it is indeed a pity, but Mont Blanc is hidden."

the jolting cars, have persuaded us the sight is not worth the pains it costs. So here we are, sitting in the balcony, looking up at the clouds that invest Mont Blanc, and at the bright pinnacles that shoot out from the mist which floats over them and then settles down like a dark belt, cutting them off from earth. Truly, they do appear less of earth than of heaven, and I do not think we should be surprised to see cherubim and seraphim floating over them.

THE evening has been chilly, and drove us in early to share, in common with all the guests of this *Hôtel de Londres*, a small mercy of a fire in the *salon à manger*. There are here, besides us; a few other stragglers on the skirts of the season: two noisy English lads, willing to enjoy and impart such fare as they find; a good-humoured Frenchman, ready to throw the little information he possesses into currency; some Germans, civil and satisfied; and a stately English pair sitting in the corner, the lady with her feet stretched out to the fire, in an attitude to express her right to take her ease, and that she is part of no chance company, nor they of her. We crossed the Channel with these people, and have encountered them repeatedly since, and, for our own convenience, we have bestowed on them the sobriquet of Lord and Lady Soho—the name of our steamer. My lady must belong to the family of the man who could not save a

drowning fellow-creature till he was introduced; though I hardly think that even in such extremity she would *ask* for an introduction. Her husband is less a caricature of the infirmity of his nation. He has twice bowed to us, and once he recommended to R., in the exigency of sour bread and bad butter (which, by-the-way, we have here), roast potatoes. This, I think, was in return for a slight favour I once did him; for the English are as scrupulous in paying these small, social debts, as they are abstemious in courtesy.

WE were at the window repeatedly during the night; but, though many pinnacles appeared, like guardsmen bold and good, clouds and darkness were about Mont Blanc. We were early astir to make our arrangements for the ascension of the Montanvert. The whole business of furnishing guides, mules, &c., is placed by the government in the hands of a "*guide en chef*," whose corps consists of forty men\*. We had each a mule and a guide, and paid six francs each; a very moderate price for the service.

E., not being strong enough to ride, was carried in a porte-chaise, by six bearers. Our long procession, as we left the court of the inn, appeared, as my guide, Jacques Simon, said, "like pilgrims going to the shrine of Our Lady." These guides

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\* The price is regulated by a fixed tariff.

are a peculiar people. They are banded together, and Jacques assures me they have no quarrels; as a proof that they feel their mutual dependence, they maintain a common fund to aid the widows and orphans of their companions. They keep much good company, as men of science, and other educated men and women, come from the ends of the earth to be led by them through these magnificent works of nature. These wise people have, for the moment at least, something like a feeling of good fellowship with their peasant-guides; they are, if I may judge by our own sensations, a little nearer heaven, in the spirit as well as in the body, than they ever were before; and thus that happens which should always happen, the electric fire of humanity is transmitted from the highest to the lowest in the scale.

Simon has been a guide since he was sixteen; he is now fifty-two, and, of course, as familiar with these mountain-paths as you are with that to your door-step. He was talkative and eloquent, for he has learned to interpret the voice of Nature, and to discern her spirit in these her most sublime manifestations\*. He described, with a touching grace, the Alpine life of vicissitude, excitement, and hardship. "Our people work hard for a few

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\* Afterward, in seeing more of Switzerland, I became thoroughly convinced that Nature is not her own interpreter to man. I have never seen people that seemed to me merer animals than the Swiss peasants amid their sublimest scenery.

potatoes," he said; "and a misfortune comes," (a "malheur," meaning an *avalanche* or a *slide*;) "tears up their soil, and overwhelms their cottages." A son of the celebrated Balmar, the first man who ever went to the summit of Mont Blanc, has gone to New York to seek his fortune. Simon has had thoughts of following him. This seemed to me a hard case of the "utile contre le beau;" and forgive me, dear C., if I felt, while winding up the Montanvert, that I would not have exchanged a birthright under its shadow for the fee-simple of the Astor House. I was in L.'s vein, who, on some one asking yesterday, "What is the use of ascending Mont Blanc?" she replied, "I hate *use*."

And, by the way, Simon has made this formidable ascension three times, but never will again; as each time, he says, has added ten years to his life. This will give you some notion of the undertaking; and yet, last year, a spirited Frenchwoman achieved it, a Mademoiselle D'Angeville, attended only by these mountain-bred people. They were full of anecdotes of her cheerful courage and perseverance, and awarded her the palm over all the pilgrims they had conducted to this glorious temple. A feather this in the cap of our womankind!

After crossing the milky Arve, and passing through the wood of firs that skirts the valley, we began winding up the wall-like side of the Mont-

avert by a zigzag path, which at every few yards made such sharp turns that I wondered how the lumbering body of my mule got round them. I shuddered when I saw my companions hanging above and below me, and thought that a single misstep of our beasts might send us sheer down thousands of feet. But I was reassured by hearing the merry voices of the girls ringing out like festive bells; and, besides, there is little danger; your mule is, as Simon said, "expressly made for mountain-paths;" your guide is always at your bridle; and if your head is getting giddy, you have only to "look aloft," an old recipe for steadying the nerves. There may be more peril in the descent. Once I proposed dismounting, but Simon, though he admitted there was danger to women of weak nerves, assured me there was no risk to a lady of "such good courage;" so, you see, it is never too late to get a good name, if you cast yourself on the sagacity of—*strangers!*

We were two hours and a half reaching the house of refreshment on the brink of the Mer de Glace. This is a mass of ice which fills up a chasm between the mountains. The guides assured us it was a mile and a half in breadth, and that its extent, as far as your eye could see it, was six miles. This seems quite incredible; but the objects are all on so much larger a scale than you are accustomed to, that their actual measurement amazes

you. The nearest pinnacle, the Aiguille du Dru, is five thousand feet higher than the Montanvert; it did not appear to me more than half its actual height. Imagine a river, with mountains for shores, running up into pinnacles, descriptively named *aiguilles* (needles), and that river arrested and frozen at a moment when it was lashed into sea-like waves, and you have an idea, my dear C., of the features of this place, but none of the sensations its wonderful expression produces.

I cannot tell why, but, till we were actually on the Mer de Glace, I had no adequate idea of the inequalities of its surface. The surface, discoloured by the falling of the dirt from the adjacent heights, appears like a snow-drift that has outlasted the winter. The *crevasses* (crevices) in the ice are three or four feet wide at the surface, and narrow as they descend; and, as you look into them, the ice appears of a greenish hue, transparent, and very beautiful. These crevices have been measured to a depth of three hundred and fifty feet. Our guide gave us an Alpine staff, shod with an iron point, as a necessary safeguard on the Mer de Glace, and attended us most assiduously, taking good care not to underrate his services by diminishing the risks and difficulties. To me there appeared none of any magnitude; and I believe that with Hal, or any other expert boy, I might have crossed it.

We returned to the pavilion to refresh ourselves and our guides. Jacques Simon had dropped a hint, in ascending, of the "bon verre de vin," which expressed to the guide his employer's satisfaction; and when I heard their merry voices as I passed the room where they were regaling themselves, I involuntarily looked in to tell them how pleased I was to see them so cheerful. Their faces changed—they probably thought I had come to express some distrust of their discretion; but the smiles reappeared, and they bowed, and bowed, and were "bien obligé, bien obligé."

There are pretty specimens of agate and carnelian found in this vicinity, for sale at the pavilion. I have a souvenir of the Montanvert of twofold value: some seeds of the Alpine rose, which Simon begged me to accept as a "petit cadeau."

WE returned to St. Martin's in a drizzling rain. I was surprised to see a little patch of ripe pumpkins on this high land. I asked a peasant-woman what use they made of them. "They were very good food," she said, "for pigs and poor people; not for great folk." A vision of our "thanksgiving pumpkin pies" passed before me, and I felt something between a tear and a smile as I thought what good food we made them for our "great folk."

Just before arriving at our inn in the twilight, a poor woman was crossing the road leading a goat



with one hand and holding a pail on her head with the other. Our postilion trotted against her, knocked her down, jerked her pail on one side the road, and away scampered the goat on the other. We all called to him, in one breath, to stop; but he did not heed us. Presently we encountered a priest. The postilion took off his cap, slackened his horses, and proceeded with reverent slowness till we were quite past the sacred person. Rather a striking illustration of "letter-and-spirit" religion, was it not?

We were hardly housed before our hostess appeared with a large china bowl heaped with peaches and grapes, and, just peeping out at the summit of the pile, my peasant friend's letter. She presented it to me, saying, "Baptiste has left these for you. He is a good and honest lad, and I hope you will not forget his letter." Most assuredly I will not; but, alas for its chances! You can hardly imagine, my dear C., how pleasant such an accidental interchange of kindness is to travellers, cut off from their habitual social duties and relations. A traveller's progress need not be so barren of humanities as it is, if the art of "improving opportunities" (bless the good old Puritan phrase!) were better understood, or, rather, more faithfully studied. It is easy giving your halfpence to the beggar—*giving* it can scarcely be called; it is neither blessed to the giver nor to the receiver

—it is a debt surlily paid to a clamorous creditor, and received without gratitude. But a kind look, a tone of sympathy, even if the words be not understood, finds a direct way to the human heart. If a certain friend of ours were to turn traveller, his track would be marked by light in the eyes and smiles on the lips, as the sun's progress is by the reflection of its beams.

MY DEAR C.,

*Geneva, October 17.*—We have had a severe disappointment in being compelled to give up crossing the Simplon. That route was completely broken up by a severe storm some weeks since, and all the other most striking routes are more or less impaired, so that it is not deemed advisable for us, with our invalid, to attempt any other than Mont Cenis, which is always practicable and safe. We leave Geneva to-day, and we are looking and feeling very dismal. We have enjoyed here the benefits of a free government and a well-ordered and healthful society, and we have received much hospitality. 'This we may find elsewhere; but never will the happiness of a welcome to such a home as that of our friends at Chesne be repeated to us. Well, we have had it, and we take with us their assured affection; and our young people, though they will no more hear those dear voices calling them their

“American children,” have their faith in man confirmed—this is a certain and indestructible good. They have seen a man who has passed through a period of European history which has tried men’s principles as with fire, without dimming his fine gold. They have seen that it is possible to live a lifetime with the “world’s people,” to enjoy success and receive homage, and yet retain the modesty, freshness, tenderness, and enthusiasm of youth; and, better than all, a benevolence God-like, for it falleth on the just and the unjust.

END OF VOL. I.



**LETTERS FROM ABROAD**

**to**

**KINDRED AT HOME.**



# LETTERS FROM ABROAD

TO

## KINDRED AT HOME.



BY MISS SEDGWICK,

AUTHOR OF "HOPE LESLIE," "POOR RICH MAN," ETC. ETC.

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"Well, John, I think we must own that God Almighty had a hand in making other countries besides ours."—THE BROTHERS.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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EDWARD MOXON, DOVER STREET.

MDCCCXLI.

people look truly like the offspring of this hard, niggard soil. They are of low stature and shrunken, and their skin like a shrivelled parchment. They reminded us of the Esquimaux, and the pointed cap and shaggy garment are not dissimilar to the dress of the savage. Half of them have goitres, some so large as to be truly hideous "wallets of flesh." But far more revolting even than these poor wretches with their huge excrescences, are the *Cretins*; an abounding species of idiot who infest us, clamorously begging with a sort of brutish chattering, compared to which, the begging children's monotone chant, "Monsieur, donnez—moi—un peu—la charité—s'il vous plait," is music. The Savoyard is far down in the scale below the German peasant; he will rise as soon as the pressure is removed; these people are crushed irrecoverably. Various causes are assigned for their prevailing physical and mental diseases: unwholesome water, malaria, and inadequate and bad food sufficiently explain them. The children, to my astonishment, looked fat and healthy. It takes time to overpower the vigour of nature, and counteract the blessed effect of life in the open air. The people in the towns appear more healthy and in more comfortable condition than in the open country. I remarked among them some young women stout and comely enough, with a becoming kind of cap, with broad, stiffly-starched bands,

which are so brought together and set off behind that they resemble white wings. They wear a black riband around the throat (probably adopted to hide the *goître*) fastened by a large broach, at which hangs a cross. The bottoms of their skirts are ornamented with a narrow-coloured stripe, some with one, some with half-a-dozen. François tells us that a red stripe indicates a dowry of a hundred francs; but, as this is but courier information, I do not give it to you for verity.

You know it is my habit to walk whenever I can, and to talk with the people by the way-side; and as the roads have been heavy ever since we left Geneva, and our *voiturier* is a "merciful man" to his beast, I have had this indulgence for many a mile. The Savoyards speak French well, though they use a *patois* among themselves. I stopped yesterday to talk to some women who were washing around a fountain on their knees. One of them said, in reply to my inquiry, "It was hard enough!" "But," said I, "you should have cushions to kneel on." "Ah, oui, madame, mais les pauvres ne sont pas les riches\*:" there was a world of meaning in this truism.

I joined a peasant-girl in the twilight, last evening, who, after spending her whole day in tending her cow at an hour's walk from her house, was carrying home her five bottles of milk, the product

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\* "Ah, yes, ma'am; but the poor are not the rich."



of the cow. What would our *peasant-girls* think of such a life? Their leisurely, lady-like afternoons and unmeasured abundance pass in vision before me as I ask the question.

My dear C., how often do I mentally thank God for the condition of our working people! My poor way-side friend told me she lived on barley, milk, and potatoes; that she never ate meat; "how could she when she had no money to buy it?" But our host at Modane, who is a round, full-fed, jolly widower, gives a different version of the poor's condition, which, from his sunny position, he looks down upon quite cheerily. "They have salted meat for winter," he says, "occasionally a bottle of wine, and plenty of brandy. They can work at night by oil made from nuts and flaxseed; they have a portion of wood from the commune, and they economise by living in the winter in the stable!" This is the common discrepancy between the rich man's account of the poor and the poor man's own story.

François says, "What think you the charitable send them for medicine when they are ill? why, *bread*; and they get well and live to a hundred or even a hundred and twenty years!" Perhaps some of our feasting Dives, victims of turtle-soup, *pâtés de foie gras*, and—calomel, might envy these poor wretches, who find in a wheaten loaf "Nature's sweet restorative." "Life is a tessellated pavement,

here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white;" it is not all black even to the Savoyard mountaineer.

Even in Savoy the "schoolmaster is abroad." While some of our party were lunching at St. Michel, K. and I walked on. Our first *poste-restante* was on the pedestal of a crucifix. While we sat there, a pretty young mother came out of a house opposite with her child. I called the little tottler to me, and the mother followed. What a nice letter of introduction is a child! We entered into conversation. She told me all the children in St. Michel went to school; that they had two schools for the poor; one supported by the commune, and another where each child paid three francs per month. The little ten-months'-old thing gave me her hand at parting, and the mother said, "Au revoir, madame." "*Au revoir!*" where may that be?

There was an inscription on the cross under which we were sitting, purporting that a certain bishop granted an indulgence of forty days to whoever should say a paternoster, an ave, and perform an act of contrition before that crucifix. I asked a good-humoured peasant-girl whom we joined (the road is thronging with peasants of all ages), "what was meant by the act of contrition." She said it was a prayer of confession and humiliation, beginning, "Oh, mon Dieu, je me repens," &c., and that the "indulgence" was forty days' deduction

from the time for which the soul prayed for was sentenced to purgatory. "This," thought I, "is an easy *act*, and the bishop barter the indulgence at a bargain!" But the Pharisaic feeling was but momentary, my dear C., and I was ashamed when I thought how many weary creatures had paused there and laid down their burdens, while, with a simple faith, they performed their act of worship and humiliation, and of love for the departed. When shall we learn to reverence the spirit and disregard the form?

We have had mists and rain ever since we left Chambery, but the picturesqueness of our journey has been rather heightened by this state of the atmosphere. Mist, you know, sometimes gives a character of sublimity to the molehills which we *call* mountains at home; you may then imagine what its effect must be here, where you look up to mountains folding over mountains, from valleys that you can almost span, and see the rocky ramparts lost in the clouds; or, perhaps, as the mist drops down and their snowy pinnacles catch a passing sunbeam, glittering in mid heaven. The cascades which pour over the precipices feed with a thousand rivulets the Arc, the beautiful stream that rushes along the valley.

*Susa, Piedmont, October 21.*

WE have crossed the Alps, my dear C., and are in Italy, but not quite so easily as I write it. The weather is as much a matter of speculation to those who are about to make a pass of the Alps as if they were going to sea. This morning at three I was looking out from my window, and found it perfectly clear. My old familiar friends were shining down on the valley of Lanslebourg, Orion on his throne, and Jupiter glittering over one of the mountain-pinnacles. "Now," thought I, "we are sure of a fine day." But when François came round to our doors with his customary reveille, "Gate oope," (François always speaks *English* in the hearing of the natives!) the sky was overcast. We were early astir, which, though "both healthful and good husbandry," is only the virtue of necessity with us.

We took from Lanslebourg five mules to drag up our carriage. Each mule, of course, had his muleteer. The voiturier followed with his horses; and François, whose devious motions often remind me of Wamba's, was at the side of the carriage, before, or behind, wherever he found the best listeners. The "point culminant" of this pass is six thousand seven hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea, but only two thousand feet above the valley of Lanslebourg. This was the

least difficult pass into Italy before Napoleon came to make a broad and easy way over these frightful barriers. Charlemagne led an army over Mont Cenis in the ninth century\*; and this was, I believe, always the route by which the Frederics and their successors brought their German barbarians down upon the plains of Italy. The Chevalier Fabroni was the engineer of this road, and was seven years in bringing it to its present perfection. The road is carried up the face of the mountain by easy zigzags. Again and again we turned and dragged on our weary way, and yet we seemed no farther from Lanslebourg, which was always directly under us; but we saw by our joyous "compagnon de voyage," the Arc, diminishing to a thread, that we were making progress. There are twenty-three houses of refuge (*ricoveri*) at intervals along this pass. Near some of them the traveller is, at particular seasons, in danger from avalanches, and at all are men and means of succour, kept by the government. The girls and I walked up the greater part of the way, not following the road, but taking the sharp cross-cuts. I had some talk with our chief muleteer, a clever man. Our conversation naturally turned on Napoleon, "small in stature and great in mind," he said; "but a bloody man, that cared not how many

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\* The *Hospice* on Mont Cenis, till very recently a monastery, was instituted by Charlemagne.

he sacrificed to his ambition. He made a beautiful road, not for our good, but to get his cannon into Italy. Cependant," he concluded, "ceux qui l'aiment et ceux qui ne l'aiment pas confessent qu'il n'y a plus de têtes comme celle-là!" ("After all, those who like him and those who like him not, must own that there is no head left equal to his.")

As we ascended we got a sprinkling, and, at the turns, the mist was driving at a rate to be no faint remembrancer of the gust from behind the sheet of water at Niagara. I went into a *ricovero* to dry my feet. The good dame told me they are often so buried in snow in winter, that she does not step her foot out of doors from fall to spring. There was a baby in the cradle. Here they are born and live, and may die, for her husband has been *cantonnier* here for fourteen years. He receives the highest pay—thirty sous a day, and his house and firewood; not nearly so much as you pay a manservant who has his food from your table and food as good as yours, and whose life, compared with these poor people's, is a perfect holiday. Our prudent *voiturier* dismissed the mules before passing the Savoy barrier, to avoid the tariff of five francs on each animal attached to a carriage; a tax which goes towards maintaining the road. We then gave the *bonne main* to the muleteers; a liberal one, I fancy, from the abundance of their bows, and their cordial "bons voyages!"

Our guide-book had promised us "a tolerable inn," and a regale of trout from the lake ; but, unluckily, we went into the kitchen while a fire was kindling in the salon, and the floor, strewn with egg-shells, bones, and vegetable refuse, cured our appetites, albeit we are not over-nice travellers. These mountain trout have been from time immemorial a source of revenue, and their only one, to the monks of the Hospice. The Bishop of Susa has lately put forth the lion's claim, and the poor fathers have been driven away. After passing the plain of Mont Cenis, in which this lake lies, we began descending a broad, smooth road, in many parts cut through the solid rock. Wherever it is necessary to have an artificial support, it is made by a massy wall of masonry. The cascades which would dash athwart the road, are conveyed underneath by aqueducts, and are let out on the lower side through two openings, doors, windows, mouths, or whatever you please to call them. These waterfalls are the children of the scene, full of life and beauty ; we needed their cheerful voices, for the mist became clouds, and we actually seemed rolling along on them. We saw nothing, and, after a little while, these small sweet voices, with every other sound, were overpowered by the rushing of a cataract below us. We were awed and silent. At this moment, two strong, wild-looking wretches burst out upon us. Whether they came from above

or below we could not tell. They thrust their hands into the carriage, vehemently demanding charity, and looking very much as if they had a good will to take what we had no will to give. Baciaia cracked his whip at them; this had no effect: he addressed it to his horses, and this had; for they brought us within a very few minutes in sight of a *ricovero*, and our pursuers withdrew. François and the voiturier insist they meant mischief, and, since we have escaped the danger, we are quite willing to believe in it. After going down, down, down, the mist became less dense, the trees began to appear, then the outlines of the hills, and, when we reached Molaret, a group of little dwellings on the hill-side, we were in a clear atmosphere, and the beautiful plains of Italy lay outspread beneath us, in a golden, glowing light. What a contrast to the stern, wild scene from which we had emerged, was their abundance, habitancy, warmth, and smiling loveliness! François sprang over the carriage-wheel, clapping his hands and shouting, "Voilà mon pays!" There were tears in all our eyes as well as in his, for strong emotion, of whatever kind, brings them; and who could for the first time look Italy in the face without emotion—beautiful, beautiful Italy!

Susa appeared quite near enough for us to have jumped down into its cheerful streets; but we had still ten miles of this most gently-descending



road down a mountain of most ungentle steepness. Think of going down for twenty-five consecutive miles ! but we are down, and are looking up at the mountain-walls which God has set around this fairest of lands. Susa is a cheerful little town in the midst of vine-covered and broken hills, which appear like the advanced guard of the Alps. Villages and solitary dwellings are terraced (K. says burrowed) on the steep acclivities, and are so nearly of the colour of the rocks and soil that they are scarcely distinguishable from them; and positions seem to have been selected for the churches and monasteries of such difficult access, as to give the climbing to them the virtue of a penance. And, finally, there is a back-ground of what we are beginning to think an indispensable component part of a finished landscape, summits white with *eternal* snows. On one side of our inn is a piazza\*, on the other a river. We have already been out to see an old Roman arch; our path has been crossed by a procession of priests; we have been beset by beggars; and we have come in to give our orders to a *cameriero*†; in short, we are in Italy.

\* Piazza is any open public space in a town surrounded with buildings. I know no English word that answers to it. "Square" it is not, for it is of every conceivable form and "without form," but never "void."

† In many Italian inns the services of the chambermaid are performed by men; but the general deference to English customs is doing away, on the travelled routes, with this annoyance.

*Turin, 23.*—WE arrived here last evening, and entered the town by a magnificent avenue. Turin is a very cheerful town, with some 80,000 inhabitants; a gay capital rather, for it is the capital of Piedmont, and was anciently of Liguria. You see how, on the very threshold of Italy, we instinctively turn from what *is* to what *was*. Turin is said to have grown one-fifth in the last ten years. This singular circumstance in Italian history is, I believe, owing to the fostering care and presence of Charles Albert, the reigning monarch, styled everywhere in Piedmont “the munificent,” but better known to us as the treacherous Prince of Carignano. We are at the Hôtel de l’Europe, Piazza Castello; and as it is the best inn and best position in the town, you may like to know precisely our condition in it. We occupy a suite of apartments on the second story. Our drawing-room has sofa-bedsteads, and is converted into a bed-room at night; and for these rooms, with a large ante-room, we pay twenty-four francs a-day.

They have silk hangings, partition walls at least four feet thick, double doors, floors inlaid of different-coloured woods, and painted ceilings hung with paintings and exquisite drawings of broken columns and old friezes, and are so richly furnished that they almost put my eyes out, after our wretched Savoy inns. I am sitting by a

window open on to a balcony that overlooks the piazza, and I will describe it to you as it is at this moment. The piazza is as large as St. John's Park; opposite to us is the king's palace, with an inclosure; on our right, the *Palazzo Madama*, or queen's palace; on our left, the opening into the fine street by which we entered the town, and a row of lofty houses, with an arcade to the lower story. Our hotel forms one of a similar range on this side.

Carriages and carts are crossing and recrossing, and a *few* busy people seem to be driving forward with some object before them; but these are exceptions. Here is a little company of Savoyard musicians—I know them by their costume\*,—a woman, with a guitar, singing national airs, accompanied by a man with a harp, and a boy with a violin. A ring of soldiers gathers round them; loungers drop in on all sides; *priests* and peasants, plenty of priests. There may be three or four hundred persons in the ring. There comes the royal carriage through the palace-gate; the ring breaks; a line is formed, and all hats are off. A juggler enters upon the scene, and again the circle forms. There goes a procession of nuns, with their superior at their head, holding aloft a

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\* There is a striking variety in the appearance and costume of the people of Turin. Sardinia, Savoy, and Genoa are included in the King of Piedmont's dominions.

black cross. Near the Palazzo Madama stand a knot of Piedmontese peasants; old women, with wrinkles ploughed in deep furrows, and white caps wired up into a sort of tower, and loaded with an unmeasurable quantity of gay-coloured ribands and artificial flowers; there are two very pretty young peasant-girls beside them, with a sort of gipsy hat, with low crowns and immense brims, and a bunch of flowers one side.

Here are mendicant friars, with long beards, bare heads, grey cloaks tied with hempen cords, and sandals on their otherwise bare feet. The king appears on horseback, with officers attendant, and servants in scarlet livery, and again the ring breaks and all hats are doffed.

Now, my dear C., this may be very tiresome to you, since I cannot make it vivid to your mental, as it is to my bodily eye; but to me it seems as if the world had indeed turned into a stage, and the men and women into players, and actors of some poetic dream of my youth. And as I have set down just what I have seen, and nothing that I have not seen, since I sat at this window, as it is not a festa-day, and not more than ten o'clock A.M., it may be curious to you to compare life here with life in our working-day world.

WE have just returned from a drive. Turin pleases us. The streets are as regular as those

of Philadelphia ; but here the resemblance ends, as these streets sometimes terminate in a long and superb avenue, and sometimes the perspective finishes with a church or a palace. The houses are regular, too, but twice as high as ours (*don't count feet and inches against me*), and built of a light stone. First we went to a new bridge over the Doria, a single arch, and reckoned the most beautiful bridge of its kind in the world. While the bridge was constructing, its stability was doubted, and there were clamorous predictions that when the scaffolding was removed it would fall. When it was finished, the architect placed himself under the centre of the arch and ordered the supports to be taken away—cross or crown—crown it proved ! We then went to the Church of the Consolata to see a famous silver statue of the Virgin, made to commemorate her saving Turin from the cholera ! Most wretched beggars followed us to the church-door ; and when I contrasted its silver shrine and gorgeous ornaments with their squalid poverty, I remembered the apostolic charity, “ Silver and gold *have I none*, but such as I have give *I thee!* ”

We drove through the new quarter of the town, where there are fine fresh rows of houses, and a most natural home-odour of brick and mortar. In short, we have been to see bridges, statues, churches, a botanic garden, a museum of most rare Egyptian

antiquities, a Pharaoh (huge enough to have eaten up the Israelites), an effigy which Champollion pronounced to be contemporary with Abram!—And we have been to the Palazzo Madama, where strangers are admitted, without fee, to a gallery of very fine paintings; as it is the first we have seen, please give me due credit for not talking very learnedly of Carlo Dolcis, Guidos, Murillos, &c.

But we have seen something here that will probably interest you more than all the pictures in Italy, Silvio Pellico. He lives near Turin, as librarian to a certain marchesa. We wrote him a note, and asked the privilege of paying our respects to him, on the ground of being able to give him news of his friends, and our dear friends, the *exiles*, who were his companions at Spielberg. He came immediately to us. He is of low stature, and slightly made: a sort of etching of a man, with delicate and symmetrical features, just enough body to gravitate and keep the spirit from its natural upward flight—a more shadowy Dr. Channing! His manners have a sweetness, gentleness, and low tone, that correspond well with his spiritual appearance. He was gratified with our good tidings of his friends, and much interested with our account of his godchild, Maroncelli's little Silvia. His parents have died within a year or two.—“*Dieu m'a fait la grace,*” he said, “*de les revoir en sortant de la prison. Dieu fait tout pour notre*

mieux ; c'est cette conviction qui m'a soutenu et qui me soutient encore \*." In reply to his saying that he lived a life of retirement, and had few acquaintances in Turin, we told him that he had friends all over the world. "That proves," he said, "that there are everywhere 'belles ames.'" His looks, his manner, his voice, and every word he spoke, were in harmony with his book, certainly one of the most remarkable productions of our day.

I have been very sorry to hear some of his countrymen speak distrustfully of Pellico, and express an opinion—a reluctant one—that he had sunken into willing subjection to political despotism and priestly craft. It is even said that he has joined the order of Jesuits. I do not believe this, nor have I heard any evidence adduced in support of it that tends to invalidate the proof of the incorruptibility of Pellico's soul contained in *Le Mie Prigioni*. He is a saint that *cannot* fall from grace. There seems to me nothing in his present unqualified submission incompatible with his former history and professions. His phase of the Christian character has always been that of sufferance. He is the gentle Melancthon, not the bold and valiant Luther; the loving John, not the fearless Paul.

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\* "God granted me the mercy of seeing my parents when I came out of prison. God orders all for our best good. It is this conviction which has hitherto supported, and still sustains me."

FRANÇOIS is a Piedmontese, and has now returned to his country for the first time after pursuing successfully his courier career for six years. He went last evening to see his family, and carried them a handful of Geneva trinkets; and this morning, after a whole night's vigil and revel with them, he brought his father and mother to see us; she a buxom stepdame, wearing a cap covered with red ribands and artificial flowers, and earrings, and a string of gold beads as big as Lima beans. Good gold, François assures us they are, and that these ornaments are the most esteemed signs of the peasant's wealth, and are transmitted from generation to generation. Happy should be the condition of the peasant in the rich, spacious plains around us!

Turin is at the foot of the Alps, watered by the Po, and the Doria, and enriched with corn, the vine, and the mulberry. The Muscat grape grows here in the greatest perfection and abundance. It is most delicious, and so is the Asti wine made from it, which, we are told, is too delicate for transportation. We find always in a rich agricultural country, as we have found here, excellent bread and butter. They make bread in a form which they call *grisane*,—a sort of bread-canes or *fagots*. Bundles of them are placed at the head and foot of the table. The dwellers in the poor



cold valley of Lanslebourg bring all their wheaten bread from Chambéry, not less than eighty miles, and we paid for our fare accordingly.

WE passed our first night, after leaving Turin, at Cigliano, a considerable place on a great route. To give you an idea of what an Italian inn is,—which English travel has not yet remodelled—I will set down our breakfast-service: tumblers for tea-cups, a tureen and ladle for boiled milk, and a pudding-dish for a slop-bowl!

We lunched at Verceil the second day—a place that I remember figures on the scene in Sismondi's Italian Republics, and which occupies half a page in our guide-book, setting forth churches, chapels, and pictures to be seen, and how Marius gained a victory under its walls, and how Nero built a temple here. To us it appeared a most disagreeable place; and, if I built anything, it would be an altar with an *ex voto*, representing our carriage driving out of it. We went to the market-place, which was filled with ugly old women, sitting behind stacks—Alps of apricots, pears, grapes, pomegranates, and most splendid peaches, but neither soft nor flavorful. I have eaten but one peach since I came to Europe that would be thought above par in New York or Philadelphia! The market-place in Verceil was filled with idle men, who collected about us, and stared so unmercifully at

the girls that they clung to me, and I felt, for the first time in my life, rather duenna-ish, and glad enough to get back to the hotel. Accustomed as we have been to the quiet ways of going on in Germany and Switzerland, where we felt as much freedom as in our own country, it is very annoying to be cut off at once from the free use and enjoyment of our faculties. Young women cannot walk out here without a male attendant, or a woman pretty well stricken in years.

Bacicia, who ordinarily is no dawdler, dawdled at the Verceil inn till we were out of patience. His delay was explained when we found the bridge which crosses the Sesia, a mile from the town, was impassable for the carriage; there was a ferry-boat, but our way was obstructed by great numbers of carts and carriages, which had precedence of us. Bacicia knew it was market-day, and had foreseen this exigency, and calculated that we should be driven back to Verceil by the lateness of the hour, and thus he should gain twenty francs, and a day's rest for his horses. François' imagination conjured up robbers pouring in with the fast-coming night from Turin, Milan, and Genoa; but our Yankee wit was not to be outwitted by our tricky voiturier, nor our resolution vanquished by a courier's staple alarms, so we seated ourselves on the bridge, and watched the progress of the miserable little boat, which occupied twenty-five minutes in loading,

crossing, unloading, reloading and recrossing. It had five passages to make before our turn came. We tried in vain to buy a precedence, which the poor market-people would gladly have sold us, but the superintending gendarmes forbade this traffic. In the mean time, up drove a coach with post-horses, and went before us all. "Ah," said François, who was walking up and down in a brigand fever, "*les gouvernemens sont tous des voleurs!*" The sun was just sinking as we got into our carriage, and we had yet fifteen miles to travel; but the moon rose upon us, and, though François once persuaded us to stop and look at some bedrooms in a filthy inn, we came on to Navarro, our appointed sleeping-place, cheerfully and safely. The truth is, there is very little danger of meeting "gentlemen of the road" at the present time on the great routes of Italy. The governments are vigilant, and their licensed robbers are too strong for volunteer companies. Poor François' fears were genuine and inherited. His mother actually died of the consequences of fright, from an attack of highwaymen a few days before his birth.

WE crossed the Ticino, ten miles from Navarro, on a massive granite-bridge, and there entered the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and at the little town of Buffalero our carriage was taken possession of by Austrian soldiers, ready to do the

courteous honours of welcome which their imperial master appoints to strangers. As we were not Quixotic enough to attempt to reform the code of national morals, we directed François to pay the customary fee to save our imperials from a ransacking, and to get the necessary certificate that they were filled with honest gowns, skirts, &c. What a disgrace to civilised Europe are these annoying delays and petty robberies\*! Thank Heaven, we have passed our lives exempt from them, as we are often reminded by François' exclamation, "Que votre pays est heureux; ah, c'est le pays de la jolie liberté" ("Yours is a happy country; the country of liberty!")

The country between Turin and Milan is fertile beyond description. You have often heard, my dear C., of the rich plains of Lombardy, watered by rivers and intersected with canals; but you can hardly imagine the perfection of its husbandry. The corn is now six—eight inches high, and the ground as green as ours in June, and we have reached, remember, the twenty-sixth of October! The road is bordered with mulberry-trees. The

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\* The Italians suffer more from police regulations than strangers. A Milanese lady, whose husband has a large patrimonial estate in Piedmont, told me they had given up going to it on account of the indignities she was obliged to suffer at Buffalero, the frontier, where a room and female officers are appointed to undress and search Italian ladies. The travel in our country would be somewhat diminished if we had such regulations on the frontiers of Pennsylvania and New York, or Massachusetts.

country is too level for picturesque beauty, and it has not the highest charm of agricultural life. There are no signs of rural cheerfulness ; no look of habitancy. The cultivators live in compact, dirty little villages. The very few country-houses are surrounded with high walls, with their lower windows grated ; even the barn-windows have this jail-like provision. What a state of morals and government does this suggest ! what a contrast to rural life in England ! what comparisons to the condition of things in our little village of S., where a certain friend of ours fastens her outer door with a carving-knive, leaving all her plate unlocked in a pantry hard by, and only puts in a second knife when she hears that a thief has been marauding some fifty miles off. " Oh, pays heureux ! " François may well exclaim, and we repeat.

*Milan, 27.*—THANKS to all our friends, dear C., for the half-bushel of letters we have received here after a month's fasting, and five days less than a month old ! François brought us from the Post-office forty francs' worth—forty ! forty thousand. We may shrink from other expenses, but letters are an indispensable luxury—at this distance from you all, a necessary of life. What a pleasant evening's reading we had, here a tear dropping, and there a laugh bursting forth. Home-voices rung in our ears, home-faces smiled ; we were at

S. and L.; and I think I shall never forget the shock and confusion in our ideas when the door opened for an inquiry about the "*lampa di notte.*" We were disenchanted; the hills and valleys of Berkshire vanished, and here we were at the Hôtel de Ville, in a lofty apartment, with painted ceilings, pictures of Vesuvius, and a plaster-stove surmounted with a statue!

Yes, dear C., we are in Milan, once the illustrious capital of Cisalpine Gaul, and still more illustrious as the metropolis of Lombardy and queen of the northern Italian republics in the glorious days of their successful struggles against the Frederics and the Henrys of Germany; and, as we think with our democratic principles, yet more glorious for the resistance of the people to the nobles\*. Images of ecclesiastical pomp and power, of military occupancy, and processions; of the exit and return of the Caroccio—the Lombard Ark of the Covenant—of art, industry, and riches, throng upon us. But, as you know, dear C., it is nothing so far gone and impersonal as its history, that makes Milan the sacred shrine it is

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\* The rising of the people of Milan in the eleventh century upon the nobles, and the deadly war they made upon them in their fortified castles within the walls of the city, till they drove them forth, in order to revenge the insult done to one of their body, whom a noble struck with his cane in mid-day in the open street, is an evidence of the spirit of equal rights hardly surpassed in our democratic age.

in our pilgrimage. Here is the memory of our friends. This was the scene of their high aspirations and their keen disappointments, perhaps of their keenest suffering. Here they sowed in tears what I trust those who come after them will reap in joy\*.

We have been disappointed to find that most of the persons to whom our letters are addressed are still at their villas. We have sent them, however, notwithstanding we hear that an American gentleman who brought a letter from one of our exile-friends was ordered by the police to leave Milan within twelve hours. A caravan consisting of one invalid gentleman and five obscure woman-kind can scarcely awaken the jealousy even of an Australian police.

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\* The persons here alluded to are the Italian gentlemen concerned in the affair of 1821, at the head of whom stood the distinguished Milanese, Count Confaloneri, styled by Sir James Mackintosh, "Italy's noblest son." These gentlemen, after *seventeen years'* imprisonment and the horrors of Spielberg (which have been partially exposed by Pellico, Maroncelli, and Andreani), were exiled to America, where circumstances threw them into intimate intercourse with my family. I could wish that those who ignorantly think lightly and speak disparagingly of "Italians" could know these men, who have resisted and overcome seventeen years of trials and temptations, such as human nature has rarely been subjected to. We honour our fathers for the few years of difficulty through which they struggled; and can we refuse our homage to these men, who sacrificed everything, and *for ever*, that man holds most dear, to the sacred cause of freedom and truth? And, let me ask, what should we in reason infer of the nation whence they came? Surely that there are many ready "to go and do likewise."

THE friends of our friends have come in from their country residences to honour the letters addressed to them, and have received us with unmeasured cordiality. It is cold, Novemberish, and raining, as it has been for the last ten days; but, in spite of it, we have had a very agreeable drive about the city with the brothers C—a. The streets are labyrinthian, and are just now looking dull and dingy enough. The gay people have not yet returned from their summer retreats; and of the 140,000 inhabitants of Milan we see only bourgeois, soldiers, priests, and women in veils (instead of bonnets) pattering to mass. The streets are paved with small round stones, with a double wheel-track of granite brought from the shores of Maggiore and Como, the blocks so nicely joined that the wheels roll as smoothly and almost as rapidly as over rails, and they are so granulated that there is no danger of the horse slipping. The houses are large; you might turn half-a-dozen of ours into one of them; and the palaces magnificent, as you may imagine from our mistaking La Casa Saporetti for La Scala, which we had been forewarned was the largest opera-house in Europe.

We drove to the Arch of Peace, the fit termination for his Simplon road, and adornment of his Cisalpine republic, projected by Napoleon, but not



finished till within the last few months. The work was begun in 1807, and the first artists were employed on statues and bas-reliefs intended to illustrate the most brilliant events of Napoleon's life. When the work was finished his power and life had ended; and art, too often the passive slave of tyrants, was compelled to sacrifice truth and beauty, to desecrate its own work, by cutting off Napoleon's head (that noble head made to be eternised in marble), and substituting in its place the imbecile head and mean features of the Emperor Francis. And poor Josephine, who had no tendencies to such an apotheosis, is transformed into the cold Goddess of Wisdom, and wears Minerva's casque. Illustrations of Napoleon's victories, and the great political eras of his life, are made sometimes, by the mere substitution of names, to stand for epochs in Austrian history, with what verisimilitude you may imagine. Where this species of travesty was impossible, new blocks of marble have been substituted, which may be detected by the difference of shade. The structure is seventy-five feet in height and seventy-three feet in breadth. The columns, which are extremely beautiful, are thirty-eight and a half feet high. The arch is surmounted by a figure of Victory with four horses attached to a car in full career. The details are elaborate and highly finished, and the whole gave me some idea of what

Italy must have been in the days of the Romans, when their monuments were fresh and unimpaired, and of the dazzling whiteness of this.

In entering the city from the Simplon road through this arch, you come upon a very noble place (*Piazza d'Armi*), where the soldiers are exercised. We crossed this to an amphitheatre built by Napoleon, and first opened for a fête after the peace of Tilsit. It was designed for feats of arms and equestrian exercises. It is of an elliptical form, and surrounded by tiers of seats, where 30,000 people may be seated—they are now grass-grown!

We next visited the Brera, formerly a college of the Jesuits, but now secularised and liberalised by a consecration to the arts and sciences. We did not take any portion of our brief time to walk through the library and look at the *outsides* of the 100,000 volumes there. Once up the staircase where, on the landing-places, are the statues of Parini, Monti, and Beccaria, we spent all our time in the gallery enjoying its priceless pictures. I first sought out Guercino's "Sending away Hagar," and, once found, it is difficult to leave it. The colouring and composition are, as they should always be, made subservient to the moral effect—the outer reveals the inner man. In Abraham, the Jewish patriarch, the head of the chosen people, you see the patriot triumphing over the father and

lover; Hagar, with her face steeped in tears, is the loving girl urging the claim of true and tender passion against what seems to her an incredible sentence; Sara is the very personification of "legal rights;" and the poor little boy, burying his face in his mother's gown, is the ruined favourite.

We were shown in an obscure apartment a superb bronze statue of Napoleon by Canova; a grand work, but strangely failing in resemblance. Till within two years, the Austrians have kept it hidden in a cellar—*buried alive*. One cannot but smile at their terror at Napoleon's mere effigy.

As we were passing through one of the rooms, C. C—a pointed to the bust of the Emperor Francis with an inscription, in which he is called "our father." "*Our father!*" he repeated; "Gaëtano's and mine!" His emphasis recalled their reasons for a filial sentiment, C. having been imprisoned by the "good Francis" three years, and his brother seventeen! While we were driving, the gentlemen pointed out to us the cannon, kept always loaded, guarded, and pointed against the town—against the homes of its citizens!

We saw in the refectory of the old monastery of S. Marie delle Grazie one of the world's wonders, Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," painted on the wall, and now in parts so faded as to be nearly obliterated. Time and the elements have not been its worst enemies. The wall was whitewashed,

and a door cut through it by a decree of the chapter, that the monks might have their dinner served hot from the adjoining kitchen. To complete the desecration, the door was cut through the figure of our Saviour. Would it not be a Dantesque punishment for these brutish epicures to be condemned to a purgatorio where they should for ever enact "Wall and Moonshine," and eat only cold dinners?

Leonardo, like other people who have too many irons in the fire (for he was painter, sculptor, architect, and author), let some of them grow cold; he was so long about this picture that the Prior of the convent reproached him bitterly, and he took his revenge by making Judas' head a fac-simile of the Prior's. Vasari has recorded Leonardo's reply to the Prior's complaint, which strikes us as rather bold, considering the relative position of the parties. "O se forse nol troverò, io vi porro quello di questo padre Priore che ora me si molesta, chè maravigliosamente gli se confarà" ("Or if, perchance, I do not find it (the face of Judas), I will put in that of the Father Prior who is tormenting me; it will suit wonderfully well!")\*) The engravings of this picture give you a better idea of

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\* The painter may inflict a severer punishment by putting on a head, than the executioner by taking one off. Who can ever forget the "man of sin," (Pope Urban VIII.) whom Guido's Archangel Michael is transfixing with his spear?

most of the heads than the original now does, and of the movement of the disciples when that declaration struck on their hearts: "Behold, the hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table!" but no copy that I have seen has approached this face of Jesus, so holy, calm, and beautiful; it is "God manifest in the flesh;" you are ready to exclaim with Peter, "Though I die with thee, yet will I never betray thee!" And yet it is said the painter left it unfinished, alleging that he could never express his conceptions of the character of Jesus!

By way of a *divertimento nazionale*, we have just had two men in our drawing-room exhibiting a crucifix which their grandfather cut out of wood fifty years ago; he must have been, I fancy, fifty years cutting it. There are 2000 figures on it, and an infinity of ornamental details illustrating the history of Christ. "You don't believe a word of that story of the crucifixion!" said François aside to me. This is an unbelieving Catholic's notion of a Protestant's faith. When the men, to exalt our ideas of the privilege we were enjoying, said we were the first to whom the thing had been shown, François whispered, "They have been showing it these five years; the Italians are all liars!" Belief or unbelief in God and man go together.

MADAME S. has been to see us. She is a fragile-looking little creature, and, though now a grandmother, as shy as a timid girl of thirteen. There is a tender solemnity in her voice and manner that constantly reminded me of Spielberg and of C—a, though she spoke little of him, and when she did, turned away her face to hide an emotion perceptible enough in the pressure of her delicate little hand, which is not very much bigger or stronger than a canary's claw. I wish those who confound all Italian women in one condemnation could know as we know the character of this good wife, devoted mother, and martyr-sister.

WE went last evening, escorted by J. C—a, to La Scala. It is built, as are the other nine theatres of Milan, on the ruins of a church.

Gendarmes, tall, muscular young men, were stationed at the entrance of the house, at the foot of the stairs, on the landing-places, and in the lobbies, looking, with their swords and high-furred caps, rather frightful to us, who have a sort of hydrophobic dread of an Austrian police. J. C—a took us up four flights of stairs, to "l'ordre cinquième," that we might have a coup-d'œil of the whole theatre. This fifth row bears no resemblance to our galleries or to those of the English theatres. The box we entered was one of several

called "loges de société." They are fitted up as saloons for clubs of gentlemen, with carpets, tables, and sofas, and are well lighted. The effect of the theatre from this height is, or would be, magnificent when they have an "illuminazione a giorni" (a daylight illumination). Ordinarily the blaze of light is reserved for the stage; the audience is in comparative obscurity; and, consequently, though La Scala is perhaps twice as large as the opera-house in London, its effect is by no means so brilliant as that where the light is diffused and reflected by richly-dressed people. Here we could only imperfectly discern, now a matron's cap, and then a young lady's *coiffure*, as they peeped from behind the silk curtains of their boxes. The six rows of boxes are curtained with light silk bordered with crimson. The front box is the emperor's. It occupies both the second and third rows, is as large as a small drawing-room, is royally fitted up with damask hangings, and has a gilded crown suspended over it. The theatre is the great rendezvous of Milanese society. The ladies receive in their boxes instead of at home, and being constructed with reference to this custom, they are deep and narrow. Not more than two persons can occupy a front seat. Between the seats in the pit and the front boxes there is a wide space left for the gentlemen to promenade.

The music is a secondary object, holding the

same place it does in a drawing-room. A favourite air or a favourite performer arrests attention for a few moments; but, as far as I have observed, even the musical Italian is not exempt from the common infirmity of preferring the sound of his own voice to another's, though *his* be not attuned to heavenly harmony.

There was the abashing effrontery in staring which, when occurring in the street, I have imputed to it being rather a phenomenon to see *young* ladies walking about as our girls do. But the gaze of men lounging before our box, and sometimes planting their eyeglasses and reconnoitring for the space of two or three minutes, compared with the respect with which our women at home are treated, indicates rather strongly their relative position in the two countries.

After having heard Grisi, Persiani, Rubini, Lablache, &c., the singing here was no great affair. The Italians can no longer afford to pay their best singers. The presence of art and the result of study are striking in the stage-management. The opera, with all its accessories, is the *study* of this nation, as "financial systems" are the study of England and the United States.

During the ballet, which, by-the-way, is interjected between the acts of the opera, much to the disturbance of its effect, there was a corps of between forty and fifty dancing-girls on the stage at the same moment, not perceptibly varying in



height. These children are trained for the ballet at a school supported by the government—for the ballet, *and for what besides?* This should be a fearful question to those who must answer it. It would, I should hope, cure our people's mad enthusiasm for opera-dancers to witness the exhibition of these poor young things. I felt sorry for our dear girls, and mortified for myself, that we were present at such obscenity. I cannot call it by a more compromising name.

There were 500 persons on the stage at one time, among them 200 soldiers belonging to the Austrian army. The emperor pays a large sum annually to support the opera at La Scala, considering it an efficient instrument for tranquillising the political pulse of Italy. No wonder that sirens must be employed to sing lullabies to those who have a master's cannon pointed at their homes. Among other proofs which the emperor has that the love of freedom (that Divine and inextinguishable essence) is at work in the hearts of the Milanese, is the fact that no Italian lady receives an Austrian officer in her box with impunity. It matters not what rank he holds; if she receives him, she is put into Coventry by her countrymen. Is there not hope of a people who, while their chains are clanking, dare thus openly to disdain their masters?\*

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\* It is true we see no rational prospect of freedom for Italy; overshadowed as it is by Austrian despotism, and over-

THE two counts, the brothers C—i, have just been to see us, and expressed their eagerness to honour Confalonieri's letter. The elder C. is Podesta of the city, an office that has fallen from its original potentiality to a mere mayoralty; but still, as its gift is a proof of Austrian favour, its incumbent will probably be discreetly shy of the friends of the exiles. But, apart from this policy, we have little reason to expect hospitality. The Italians have no fellowship with the English, and into that category we fall. The habits and modes of society in the two countries are so different that there can be but little pleasure in their social intercourse. The English gentleman in England invites his Italian acquaintance to his home; he comes here, and is offered the entrée of the Italian's

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powered by the presence of her immense military force, and, what is still worse, broken into small and hostile states without one federative principle or feeling. But we *cannot* despair of a people who, like the Milanese, show that they have inherited the spirit of their fathers; a spirit so heroically expressed in the twelfth century, when Frederic had separated their allies from them, ravaged their territory, exhausted their treasure, and killed off their bravest soldiers. "We are feeble, forsaken, and crushed," they said; "be it so: it does not belong to us to vanquish fortune, but to our country we devote our remaining possessions, the strength still left in our arms, and the blood yet boiling in our veins. They were given to us to resist despotism, and, before submitting, we will wait, not till the hope of conquering is lost—that it has long been—but till no means of resistance remain!"—*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*. Is there a nobler declaration of a love of freedom on record than this?

*loge*. He is offended and cold, and there their intercourse ends. After the gentlemen left us, R. asked K., who had been talking with C—i, “how she liked him.” “Very much: he is not only aware that rice does not grow in New-England, and that the Ohio does not empty into the Atlantic, but he seems as familiar with the topography of our country as if he had lived there.” The count is a man of the world, and understands the most delicate mode of flattery.

Nov. 4.—THIS is the greatest of all Milan’s fêtes—the fête of San Carlo Borromeo. The ceremonies were in the Duomo, and the Podesta obtained us places in a “correto,” one of the little galleries sometimes used, I believe, for the display of relics: and, to crown all, we had the advantage of Count C.’s escort.

The Duomo, which, you know, is the great Cathedral of Milan, and esteemed the second church in Italy, strikes a Protestant stranger at this time as a temple consecrated to St. Charles as its divinity. Illustrations of his life, for the most part indifferently painted, are hanging between its hundred and sixty marble columns. Directly under the dome, in the crypt, there is a chapel, where the saint’s mortal remains, decorated with rich jewels, are preserved in a crystal sarcophagus overlaid with silver, without (as I am told) having undergone

any very frightful change. I did not look within. I do not like to see the image of God mummied. The altar of this little chapel, in which silver lamps are always burning, is of solid silver. The walls are hung with tapestry of crimson and gold, woven in Milan, which cost thirteen pounds sterling the braccio (less than three-quarters of a yard). Eight bas-reliefs in pure silver, depicting the most striking events in the saint's life, cover panels of the wall; and at each angle is a statue of pure silver. One of the bas-reliefs represents the saint distributing to the poor twenty thousand pounds, the avails of an estate which he sold to relieve them in a time of extraordinary distress. Query, how would he approve the wealth in mortmain in his chapel? I have been thus particular, my dear C., to show you how the generous gratitude of the pious has been wasted and perverted by priestly ignorance and superstition. This chapel is no just memorial of St. Charles. His records are scattered over the Milanese territory in wise and merciful institutions; so you may turn your denunciation of Catholic abuses into the wholesome channel of veneration for Christian virtues in Catholic form. St. Charles deserves everything short of the Divine honours rendered to him. He was made archbishop and cardinal in his twenty-third year. He lived with the simplicity of Fenelon, subsisting on vegetables, sleeping on a straw bed, and dispensing in private

with the attendance of servants. He visited the obscurest villages of his diocese, and penetrated even into the recesses of the Alps. He reformed the monastic establishments and instituted parochial schools. He was the *originator of Sunday-schools*. We saw a large collection of boys and girls in the Duomo, taught by priests and laymen, and learned this school was instituted by St. Charles. We saw the peasants flocking to their parish church on Sunday, and were told they were going to the instruction provided by St. Charles! He founded schools, colleges, hospitals, and a lazaretto. In every town in which he resided he left a memorial of his enlightened generosity, a college, an hospital, or a fountain. There are ten hospitals and five colleges of his founding, and fountains without number. He poured out gifts of gold like water, and, better than this, he submitted his expenditure to a rigid scrutiny. After hearing all this, you would not stint the homage rendered to him, though you might wish to modify its form.

I must confess that, to a Protestant Puritan, disdaining forms and symbols, and disabused of the mysteries of the Church, the ceremonies appear like a theatrical pageant. On the high altar there were statues in massive silver of St. Charles and of St. Ambrose, the patron-saint of Milan, and, filling the interval between them, busts with mitred heads, also of silver. The treasure of the church was

arranged against a crimson hanging, much as dishes are arranged on a dresser. On one side sat the archbishop on a throne with a golden mitre, and in magnificent robes.

Within the choir opposite to us sat the civic representatives of the city, the Podesta at their head, before a table covered with a rich cloth, on which were emblazoned the armorial bearings of Milan in her happier—her free days! The choir was filled with bishops, priests, and canons. Directly beneath us stood, with fixed bayonets, and helmet-like caps, a line of *gardes-feu*. The nave was nearly filled with people of all conditions; and what a multitude there might be without a crowd, you may imagine from the Cathedral being 449 Paris feet in length and 275 in breadth.

If it were possible for me to describe the ceremonies, it would be most tiresome to you. There was chanting and music, good and bad, as lively as a merry dance and as solemn as a dirge. There was a consecration of the host and burning of incense, and a kneeling of the vast multitude. There was much mummery of the priests. The archbishop was disrobed; and as he laid aside each consecrated article of his apparel, he kissed it. A kneeling priest presented him a golden ewer, and he washed his hands. There was a procession of priests, and homage rendered by the civic representatives, and a bestowal of peace by the archbishop, transmitted by the priests in a manner

which the girls likened to the elegant diversion of our childhood, "Hold fast what I give you." The whole concluded with a discourse on the merits of St. Charles, in the midst of which we came away, with the feeling that we had been witnessing a sort of melo-drama. But I rather think this feeling was quite as far from Christian as the ceremonies we contemned. Time and use have consecrated them to the pious Catholic. To him, each observation of this to us empty and inexpressive show embodies some pious thought or holy memory. And, encumbered as the Catholic faith is, and perverted as it assuredly is from the original simplicity of the Gospel, it has, *we know*, its living saints, and many a worshipper, I trust, who, in spite of all these clouds and darkness, worships in spirit and in truth.

COUNT C—i came again to-day to lionise us, and we went forth in spite of the rain, for we have not time till the waters "abate from the face of the earth." Will you not like, my dear C., to hear something of the charitable institutions of Milan, and to know that this work of Christian love is well done here?

We drove first to the institution for female orphans. This was founded in the fifteenth century by one of the Borromeo family, a cousin of St. Charles. The building is spacious, built, as I believe all the large habitations are here, around a

court, and with broad porticoes on the four sides, where the girls can have plenty of free exercise when the bad weather keeps them from their garden. Their garden is even now, on the heels of winter, beautiful; the grapes still in leaf, roses in bloom, and the foliage not more faded than ours is towards the last of September. The establishment is well endowed. The girls are received from the age of seven to ten, and retained till they are eighteen. They are instructed in reading, writing, ciphering, composition, and in female handicraft. They excel in embroidery. We saw most delicate work in progress for royal trousseaux. When the girls leave the institution, if they are not so fortunate as to get husbands at once—not a rare occurrence, the matron told us—they are placed as domestics or in shops. We saw them in their long work-room, with the picture of the Virgin Mary at one end of it (that holiest image of love to a Catholic eye), ranged on each side of the table, with their work-baskets, cushions, and the implements of their art in the neatest order; some were making garments, the most accomplished embroidering, and the youngest at plain sewing or knitting. There is a little pulpit half-way up the room, from which one of the girls reads prayers daily, and occasionally a book of devotion. Secular books are not permitted.

The dormitories are spacious apartments, lofty



and *well ventilated*, and as tidily arranged as our neighbours the Shaking Quakers, and with rather more to feed the imagination. Besides each single bed, spread with a pure white Marseilles cover, there hangs the picture of a saint, sometimes a crucifix, and always a rosary; and about the walls are pictures of those good old men and pious women that constitute the world of the pious Catholic; and for each *compagnia* (or class) there is an altar, with all proper appurtenances thereunto belonging, where prayers are said night and morning.

We went into the chapel, the kitchen, and the distilling-room, where several girls were busily employed; and finally into the dining-room, just as the bell was ringing for dinner. The girls came trooping in in orderly files—beautiful girls they were—and each, as she passed, saluted us with a graceful bow and a sweet smile. I wish teaching could give such manners, and our stiff-jointed girls could be taught them! The table was neatly spread, with a napkin at each plate. The soup was excellent, as I proved by taking a spoon from one of the little things and tasting it, at which she looked up so pleased that you would certainly have kissed the blooming round cheek she willingly turned to me—and so did I. Besides the soup there was a small portion of meat, potatoes, excellent bread, and *white and red wine*.

Their supper consists of bread, salad, and fruit. On the whole, I came to the conclusion that the Orphan's Providence in Milan is better than father and mother.

Our conductress, who looked very like a respectable New-England countrywoman, gave me a bouquet at parting; and as we got into the carriage, our most elegant of cavaliers took off his hat and bowed to her with as deferential a courtesy as if she had been a royal princess.

Our next visit was to an infant-school of one hundred and fifty children, under six years of age, of which Count C—i is director. This is one of seven infant-schools in Milan, all supported by private charities. The children, boys and girls, were dressed alike in blouses of a stout cotton plaid. They were eating a good soup when we entered, all except one little transgressor, who stood in a corner of the room, condemned to expiate some sin in this purgatory. He attracted C.'s compassion, and his superb figure bending over him was a picture. The little penitent was, of course, soon transferred to a hungry boy's paradise—the dinner-table. After chanting an after-dinner grace, they tramped into an adjoining room, where they went through a drill for our edification, showing themselves as well instructed as the young savans of similar institutions in our New-England Athens.

They finished with a catechism somewhat differing from ours. "Where is Paradise?" asked their teacher. "In the invisible heaven." "Why invisible?" To which, while I was expecting in response some metaphysical enigma, the boy replied, "Perchè se vede nò" ("Because it is not seen"). "What did you become by baptism?" asked the teacher. "A Christian." "Are you all Christians?" They replied, in chorus, "Noi siamo tutti Cristiani, per la grazia di Dio!" ("We are all Christians by the grace of God.") Poor little fellows! May they learn by experience what the glorious possession is, signified by the name which alone the rite of baptism can give.

WE awoke this morning to a bright day, the first unclouded one we have had for *weeks*—and this is "bella Italia!" The girls were enchanted, as girls may be, with sallying forth in their new bonnets and fair-weather dresses. C.'s carriage was at our hotel at an early hour (for this was to be a busy day), and off we drove to the hospital, an institution founded in 1456 by Francesco Sforza, fourth Duke of Milan. He gave his palace, a curious antique it is, now, however, forming but a small portion of the pile of buildings. Successive donations have enriched the institution, till its income amounts to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. There is provision for two thousand two

hundred and forty persons, and during the past summer the hospital has been full.

Supported by this foundation, but without the town, there is an insane hospital, a lying-in hospital, and a foundling hospital, where there are now nine thousand children! And, besides this, charities are distributed to individuals throughout the Milanese territory, in cases where it is considered inexpedient to remove them to the hospital.

There is a fine bathing establishment. Some baths are appropriated exclusively to patients afflicted with a fever peculiar to Lombardy, resembling leprosy, for which the warm bath is the only known remedy. There are plenty of diseases, I fancy, prevailing among the poor in Italy, for which the warm bath and plenty of soap would be a cure.

After going through the repositories for clothes, the galleries and courts for exercise, the laboratory, the kitchen (where immense quantities of wholesome food were in preparation), I said to C—i, "The peasants must be very glad to have a good reason for coming here." "On the contrary," he said, "they are unwilling to leave their homes, and never come till forced by misery." Truly He who "set the solitary in families" knew the elements of the affections He had given and for which He was providing.

We passed through some of the apartments where

were great congregations of the sick, each surrounded with suffering, and yet in what was to him complete solitude. No wonder man everywhere clings to the wretchedest home where he can feel a mother's hand, meet the eye of a wife or sister, hear the voices of his children, and see some mute objects that touch the springs of memory and hope!

I suppose this is much like other hospitals. I never was in one before, and the scene haunts me—those haggard faces of vacancy, or of weakness and misery. A few were reading religious books; one man was confessing to his priest, and a convalescent was receiving instruction from a layman, one of a society of men and women who devote themselves to the ignorant poor. A screen was drawn around one bed, to hide the unconscious tenant from whom the world was for ever hidden.

In the "Archivia" we were shown Sforza's original deed of gift, with his autograph, and, what pleased me much more, a deed of gift from my favourite St. Charles, with *his* autograph. This slight record of our superficial observation of the charitable institutions of Milan will convince you that Italy is not merely the mass of vice, beggary, and impotence it is so often represented, but that there are yet left more than the ten righteous to save the cities.

ON leaving the hospital a change came "o'er the

spirit of our dream." C—i said the day was made to see the view from the spire of the Duomo; so we went there, and wound up the almost interminable but convenient staircase to the lower roof.

This Cathedral is of white marble, that is, originally white; but as it was begun in the fourteenth century, a great part is discoloured, nearly blackened. It, however, contrasts well with the glittering whiteness of that portion finished in the time of Napoleon. It is a history in stone, going far back into the dim ages. I am always on the verge of a description of these bewitching cathedrals, in spite of my resolution against it. But I *can* give none, and therefore merely tell you that the edifice is supported by fifty-two marble columns; that three of its sides are covered with bas-reliefs, with single figures and groups of figures; that there are more than 3000 statues on it; that there are 100 spires running up into points called needles, each surmounted with a statue; and in the centre, and rising above all, a marble gilt statue of the Virgin crowned Queen of Heaven. You have no conception of the prodigality of its adornments till you are on the roof, and pass from marble terrace to terrace, up one flight of marble stairs and another, and another, and through labyrinths of galleries, and groups of statues, of old monks, pilgrims, saints, cherubs, and children; every angle, every little niche filled with them; and see, far above

you those hundred figures on their airy pinnacles, appearing as if they were native to the element they are in, and might move upon it. You may, perhaps, have some idea of the extent of this intricate maze of art and beauty when I tell you that persons have wandered about here for hours, lost, and unable to find a clew to the place where they entered.

If Gibbon, who was not addicted to pious reflections, exclaimed after his elaborate description of St. Sophia, "How dull is the artifice, how small the labour, compared with the formation of the vilest insect that creeps upon the surface of the temple!" what, think you, must have been our sensations when, having passed every obstruction to our sight, we raised our eyes from this gorgeous edifice to a temple not built with man's hands—to God's most beautiful work on earth, to the Alps, bounding one third of a horizon of magnificent extent, every point defined, every outline marked on the clear atmosphere—to Monte Rosa, sitting a Queen of Beauty on her high throne, shining like the angel in the Apocalypse, whom the rapt apostle saw standing in the sun. We were in danger of forgetting our humanity, but our sight was overpowered, our field of vision contracted to the rich plains of Lombardy, then to the city under us, to the *piazza del duomo*, and to those detestable loaded and primed Austrian cannon, and we became quite

conscious that this was *not* the best of all possible worlds!

After winding up the staircase within the central and loftiest spire, we reached a point from which our first resting-place seemed hardly removed from the ground. We came down to the marble wilderness again, and wandered for an hour over it. Once C——i paused, and, placing his hand on a balustrade, said, "Do you like tragedies?" Young people always do, and ours looking like the eager listeners they were, he proceeded:—"Two years ago there was a Milanese passionately attached to a young married woman of our city, whose husband became jealous and fearful to the lovers. In their mad passion and despair, they agreed to meet here and throw themselves off. Both were true to the appointment; but when the woman saw before her the terrible death to which she had consented, her nerves were not strong enough, and she tried to escape from her lover. His resolve, however, was unshaken; for an hour he pursued, she flying through these galleries, over the terraces, running up these long staircases and gliding down, now hiding, now darting out again; but finally he caught her, dragged her here, and, while she was shrieking, clasped her in his arms, and leaped from this balustrade—look down, and you may imagine the horrors of the death." We looked down at the



jutting points that interrupted the descent to the pavement, and all turned away silent and shuddering.

WE found Madame T. at our hotel, full of cordiality, animation, and kindness. She had come in from her villa at Desio to keep her appointment with us. She first took us to her town-house, which has recently undergone a remodelling and refurnishing, and a most luxurious establishment it is. The perfection of Parisian taste, the masterly workmanship of England, and the beautiful art of her own country, have all been made subservient to wealth almost unlimited. It seemed to me like the realisation of an Arabian tale. I have seen luxurious furniture elsewhere, but nothing,—not even at Windsor Castle,—so beautiful as Madame T.'s painted ceilings, her mosaic floors, and a window painted by Palaggio, in the exquisite colours which modern art has revived, illustrating *Ivanhoe*. How Scott has chained the arts to his triumphal car! There was a screen, too, exquisitely painted by the same artist. We went through the whole suite of apartments: dining-room, coffee-room, drawing-room, music-room, billiard-room, &c., Madame T. pointing out the details to us with the undisguised naïve pleasure of a child. "Je vous assure," she said, "que lorsque les rideaux en

velours et satin blanc, avec les derrière-rideaux en tulle brodé, sont montés, ç'a fait un bel effet\*." An English or American woman would have affected some little reserve; the frankness of the Italian lady was better. When we expressed our admiration, Madame T. said, "This is all very well, but you must see the Countess S.'s house. It is far superior to mine †."

Madame T. accompanied us to the studii of Hayez and Palaggio, the two most celebrated painters of Northern Italy. An Italian studio is always interesting, enriched as it is with the models, drawings, &c. &c., that are the studies of the artist. Palaggio is an architect and antiquary, as well as

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\* "I assure you that when the curtains of velvet and white satin, with the under-curtains of embroidered tulle, are up, the effect is beautiful."

† We were afterwards shown the Countess S.'s apartments. The furniture was most luxurious, and there were beautiful sculpture and painting, but the house was not in as good a taste as Madame T.'s, nor more magnificent. I was attracted by a striking, fierce-looking portrait, and asked an Italian gentleman with us if that was the countess's husband. "Oh, no," he replied, "she has not lived with her husband for some years. This is the picture of an opera-singer, a favourite of the countess—she has no children, I believe," he added, appealing to our cicerone. "I beg your pardon," replied the man coolly, "she has one, not quite a year old." I afterward learned this woman had a notoriety that rivalled Catherine's of Russia; and yet that, whenever these superb rooms were thrown open, they were filled with the noblest society in Milan. "Mais que voulez vous?" said a Milanese gentleman to a young English lady who had declined the countess's invitation. "Elle est une femme charmante—parfaitement bien élevée!" Backwoods barbarisms are better than this!

painter, and spends whatever he acquires (which is no trifle) upon some treasure or curiosity of art, so that his rooms looked more like a museum than a studio. I might bore you with a description of some things that we saw here, but that my mind was too preoccupied to observe Palaggio's paintings, or even to heed his friend Madame T.'s enthusiastic praises of them. In coming here, she had pointed out to us Confalonieri's house, the suite of apartments occupied by his angelic countess, and the cupola through which he attempted to escape when he was seized by the Austrian police. All this produced too vivid an impression of our friend's sufferings to allow any pleasant sensations immediately to succeed it. You will be glad to hear that Count C—i has been the faithful steward of Confalonieri, as Madame T. expressed it, "La vraie Providence." R. and the girls passed the evening in the Podesta's loge at the opera.

This morning we set off on an excursion planned for us by our kind friends, and came first, attended by G—a, to Monza, some eight or nine miles from Milan. This city, you know, is often named in the history of the Italian Republics. It has now an imperial palace, where the viceroy occasionally lives, where he has a noble park which, however, does not suffice for his royal hunts, and so there are additions to it; parings cut off from the grounds

of the neighbouring gentlemen called "*cacia riservata*," which they must by no means intrude on. What thorns must these encroachments be to the impatient spirit of the Italians !

We went over the grounds; they are richly varied with artificial water, waterfalls, a grotto, &c. But the chief object of attraction at Monza is the famed iron crown of Lombardy. I felt, I confess, a keen desire to see it; for whatever doubts the sceptic may throw over the transmission of the veritable nails of the cross from St. Helena to Queen Theolinda, which form the circlet of the iron crown, it was, beyond a doubt, once placed on the brow of Charlemagne and of Napoleon\*. It is kept in the Cathedral of Monza, a rare old edifice with much barbaric ornament, and containing among its treasure some curious relics of Theolinda, the favourite Queen of Lombardy. We scarcely "improved the privilege" of seeing these things, and looked only at a ponderous fan with which her majesty must rather have heated than cooled her-

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\* Lady Morgan concludes a most minute description of the pomp that attended the conveying the iron crown from Monza to Milan, for Napoleon's coronation, thus :—"Last came a carriage with the master of ceremonies, bearing the crown on a velvet cushion. Twenty-five of Buonaparte's old guard surrounded the honoured vehicle. The crown was received in Milan with a salvo of artillery and the ringing of bells, and at the portal of the cathedral by the Cardinal-Archbishop of Milan, who bore it through the church, and deposited it on the altar. The guards watched round it during the night."

self; at a very indifferent dressing-comb with a richly-jewelled handle, and at the sapphire cup, wrought from a single stone, in which her majesty pledged her second husband!

It was evident that our friends had made great efforts to obtain for us a sight of the real crown, and that very solemn observances were necessary to showing it, which we were quite incapable of appreciating. Several priests entered and put on their sacred robes. One knelt, while others placed a ladder against the wall to ascend to the shrine where, above the high altar, this crown is kept inclosed. Three locks were turned with golden keys. The kneeling priest flourished his silver censer; sending up a cloud of incense, and half veiled by it, a huge cross, resplendent with jewels, was brought down, and the sacred crown forming its centre was revealed to our profane eyes. The nails are made into a ring of iron, inclosed by a circlet of pure gold, studded with priceless jewels. In the arms of the cross, which is of wood covered with gold, are set, at short spaces apart, small glass cases containing precious relics, the sponge and reed of the crucifixion, bits of the true cross, &c. The cross was restored to its position with a repetition of the ceremonies, the prayers, and the incense; and, finally, the principal official took off his robes one by one, and kissed each as he reverently folded it. I was glad when it was all over; for these

religious ceremonies, where I am for ever vibrating between the humility of conscious ignorance and the pride of a superior liberty, are always painful to me.

That grand old barbaric monarch, Frederic Barbarossa, by turns the scourge and victim of the church, lies here. We were obliged to pass without examination his sarcophagus and monument, and the curious frescoes of this Cathedral, for we wanted time on our way to Desio to stop at the monument to the Countess Confalonieri. She is buried in the grounds of her brother, our friend Count C. C.—i. The spot is inclosed, and a marble monument is over it, with the following beautiful inscription written by Manzoni:

“Teresa, nata da Gaspare Casati, e da Maria Origoni il XVIII. Settembre, MDCCCLXXXVII., maritata a Frederico Confalonieri il XIV. Ottobre, MDCCCVI. Ornò modestamente la prospera sorte di lui, l'afflitta soccorse con l'opera, e partecipò con l'animo, quanto ad opera e ad animo umano è concesso. Consunta, ma non vinta dal cordoglio, morì, sperando nel signore dei desolati, il XXVI. Settembre, MDCCCXXX.

“Gabrio, Angelo, Camillo Casati alla sorella amatissima ed amatissima, eressero ed a se preparano questo monumento, per riposare tutti un giorno accanto alle ossa care e venerate. Vale intanto, anima forte e soave! Noi, porgendo tuttavia preci, ed offerendo sacrificii, per te, confidiamo che, accolta nell'eterna luce, discerni ora i misteri di misericordia nascosti quaggiù nei rigori di Dio.”\*

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\* “Teresa, born of Gaspari Casati and of Maria Orgoni on the 18th of September, 1787, was married to Frederic Confalonieri on the 14th of October, 1806. She adorned his prosperity, and, in as far as sympathy and benefaction are permitted to a human

The whole reading world is now familiar with the character of Theresa Confalonieri; with the particulars of the heroic conjugal devotion of this victim to Austrian despotism, and martyr to conjugal affection. Let your children, for the sake of their charities, my dear C., remember that this character was formed in the bosom of the Catholic church, and sustained in a country where they will be often told the women are *all* of a piece with the Countess S. That the organisation of society here, as far as women are concerned, is bad enough, I doubt not; but let us not believe that to be universal which is only general.

Madame T.'s villa is near the little town of Desio. After arriving at Desio we had an hour of rich twilight before dinner to see her grounds, which have given us new ideas of an Italian villa, and would lead us to think it is not so much a want of taste for rural life as a want of means to carry out their ideas of art and beauty, that drives the Italian gentry from their country-places. Madame

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being, her soul shared his adversity, and her deeds softened it. Consumed, but not overcome by sorrow, she died on the 20th of September, 1830, trusting in the God of the desolate.

"Gabrio, Angelo, and Camillo Casati have erected this monument to their most loving and beloved sister, and prepared it for themselves, that they may one day repose beside her dear and venerated remains. Farewell, meanwhile, brave and gentle spirit! We, continually offering up prayers and sacrifices for thee, trust that thou, received into eternal life, canst now penetrate the mysteries of mercy which here below are hidden in the chastenings of God."

T. lacks nothing to produce the result she wills. Her conservatories, extending many hundred feet on each side her mansion, indicate princely wealth. They are filled with exotic fruits and flowers; one with pines in great perfection and positive abundance—some five or six thousand well-grown plants of the *Camellia japonica* intimate the magnificent scale of things here.

On one side of the estate there is an old abbey which serves the purpose of stables and other offices, and which, last year, must have looked rather ruinous and *Italianish*; this has been recently ingeniously masked under the direction of the artist Palaggio, and now appears to be fragments of an aqueduct and an old abbey church with a tower, from which you have a view over half the rich plains of Lombardy, of an amphitheatre of Alps, of Como in the distance, and—I could fill my sheet with names that would make your heart beat *if you had been here*. Within the edifice there is a theatre and *salle d'armes*, which is to be also a museum, and is already well begun with a collection of antiques.

There are noble avenues of old trees that might make an Englishman look up and around him. Through one of these we went to a pretty toy of a labyrinth, where one may get "a little lost." We were soon extricated by our lady, who held the clew, and who led us around the winding, bosky



margin of a lake so extensive that I did not dream nature had not set it there and filled its generous basin, till Madame T. told me it was fed by a stream of water brought from Lake Como; and this stream flows through the grounds; now leaping over a precipice, and now dancing over a rocky channel, and singing on its way as if it chose its own pleasant path. There are many artificial elevations; we passed over one half as high as our Laurel Hill, with full-grown trees upon it; and between this and another is a wild dell with a cascade, an aerial bridge, and tangled shrubbery: a cabinet picture of some passages in Switzerland; and on my saying this, Madame T. replied, she called it her "Suisse." At one end of the lake, near a fisherman's hut, is a monument to Tasso, half hidden with bays. There was a fishing-boat near the hut, and so I took it for a *true story*; but, on Madame T. throwing open the door, we entered an apartment fitted up with musical instruments, which she modestly called her sewing-room. How fit it is for that sedative employment you may judge: there is a lovely statue in the middle of the room; the walls and ceiling are covered with illustrations of Tasso in fresco, and from each window is a different and most enchanting view.

"What a happy woman you must be!" said I to our charming hostess, "to be the mistress of this most lovely place! (a foolish remark enough, by-

the-by); her face changed, her eyes filled with tears, and after alluding to repeated afflictions from the severance of domestic ties by death, and to the sufferings of her friends for their political opinions, she concluded, "You know something of the human heart—judge for me, can I be happy?" Alas! alas! what contrasts are there between the exterior and interior of life!

The deepening twilight drove us in, and Madame T., who, to the refinements of her elegant hospitality, adds the higher grace of frank, unceremonious kindness, conducted us herself to our apartments, where we truly were lost in six immense rooms, each as large as half an American house, and a pretty fair-sized one too. We drew as nearly together as we could, and made a settlement in these vast solitudes, which, I confess, look rather dreary, with our prejudices in favour of carpets, snugness, comfort, and such un-Italian, unartistic ideas!

There was a family party at dinner. Madame T.'s nieces and grand-nieces are staying with her. The children were at table. "Our Italian custom," Madame T. says, and a wholesome one it is. The dinner was served in the fashion of Madame K.'s at Frankfort; fruit, flowers, and sweetmeats only placed on the table, and being but little more than a family dinner, would, I think, rather have startled those people who fancy Italians all live on maccheroni and eau sucré. The cookery was in the best

French style. The French, I believe, give the law to the kitchens as well as the toilets of the civilised world. We had a delicacy much esteemed here—the Piedmontese truffle. It was served as a salad, is white, very good, and very costly. The gentleman who sat on my right (the curate of the village, a person certainly not falling within the condemnation of the gourmand who says a man is a fool who does not love truffles) told me, in the intervals of swallowing at least half a pound of them, that they cost between seven and fourteen francs the ounce! Besides all the fruits in season, and delicious *home-grown* pines, we had a fruit called *nespoli*, much liked here, which, to my taste, resembled the frozen and thawed apple I have picked up under our apple-trees in a sunny March day; and, will you believe it, villanous as it was, it had a smack of home and childish and rustic things, that in this far land, in the midst of all these luxuries, brought tears to my eyes. There was another strange foreign fruit very pretty and passably good, resembling the seed-vessel of some flower, and called *chichingie*. The evening was filled up with Chinese billiards for the girls and common billiards for the gentlemen, and a diverting lesson in Milanese from the count to the girls, who are highly amused with the cracking sound of this spurious Italian. My evening was spent in talking with Madame T. and with the curate of the Catholic religion in America. He was much

surprised at the idea of its gaining ground there, and much delighted too; and he proposed to an octogenarian brother of Monsieur T. a pilgrimage to the valley of the Mississippi, about which, I suspect, I gave him his most definite notion by telling him that no truffles grew there!

Madame T., who uses her privilege of sex in talking freely (and eloquently, too) on forbidden subjects, roused all our sympathies by her particulars of the petty and irritating annoyances to which the Austrian surveillance subjects them.

My dear C., it is worth the trouble of a pilgrimage to the Old World to learn to feel—to *realise* our political blessings and our political exemptions. And what do those renegades deserve—I cannot call them by a gentler name—who, enjoying the *order* of despotism in travelling through Europe, come home and extol the Austrian government, and sigh for those countries where there is no danger that freedom may run into the madness of “Lynch-law?” What is every tyrannical decree of absolutism but a Lynch-law? I have met an Englishman who was not ashamed to prefer the *quiet* of Austrian dominion to a government that involved the tumult of an English election! Would these people be cured, think ye, by a year’s solitary reflection in the dungeons of Spielberg? But “good night;” I am too tired for political or any other speculation—remember, we began the day at Monza.

Milan, November 11.

MY DEAR C.,

WE have returned from our three days' excursion, and as I hear the rain pattering on the pavement, and look up through our dingy window, it seems but a brilliant dream. We waked at Desio to such a morning as might have inspired Guido's conception of his Aurora, and, after a breakfast which our bountiful hostess enriched with every barbarism, English and American, she had ever heard of, including *tea*, whose odorous breath for the first time, I fancy, incensed that old Italian mansion, we set off in two carriages for Como. I was much amused and somewhat instructed by questions which Madame T. and the count put to me relative to American courtships and marriages. The count had just come from the marriage of a niece who had seen her husband but once or twice, and never but in the presence of her family. Italian marriages in high life were all, he confessed, mere marriages of *convenience*, arranged by the parents; so that, as Byron has said, "marrying for the parents, they love for themselves."

I asked if their young women were always passive under these contracts made by their guardians—no; the reluctance was sometimes too strong to be mastered, and it was not uncommon for them to draw back, even at the altar. "But was it possible," he asked, "that our young people were allowed perfectly unshackled intercourse after the

engagement, without the eye of the mother or any guardian whatever?" And then, at my plain story of our modes of proceeding, there were such "Mon Dieus!" and "Dio Mios!" But, finally, they ended with an honest and hearty admiration of that system where freedom and confidence ensured safety, and afforded the best chance and security for affection. Young unmarried women in Milan, C—i said, were as much secluded as in Turkey. "They go from their houses to the theatre, and in the summer to their villas. They are as incapable as children of taking care of themselves; you might as well send the Duomo flying through the air, as five Italian ladies to travel!" "Do you know," he asked me, "how you would instantly be known in the streets of any Italian city to be English?\*" "No." "Because you *precede* your young ladies; an Italian lady always keeps her protegées under her eye." Is not this a key to our relative position?

We came all too soon to Como, now a poor little town on the lake side, with some vestiges of its former magnificence in towers and walls, a rich old cathedral, antique columns, &c. The approach to it is picturesque. The ruins of a fine old feudal castle, standing on an almost inaccessible pinnacle, overhang it; but there is little left to remind you that it was once the rival of Milan.

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\* Americans are for the most part merged in the English on the Continent. One of our party said to an Italian, "But we are not English." "Ah—no; but English Americans—all the same."

Madame T. had arranged our excursion, and here, to our great regret, she was obliged to leave us. But we are becoming philosophic; we turned from our vanishing pleasures to the lake basking in sunshine, to the picturesque little boats floating about on it, and to a certain most attractive one with a pretty centre-table and scarlet cushions, which our cavaliers were deftly arranging; and in a few minutes more we were in it, and rowed by four stout oarsmen, passed the gate-like entrance to the lake, guarded by statues, and fairly entered on our miniature voyage. The air (November 9th!) was as soft as in one of our mellowest June evenings, and the foliage had a summer freshness. We have seen and felt nothing before like this Oriental beauty, luxury, and warmth. The vines are fresh, myrtles, olive, and fig-trees are intermingled with them; the narrow margin of the lake is studded with villas; the high hills that rise precipitously over it are terraced; and summer-houses, statues, and temples, all give it the appearance of festive ground, where Summer, Queen of Love and Beauty, holds perpetual revels. The Alps bound the horizon on the north. There "winter and rough weather" have their reign; and as I looked at their stern outline and unrelenting "eternal" snows, they appeared to me the fitting emblem of Austrian despotism brooding over this land of beauty!

We passed Queen Caroline's Villa. These surroundings, you may remember, were the scene of some of the scandal that came out on her most scandalous trial; and we passed a lovely residence of Pasta's, where this woman, who held the music-loving world in thralldom, is living in happy seclusion on "country contentments," an example of filial and maternal devotion. A beautiful villa belonging to Count Porro was pointed out to us; and as I looked on its lovely position and rich adornments, I felt what these noble Italian exiles risked and lost in their holy cause—but not lost! Every self-sacrificing effort in this cause is written in the book of life!

We saw the *Pliniana*, where the little rivulet Pliny described nearly 2000 years ago ebbs and flows as it did then\*. It gives one strange sensations to see one unchanged thing where the world has undergone such mutations.

For a while, my dear C., we felt as if we could spend our lives in floating over this lovely lake—do not be shocked—you at home can afford for once to be forgotten. But, by degrees, our mortality got uppermost, the "meal above the malt," our voices one by one died away; our superb

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\* Pliny stands in the light of a patron-saint of Como. He provided a fund for the support of freed children here. He instituted a public school with an able teacher, contributed munificently to its support, and resigned a legacy in favour of the inhabitants. His statue, with an inscription, is still here.



cavalier looked a little qualmish ; G.'s gentle current ebbed ; L. laid her head on the table and fell asleep, and by the time we arrived at Bellagio, twenty miles from Como, the shores were wrapped in a dusky veil, and we were very glad to exchange our boating-pleasure for a most comfortable inn.

WE went to bed at Bellagio, feeling that it would be little short of presumption to expect a third fine day, and heroically resolving to be "equal to either fortune," clouds or sunshine. I confess I crept to the window in the morning with dread ; but there I saw Venus at her morning watch over the lake, the sky a spotless blue, and the lake as still and lovely as a sleeping child. I was malicious enough to reply to K.'s drowsy interrogatory, "raining again !" But the morning was too fine to be belied. We were all soon assembled in a little *rosary* surrounding the inn ; for so you might call a court filled to the very water's edge with rose-bushes in full bud and flower. We met our cavaliers profaning the perfumed air with cigars, which, however, they gallantly discarded, and attended us to the Villa Serbelloni which covers a hill overhanging Bellagio. It is the property of a gentleman in the Austrian service who serving (according to the universal Austrian policy) far from his own country, leaves the delight of embellishing and enjoying

it to a relative. This gentleman is now making a carriage-road around the place, and up a steep acclivity, where, at no trifling expense of course, it is supported on arches of solid mason-work. The whole hill is converted into a highly-embellished garden filled with roses, laurestines, magnolias, bays, laurels, myrtles, and every species of flowering shrub growing luxuriantly in the open air. The aloe, which will not bear our September frosts, grows unscathed here; and, as a proof of the invariable softness of the climate, C—i pointed out an olive-tree to me three or four hundred years old. This mildness is the result of the formation of the shores of the lake, for within a few miles the winters are severe.

We wandered up and down and around the château, coming out here and there on the most exquisite views. Once our pleasures were diversified, not interrupted, by shrieks from L. I hastened forward and found her flying from a posse of cock-turkeys that her crimson shawl had enraged. C. was leaning on his cane and shouting with laughter at her girlish terror at these "bêtes feroces," and rather, as I thought, confederate with them.

Serbelloni is on a promontory that divides the lake into two branches, and thence you have a view of both; of Tremezzina on one side and Ravenna on the other. And, dear C., it was in

the morning light, with the rose-coloured hues on the Alps, and villages, villas, and gardens, looking bright in the early day; morn's "russet mantle" close drawn here, and there the lake laughing in the sunshine, and no sound but a waterfall on the opposite shore, or the chiming bells of a distant church. It was a scene of pure enchantment for us children of the cold, sterile North! and you will comprehend its effect, and forgive R. into the bargain, if I tell you that, when I first met him on coming back into the "rosary," he exclaimed, his feeble frame thrilling with a sense of renovation and delicious beauty, "I will never go back to America—I cannot!" Nature is, indeed, here a tender restoring nurse!

After breakfast we left Bellagio (for ever, alas!) and walked through an avenue of sycamores to the Villa Melzi. Melzi was president of the Cisalpine republic; but when Napoleon made the republic a kingdom, and assumed its crown, he made Melzi Duke of Lodi. The place has now fallen into the hands of the duke's son, a lad of eighteen. The house fronts the lake. There is a look of nature about the grounds, and soft and quiet beauty; but, as they lie nearly on the level of the lake, they are inferior in picturesque charm to Serbelloni. Art always comes in Italy to help Nature, to perfect her, or to make you forget her. We met Beatrice, and Dante, and other statues

grouped and single, and on the conservatory were busts of Josephine and Madame Letitia among many others, expressing Melzi's homage to his master. There is a chapel at a short distance from the house, with a beautiful altar-piece sculptured, I think, by Marchesi; and monuments to different members of the Melzi family, that either express some domestic story or are allegorical—I could not make out which. Of all things, I should like an ancestral chapel, with the good deeds of my progenitors told in painting and stone!

I will not make you follow me through the suite of apartments, beautiful as they are; but, just to get a notion of the refinement of Italian taste, pause in the dining-room, where two little enchanting marble boys are standing on a side-table, the one with a sad, injured countenance, holding an empty bird's-nest, from which the other, a little imp of mischief and fun, has rifled the eggs\*.

There are six groups of children, painted on different compartments of the wall, all having some allusion to dinner viands. In one, a little rascal is holding wide open the mouth of a fish as if to swallow a younger boy, who, to the infinite diversion of his merry comrades, is running away, scared out of his wits. In the next, one boy is sustaining another on his shoulders, that he may steal the fruit

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\* I afterwards saw this trait of Nature as an antique bas-relief; I think at the Doria Villa at Rome.

from a basket on the head of the third; and in the next, a murderous little tribe are shooting their arrows at a dove tied to a tree—and so on to the end.

There is a capital picture of Napoleon, with an expression of keen hopes, unaccomplished projects, and unrealised ambitions.

From Melzi we crossed the lake to Tremezzina, called, from the extreme softness of the air through the winter, *Baiæ*. The count assured us, as far as climate was concerned, we might as well remain here as go to Naples. We landed at the Villa Sommariva, the crack show-place of all the “*petits paradis*” of Lake Como. We ascended to the mansion by several flights of marble steps, with odorous vines and shrubs in flower clustering round the balustrades, and a fountain at every landing-place, and entered a magnificent vestibule, in the centre of which stands a Mars and Venus, in form, *costume*, and expression, such as you would expect to find the *aborigines* of this land—types of valour and love.

The chef-d'œuvre of the villa is in this apartment, one of Thorwaldsen's most celebrated works: a frieze in bas-reliefs representing the triumph of Alexander, but designed with consummate art to bear an obvious allusion to the most striking events of Napoleon's life. The work was begun by Napoleon's order; but, before it was finished, he

could neither be flattered by its refined adulation, nor reward it. Count Sommariva purchased it, and it subsequently passed, with the villa, into the hands of a man, by the name of Richad, who had been quietly gaining money while Napoleon was winning and losing empires. Richad is dead, and his only son has lately died intestate, leaving this superb place, where art has, as usual, been chained to fortune, to some far-off cousins, poor and plebeian, who hardly know a bust from a block of marble.

Here, in another apartment, is "the Palamedes," considered one of Canova's masterpieces. They told us an anecdote of this that will please you. When Canova had nearly completed this statue it fell, and the artist just escaped being crushed by it. The statue was badly mutilated, and Canova at once wrote to Sommariva that he should make him another in its stead. Sommariva replied, that he would have this statue and no other, and that he should value it all the more for being connected with so interesting a circumstance as the providential preservation of the great artist; so, good surgery being done upon it, here it stands, a monument of the integrity of the great artist, and the delicacy and generosity of his employer.—Remember, these are traits of Italian character, and that such incidental instances of virtue are proofs they are not quite the degraded people pre-

judice and ignorance represent them. There are other beautiful works of Canova here: his Cupid and Psyche, an exquisite personification of grace and love, as innocent as if it had been modelled in paradise before bad thoughts were put into Eve's head. I noticed a pretty clock, designed by Thorwaldsen: two lovers sleeping with clasped hands, while time is passing unheeded. There is an Andromeda, an antique, charming—but I am not giving you an inventory—the house is filled with works of art. Among the paintings, and the gem of them all, is the portrait of a beautiful woman, by Leonardo da Vinci—some human beauty, like Laura and Beatrice, that the poetry of love idealised.

I have been more particular than usual, my dear C., in my account of the Italian villas; for I think it will rather surprise you, as it did me, after the chilling accounts we have read of the neglected grounds and ruined palaces of the poverty-stricken Italians, to find that some of them are enjoying all the luxuries of life in the midst of gardens to which nature, climate, art, and wealth have given the last touch of perfection.

We were hardly in our boat again when the clouds spread like an unfurling sail over us, and a wind called *Breva* came down from Como, curling the lake into yeasty waves. We were all shivering, and the boatmen sagaciously proposed we

should warm ourselves with a walk; so we got out into the footpath that skirts all the margin of the lake. It is paved, and about two feet wide, and kept in admirable order by the communes of the different villages, between which it is the only land communication, and the only land outlet to the world beyond Lake Como. The formation of the ground does not permit a carriage-road; but how picturesque is this footpath, skirting along villas and gardens, under arches and over stone bridges, and with vineyards hanging over your heads! Some of us, unwilling to leave it, walked all the way to Como, eight miles; a pedestrian feat in the eyes of our Italian friends.

Those of us in the boat crossed the lake again to pass once more close under Pasta's villa; but the cloudy twilight was so dreary, and so rapidly deepening, that we had little hope of getting even a glimpse of the *genius loci*. But, just as we were gliding under her terrace, her daughter appeared on it, followed by another lady. "*E Pasta! e Pasta!*" exclaimed our bateliers, in suppressed voices, thrilling with enthusiasm, that none but Italians in their condition would have felt in such a presence. They suspended their oars, and we stood on tiptoe, and heard a few accents of that voice that has thrilled millions. It was in the harsh, crackling Milanese, however, so that our excitement was a pure homage to *genius*.



WE passed the night at Como, and took our last look of its lovely lake this morning. Last looks are always sad ones. In travelling you have many a love at first sight—with Nature. You grow into sudden acquaintance with material things. They are your friends—for lack of others, dear C.

The road from Como to Milan is such as you would expect princes to make for their own chariot-wheels. The Austrian government, sparing as it is in all other improvements for the public good, is at immense expense to maintain the roads in this absolute perfection. After four or five weeks of continued and drenching rain, there is not as much mud as an ordinary summer shower would make on one of our best "turnpikes!" In many places the road is raised ten and twelve feet above the level of the surrounding ground. There is a footpath on each side, protected by granite blocks like our mile-stones, which occur at intervals of twelve or fifteen feet. Each block costs seven francs. The lands here are possessed by great proprietors, and those which are suited to the culture of the mulberry produce large profits. Some mulberry lands are valued at a thousand livres the perche. A perche is one thousand eight hundred square braccia, and a braccia is twenty-two and a half English inches. An Austrian livre, or zwanziger, is nearly equivalent to a Yankee shilling (seventeen and a half

cents). The ordinary price of a perche is four hundred zwanzigers. The peasants are paid by shares of the products. We asked C—i, from whom we were receiving this information, how the landlord could be sure of the tenant's fair dealing. He said the landlord's right to send him adrift was enough to secure that. A threat to do this is always effectual. All his little world of associations and traditions bind him to the soil on which he is born. Knowledge opens no vistas for him into other and richer lands. He never hears the feeblest echo of the "march of improvement." He is rooted to the soil, and so far from a wish to emigrate, no prospect of advancement will induce him to migrate from one village to another; ejection is a sentence of death. The Comasques are peculiar in their customs. Each valley has its trade. An ingenious man goes off to Milan and sets up his workshop. He receives apprentices only from his own valley. As soon as he acquires a little property he returns to his native place—invariably returns. Wherever you see an Italian, in London, or Paris, or New-York, hawking little images about the streets, you may be sure he comes from the shores of Lake Como, and that he will follow his guiding-star back there. They return with enough to make them passing rich in these poor districts. You meet men in these secluded places speaking half-a-dozen languages.

Each commune is obliged to maintain a physician, a surgeon, and a midwife.

St. Charles made great efforts to elevate the character of the people, and C—i imputes the superior morality of the Milanese to other Italians to this philanthropic saint. In his zealous reforms of the priesthood he went to the source of Catholic morality. It has become a law of the commune to maintain the schools he instituted; but the people are too poor and too ignorant to profit as they should by them. Without a theoretical notion of the effects of freedom and property, they feel that there is no advantage in learning the use of tools while they are bound hand and foot.

I told you they were maintained by shares of the products. The extremely low rate of wages, when they receive them, will show you how small their share is. A labouring man is paid sixteen Milanese sous (seventeen to a franc) per day, a woman ten, and a child seven. With this they find themselves. Think of our labourers with their dollar a day—their meat three times per diem—their tea, and sugar, and butter, and what not? while the Milanese peasant lives on coarse bread and thin broth, and only eats meat on his patron-saint's day, at a wedding, or at Christmas; and this is the gift of his landlord. One who eats rice every day is opulent, and he who eats *meat* every day is the aristocrat of the village. The improvement in

manufactures is putting it into the power of a few among them to wear woollens in winter. But, thank Heaven, their soft airs wrap them about as with a blanket; and the cheerfulness which their delicious climate, and perhaps the simplicity of their food, inspire, is like the fresh and fruitful young boughs of their olives springing from a decayed and sapless stem.

It is possible the peasant may derive a certain kind of pleasure from knowing that, politically, he is on a level with his lord. The government is, in one sense, to them a perfect democracy—a dead level of nothingness. Our proud and noble friend had the same liability to Austrian conscription as the meanest peasant on his estate, and his vote (they do vote in municipal affairs) counts no more than his who eats broth and black bread. The spirit of the Milanese gentlemen is not broken down by ages of oppression. Very few among them court the favour of the Austrian government, or will accept a share in it. Like the most intelligent and conscientious of our slave holders (and with far better reason), they submit to the evil only because they hold it to be irremediable. But is any moral evil irremediable to those who will adopt the axiom of the noble old blind man of Ancona, “*Nothing is impossible to those who fear not death.*”

C—i believes the government of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom to be the best in Italy. He

was cautious in his expressions, and went no farther than to say, in relation to the newspapers allowed (“*privilegiati*”) in Milan, “We only know so much as the government chooses we shall know. Our opinions are our own while we keep them to ourselves; but he who should express liberal ones would incur the risk of a ‘*chambre obscure*.’”

With our defective opportunities of personal observation, you may imagine the conversation of a man so intelligent and highly informed as C—i, and who, from being the lord of a long-transmitted inheritance, has much practical acquaintance with the organisation and peculiarities of Italian life, was a pleasure to us, and our drive seemed to have been a very short one when we entered the gate of Milan, and C—i ordered his coachman to drive on to the Corso. The day was dingy; and, though there were a few brilliant coaches, and handsome ladies in them, C—i warned us not to imagine we had any adequate impression of this drive, which is second in display only to that of Hyde Park. We noticed the viceroy’s gilded coach with six horses drawn up, while he and his family were enjoying the luxury of a walk.

ANOTHER day in Milan has been busily passed in visiting the Ambrosian library, where we saw, among many celebrated pictures, an exquisite one designed by Leonardo da Vinci, and finished by

his pupil Luini. It is called a madonna, but is, in fact, a prophetic portrait of M. W.; the same full, rich eye with all a mother's rapture in it; the same capacity of sympathy with joy or sorrow expressed in the flexible lips; as unlike as possible to the gentle, not to say tame madonnas that throng the galleries indicating merely placid maternal satisfaction.

We saw papyrus with writing 2000 years old, and notes to a book in Petrarch's autograph, and various other things that it is well to see, but very tiresome to hear about. The *Cassino de' Negoziante* was shown us by way of giving us a glimpse of Italian modes of society. It is a large house with a series of apartments: a ball, drawing-room, &c. &c., where gentlemen and ladies meet together on stated evenings to amuse themselves. All classes have these cassinos. They save the bother of invitations and intrusion on the order of families, and much of the expense of private entertainment.

We went in the evening, by his appointment, to Manzoni's. The Italian seems to indemnify himself for not roving over the world by walling in a little world of his own, which he calls a house. We were shown through a suite of empty apartments to the drawing-room, where we found Manzoni, his mother, wife, and children, and all the shows and appliances of comfortable domestic life.

Manzoni is a little past fifty, with an intellectual and rather handsome face, and a striking expression of goodness. His manner is gentlemanly and modest, not shy, as we had been told. Indeed, his reputation for shyness and fondness for seclusion induced us to decline a very kind invitation to pass a day at his country place. We thought it but common humanity not to take advantage of his readiness to honour Confalonieri's draft in our behalf on his hospitality—now I regret an irretrievable opportunity lost.

He was cordial in his manners, and frank and fluent in his conversation. He and his mother (the daughter of Beccaria), a superb-looking old lady, expressed an intelligent interest in our country, and poured out their expressions of gratitude for what they were pleased to term our kindness to their exiles, as if we had cherished their own lost children. I put in a disclaimer, saying, you know how truly, that we considered it a most happy chance that had made us intimately acquainted with men who were an honour to their species. Manzoni said this was all very well in relation to Confalonieri; he came to us with his renown; but, as to the rest, we must have been ignorant of everything about them but their sufferings. "G.," he said, "has found a country with you; and he deserves it, for he is an angel upon earth\*." When

\* I trust I shall not appear to have been betrayed into publishing

I responded earnestly, he replied with a significant laugh, "Now that you know what our *mauvais sujets* are, you can imagine what our honest men must be!"

Manzoni had not heard of the American translation of the *Promessi Sposi*, and he seemed gratified that his fame was extending over the New World. Would that it could go fairly forth without the shackles of a translation. He told us some interesting anecdotes of Beccaria. He said he was so indolent that he never wrote without being in some sort forced upon it; that his celebrated essay on criminal law was procured by the energetic management of a friend who invited him to his house, and locked him up, declaring he should not come out till he had written down his inestimable thoughts on that subject. Beccaria good-naturedly acquiesced, and the work was actually finished in this friendly prison.

"And much reason," Madame Manzoni (the elder) said, "my father had to rejoice in it, for he often received letters of most grateful acknowledgment from individuals who had profited by the humane doctrines of his book."

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the above by a petty vanity. The little kindness we have had the opportunity of extending to the exiled Italians we count good fortune, not merit. It has been requited a hundred fold by the privilege of their intimate acquaintance. But I would, as far as in my humble way I can, remove the narrow belief that there is no hospitality, no gratitude, among their fellow-countrymen.



OUR friends have continued their kindness to the last moment—the whole family, C., Count C—i, and dear Madame T. She urged us to renounce our journey to Venice, and spend a week at her villa. This was almost irresistible; but leaving out Venice in seeing Italy is like losing bishop or castle in a game of chess. So our bills are paid, our post-horses ordered, and we are going, feeling as if we had lived a little life here; for we have made acquaintance, and ripened them into friendships; we have gone out and returned; we have eaten, and drunk, and made merry, and must now go forth again, unknowing and unknown. There is no such lengthener of human life as travelling.

*Brescia.*—A BRIGHT attractive-looking town, with thirty thousand inhabitants, clean streets, and fine old edifices, built from the ruins of ancient temples, and a rich surrounding country, covered with villas, vines, and mulberries, and watered by three rivers, which are just now fearfully illustrating the old proverb, “Good servants, but bad masters.” Italy has been anything but a land of the sun to us. This morning the clouds dispersed, for the first time since we were on Lake Como, and François assures us that the priests, who “know all about these matters,” pronounce the rain “une chose

finie." "La Sainte Vierge" has been gracious, and to-morrow she is to be unveiled and exhibited to her worshippers. In the mean time, half the country is submerged; the fearful Po has burst through its embankments and overwhelmed several villages. It is a pity "La Sainte Vierge" has been so slow in her compassions.

We have just been to see the "scavi," or Roman remains, which, within the last twenty years, have been discovered and disinterred here. In 1820, the top of a pillar was seen. This led to excavations, which ended in bringing to upper earth a temple of Hercules, a curia, very beautiful mosaic pavements, richly-sculptured altars, a multitude of busts, shattered friezes, and broken pillars, and a bronze statue of Victory of the best period of Grecian art. Victory! I doubt it; she has an expression of such Divine sweetness, as if she might weep at the fantastic tricks and cruel games men have played and called them *victories*. This is the first time we have seen any striking remains of Roman magnificence and art, on the very spot where they stood in the eye of those whose souls were breathed into their forms; and the *first* time is an epoch in one's life!

*Verona.*—WE left Brescia this morning at seven; a morning comme il y en a peu now-a-days. When I opened my blind at six, Venus hung over our

jessamine-embowered balcony, as brilliant as when she kept her watch at Bellagio. We have been driving on the *Via Emilia*—a pretty old road, and kept in excellent repair. Our first halt was at Desenzano, on the shores of the Lago di Garda, the ancient Benacus. The lake is nearly inclosed by Alps, and the climate is so softened by its mountain-wall, that the most delicate southern fruits are ripened on its shores. The fish of this lake was sung by epicure-poets of old, and are quite as much relished by the moderns. Catullus, who was born at Verona, had his favourite villa here, on the peninsula of Sermione. Its beautiful position was pointed out to us. The lake preserves the stormy character Virgil gave it in his time. Not a breath stirred the leaves as we walked along the shore, and yet the blue waves came with their white crests dancing towards us, and gave K. rather too spirited a salutation. Always excepting Como, this Lago di Garda, with its surroundings, is the most beautiful sheet of water I have ever seen\*. For an hour we drove in view of the lake, and during the whole drive we have had beautiful objects under our eyes: a chateau with its long lawn and avenues, a shrine, a crucifix, an old wall, a bridge, and the Alps bounding our horizon. The

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\* I had not then been to Bevey and Montreux, nor seen the lake of Luzerne; but each has its peculiar charm, that is not lessened by comparing it to another.

sterile Alps, our guide-book calls them, but what is there on earth so rich in beauty, so suggestive to the imagination? This is the richest part of Lombardy, covered with mulberries and vines, and thronging with, as it appears to us, a healthy population, full fed from the cradle to the grave. The children are stout and rosy, with masses of bright curling hair. The women are tall and well-developed, and the old people so old that one would think they must themselves have forgotten they were ever young—the last thing they do forget. But they are never “rocked in the cradle of reposing age”—never cease from their labours. We see even the very old women, with their grey heads bare or covered with a fanciful straw hat, driving asses and leading cows on the highway. Whenever our carriage stops there are plenty of beggars around us, but they are for the most part sick or maimed. Comparing the peasantry of Savoy with that here, this climate would seem to be bed and board to them.

The first object that struck our eyes on entering Verona was a very curious old bridge over the Adige, and from that moment till we reached our inn, we kept up a choral exclamation at the piazzas, the famous old palaces, the immense houses, half as high as the Alps, and at the heavy stone balconies.

Verona, a powerful city in the time of the Ro-

mans, and so distinguished in the middle ages when the bold lords of the Scala family ruled its destinies, has now dwindled down to a population of 50,000. To me it bears a charmed name, as recalling the time when, a child of seven years, I sat down on the carpet by the "old bookcase" to read "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," the only one of Shakspeare's plays now to me unreadable. But Juliet is, to every English-blooded traveller, the *genius loci* of Verona; Juliet, that sweetest impersonation of the universal passion whose mortality Shakspeare has converted into immortality, and fixed her shrine here. We set off in a half-hour after our arrival, with a dirty, snuffing old valet de place (I have an antipathy to the best of the genus), to see the *locales* of the "sweet saint." The palace of the Capulets, *so called*, is a gloomy, dark old rack-rent edifice, now a hostelrie! We were conducted through an arched way into a court lumbered with carts loaded with wine-casks. The "balcony" was half way to heaven, where poor Juliet needed, in truth, a "falconer's voice" to be heard by her lover. The garden, we were told, was beyond the court, but we saw no "orchard-wall, high and hard to climb," that "Love's light" wings alone might pass, and we were eager to get away before imagination should lose for ever the power of recalling the orange groves and myrtle bowers, the passionate girl in the balcony, the

lover in the garden, and the moon "tipping with silver all those fruit-tree tops."

We drove half a mile beyond the gate to the old Franciscan monastery where tradition has placed the tomb of the Capulets; and here, in a dreary garden, we were shown the spot where the tomb *was*. And alas for the disenchantments that yet awaited us! A servitora unlocked something very like a barn-door, and admitted us into something very like a barn, where she showed us an open stone sarcophagus of Verona marble, which, she assured us, contained Juliet's body when it was removed from the garden to this place for *safe keeping*. There was a stone pillow for her head, and a socket for a candle, which it is, to this day, the custom of the Veronese to place lighted in the coffin. There were two holes drilled for ventilation, probably to admit air enough to support the flame.

IN the heart of the city, inclosed by an iron railing of most delicate workmanship, are the tombs of the Scala family. When all records are lost but Shakspeare's, which will undoubtedly outlive all others, these may be shown for the tombs of the Capulets. There are monuments curiously sculptured, with marble sarcophagi and effigies. Three are elaborate, and these run up into pinnacles and are surmounted with statues, an equestrian one

overshadowing the rest. "This," our cicerone said, "was of the greatest lord of Verona." It should then be of Cane della Scala\*.

There is an amphitheatre here built of blocks of stone without cement, and as early as Trajan's time, which is in admirable preservation. Napoleon repaired it in excellent taste, so that it now appears quite perfect. It can accommodate 25,000 persons. I have not half finished the sight-seeing of this crowded afternoon, but I spare you.

K. and I returned from a truant stroll in the morning in time to swallow our breakfasts, and to remonstrate against an over-charge in our bill: a hateful task that falls to my share, and often makes me regret the days when I went on *like a lady*, quietly paying prices, and scarcely knowing them. But we have, in truth, little to complain of. The inn-charges are seldom extravagant; and as to impositions strictly, I think we rarely meet with them. Good policy has arranged these matters on these great high-roads. We poorer Americans must pay the rates which luxurious English travellers, who "lard this lean earth," have introduced.

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\* "The first of the Lombard princes, he protected the arts and sciences; his court, the asylum of all the exiled Ghibelines, drew together the first poets, painters, and sculptors of Italy. There are still at Verona glorious monuments of the protection he extended to architecture. But war was his favourite passion," &c.—*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes.*

*Padua.*—WE have now travelled nearly across the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. The posting, which all over the Continent is a government monopoly, is well arranged, but much dearer than in Germany. The German postilion is the least civilised of Germans, but the Italian is still lower in the scale of humanity. His horses, too, are inferior in size and muscle, but they seem to have a portion of the spirit of their masters, and travel more fleetly than the heavy German horse.

Though we are on the verge of winter, the characteristics of the country are manifest. Roses are yet blooming. At the post-stations women throng to our coach-windows with waiers filled with grapes, pears, apples, and nespoli. The people are all out of doors, women spinning by the roadside, combing their hair, and performing other offices that we at all seasons reserve for in-doors. We stopped at Vicenza, which is now a town of some 30,000 inhabitants, long enough to see some of the best productions of Palladio, one of the celebrated architects of Italy, who lived in the sixteenth century, and was born here. All Northern Italy is embellished by his designs and works. I am no critic in these matters, but a too lavish profusion of ornament seems to me to characterise them. The work esteemed his masterpiece is at Vicenza. It is called the Olympic Theatre, and was built precisely on the model of the ancient Greek thea-



tre, that the Vicenzans might get a precise idea of the mode of Grecian dramatic exhibitions. The scenery is a fixture, representing the entrance of a Greek town and the openings into seven different streets, where you see houses, temples, and triumphal arches. The stage is not much larger than a generous dining-table. Then there are Corinthian columns and rows of statues extending all around the theatre. There are fourteen ranges of seats for the spectators; and with all this lavishness of genius, art, and money, there have been but two exhibitions here, one for the emperor, and one for his viceroy. You will agree with me that Palladio might have spent his time, and the Vicenzans their money, better than on this, after all, mere toy. The private houses here are most richly ornamented with architectural embellishments. Palladio was one of the few prophets honoured in his own country.

THE inhabitants of Padua have dwindled down to 55,000: about three times the number of the students it once gathered within the walls of that venerable university where Galileo lectured. The exterior wall of the university is covered with busts in bas-reliefs, escutcheons, and various sculpture, illustrating the men who have been distinguished here.

Petrarch, you know, was born at Arquà, in this

neighbourhood, and was a canon in the church here, where, if one may judge by the zeal with which every memorial of him is cherished, his love-sonnets were not considered uncanonical. There is a picture of the Madonna at the Cathedral presented by him. There was a curtain over it; our servitora said, "If the ladies commanded, it should be uncovered." We were so disgusted with this contrivance to exact a fee, this covering up a picture from its worshippers to uncover it to the gaze of heretics for a paltry hire, that we declined the offer\*. We saw in the sacristy a bust of Petrarch and a portrait painted by his contemporary Ciambellini.

We have a strange feeling in this old world, dear C., as if the dead of all past ages were rising to life on every side of us. We saw in the hall of justice here, a noble hall 300 feet long, and adorned with frescoes by Giotto, a bust of Titus Livius, which was disinterred in the environs of this his native city. The Roman remains and memorials in Lombardy are comparatively few; and it is not to the days of Roman dominion that the mind

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\* We were not long in learning to smile at our own pharisaical Quixotism, and to discard it. The best pictures in the Italian churches are veiled, that they may be "ne'er seen but wondered at" by the devout, and ne'er seen but paid for by the stranger, be he heretic or orthodox. And certainly it is just the possessor should derive an income from such a capital, and the sight of the picture is worth ten times the trifling sum it costs.

recurs, but to the period of Italian independence. You perceive in these rich plains of Lombardy the source in nature of the individual life, vigour, and power of the free Italian cities, in these warm plains completely irrigated, and producing without measure corn, wine, and the mulberry-tree, those surest natural sources of wealth. And you perceive still, in the noble physiognomy of the people, the intellectual character that made Italy the seat of art, literature, commerce, and manufactures, while civilisation had scarcely dawned on the rest of Europe. With what feelings must idle, shackled, impotent Italy look back on those days when her looms were sending their gorgeous fabrics wherever there was money to pay for them; when her envoys could truly declare in Eastern courts that they saw nothing there more luxurious than they had seen in the palaces of their native princes; the days when their historians, their poets, and their painters were creating works for all posterity! These were the days when Milan and Brescia, Verona, *Vicenza*, and Padua, and all the rest of their glorious company, were republics; when freedom was so dearly prized that it was an axiom that "blessed were those that died for liberty and their country;" when an insolent imperial letter was torn from a herald's hands and trampled under foot; when a beautiful matron, in a famishing town, with her infant in her arms, who had subsisted for days on

boiled leather, offered the nourishment in her breast to a fainting soldier, that he might up and "do or die;" when Milan, with her houses razed to the ground, and her inhabitants driven forth, again rose and successfully resisted imperial aggression. And now Austrian soldiers keep the gates of these cities, and say who shall enter and who depart. No wonder that the Italian's heart burns within him that the noblest spirits are torpid with despair, languish in prison, or are driven into exile.

*Venice, November 18.*—THERE are three posts (about seven miles each) from Padua to Venice. The usual boundaries of land and water are so changed by the overflowings of the rivers, that I fear we are getting no very accurate notions of the face of the country in its ordinary condition. You are conscious you are approaching a city that gathered to itself the riches of the world, and whose market converted marshy lands into gardens, vineyards, and golden fields. There are, what we have not seen elsewhere, pleasant-looking, isolated cottages, with thatched and conical roofs, and an infinity of villages, churches, chapels, and magnificent villas, whose grounds appear like drawing-rooms pretty well filled with poetic gentlemen and ladies, dressed and undressed artistically. In sober truth, there are many more statues out of doors here than you see people with us in the finest

weather. The houses are magnificent, many built after the designs of Palladio, and, like everything of his, prodigally ornamented; they are surrounded with high walls, with arched stone entrances and iron gates, with statues at the gates, and statues on the walls with short intervals.

The roses are still in bloom, though the trees are nearly stripped of their leaves. Last night, for the first time, we had a slight frost. At Fusina, a miserable little town, infested with beggars, postillions, *douaniers*, and loungers, screaming, and racketing, and racking us, we left our carriage and embarked in a gondola. Yes, dear C., a gondola which, all our heroic-poetic associations to the contrary notwithstanding, is the most funereal-looking affair you ever saw afloat. They are without exception covered by a black awning, first imposed by a sumptuary law of the republic, and maintained, probably, by the sumptuary laws of poverty.

Venice is five miles from Fusina, and seen from thence, appears like a city that has floated from its moorings, and, while distance lends its "enchantment to the view," still like a queen "throned on her hundred isles," or, rather—as its proud representative, who refused his oath of adhesion to Henry VII., said—as if it were "a fifth essence, belonging neither to the Church nor the emperor, the sea nor the land!" Nature, too, lent us her enchantments; the sun setting, as we crossed the Lagoon,

coloured the Rhætian Alps with rose and purple hues, which the waves that played around our gondola reflected, while the pale moon hung over the Adriatic. I cannot describe to you the sensation of approaching such fallen greatness as that of Venice. It is as if a "buried majesty" appeared to you from the dead. We passed in silence the magnificent Piazza St. Marco, and were landed at the steps of the Hôtel Reale, formerly the *Palazzo Bernardo*.

WE went in the twilight last evening, my dear C., to the Piazza, passed the ducal palace and the Bridge of Sighs, to get the feeling that we are actually in Venice; and in this piazza, surrounded as you are by magnificent and unimpaired objects, it is not difficult to realise Venice's past wealth and splendour; it is only difficult to believe that it is *past*. There is the Church of St. Mark, uniting Oriental magnificence with Moorish architecture and Christian emblems; its façade embellished with ecclesiastical history written in mosaic\*;

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\* At least that little episode in the history of the church is depicted here which relates to the transfer of St. Mark's body from Alexandria to Venice. The first scene represented is the pious fraud enacted by the Christians, when they hid the body of their saint in a basket under piles of pork, from which the Mussulmans are represented as recoiling. The story ends with the last Judgment. St. Mark's Gospel, *said* to be written by his own hand, is among the treasures of the church. "The Venetians chose St. Mark," says M. Sismondi, "patron of their state; his lion

and over its principal arched entrance the four horses of Lysippus, the seeming insignia of victory, so often have they tramped over the world attached to the victor's car. These mute images put the greatness and the littleness of the world and its players into striking antithesis. They were the emblems of Corinth's glory, of Rome's, of Constantinople's, of Venice's, and of Napoleon's. Their kingdoms, their glory, and their generations have passed away, and here these four brazen horses stand unscathed! Three sides of the piazza are surrounded with very handsome edifices; with arcades gay with shops and cafés\*. On the fourth is a space open to the sea, called the piazzetta (small piazza). On one side of this is the very beautiful façade of the ducal palace; a mixture, I believe, of Gothic and Moorish architecture, but so unlike anything European that we have seen, and so like architectural pictures of the East, that we seemed at once to have passed into the Asiatic world. Near the water stand two granite columns, one surmounted by the lion of St. Mark, the other by the statue of a saint. Both these columns were brought from the East, and are trophies of the conquests of the Republic in the eleventh century.

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figured in their arms, and his name in their language whenever they designated with peculiar affection their country or government."

\* Over these cafés and shops the nobles once had luxurious casinos, where they indulged in every species of pleasure.

Opposite the ducal palace is another palace of beautiful architecture, and beside it the campanile, the same on which Galileo stood to make his observations. "This *is* Venice!" we said, as, after gazing for a half-hour on this unimpaired magnificence, we turned to go to our hotel; but our illusion vanished when we looked off upon the water, and saw but here and there a little boat, where there were once

"Argosies bound

From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,—

From Lisbon, Barbary, and India!"

I WENT before breakfast this morning to St. Mark's, and as I paused for a moment at the door to look up at the figure of the saint, on a ground of blue and gold, two persons, sinners I am sure, drew my eyes and thoughts from him. They were young men, who appeared as if they had that moment landed from some piratical expedition. The one was looking about him with a careless curiosity; there was a wild, savage desolation about the other I never can forget: his face was bronzed, and his tangled locks stood out as if they were of iron. I met his quick, glancing eye, but I am sure he did not see me, nor anything in the world around him; the gorgeous ceiling, the Oriental marbles, the costly altars, pictures, bronzes, were to him as if they were not, and on he strode



as if he were on a sea-beach, straight through the kneeling congregation, not pausing till he reached the steps before the high altar, when he threw himself prostrate on them, and seemed as if he would have buried his face in the marble. The people were passing up and down, jostling him, treading on him; he moved no more than if he had been struck dead there. It seemed to me that I could hear the cry from his soul, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" and not till the mass was over, when he rose with an expression somewhat softened and calmed, and taking his companion, who had been listlessly staring about, by the arm, and hastened away, could I see anything but him; and when I did look around upon this most gorgeous of Christian temples, enriched as it is with the spoils of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea, it seemed poor indeed compared with the worth of this sinning, suffering, and penitent spirit; for so I am certain it was.

Few churches are so enriched with historical associations as St. Mark's. It was here that the subjection of imperial to papal power was consummated by the dramatic exhibition of the humiliation of Frederic Barbarossa to Pope Alexander, when the emperor prostrated himself before his holiness, and suffered him to plant his foot upon his neck\*. The history of this church from the time

\* This most abject circumstance in Frederic's humiliation is, I

it was a chapel—a mere appendage to the ducal palace—would be a history of Venice\*.

WE have been over the ducal palace, up the “Giant’s Stairs,” and the golden-roofed staircase, and through the immense halls whose ceilings and walls are embellished by Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and Titian, with, to me—I am profane, or, perhaps, most ignorant to say so—uninteresting pictures. The portraits of the doges, which hang below the cornice, encircling one apartment, are not so.

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suspect, an interpolation of the papal legendaries. M. Sismondi, the most reliable of historians, merely says, “He (the emperor) threw aside his cloak, prostrated himself before Alexander, and kissed his feet.” The foot upon the neck was, however, too picturesque a circumstance to be lost, and so a Venetian painter has given it perpetuity in a splendid picture which hangs in the ducal palace.

\* It was here that one of the finest scenes in the great drama of the crusades was enacted, when the heroic Henry Dandolo, blind, and ninety-four years old, addressed the crowds of Venetians and crusaders, royal, noble, and plebeian, who were assembled in St. Mark’s. “Lords,” he said, “you are of the first gentry in the world, and banded together for the noblest cause men ever undertook. I am a feeble old man who need repose; but ill fitted as is my body for the service, I perceive there is none who can so well lead and govern you as I who am your lord. If you will suffer that I take the cross to watch over and teach you, and that my son remain to guard the land, I will go forth to live and die with you, and with the pilgrims.” And when this was heard, “Yes,” they cried all with one voice, “and we pray God, also, to permit that you come forth with us and do it.” This, with many more particulars, may be found in the touching language of the old chronicler in M. Sismondi’s *Italian Republics*.

They are all there excepting one, and on the tablet where that should be is painted a black veil, with an inscription to signify that this was assigned to Marino Faliero ! Poor old man ! Byron has painted his picture there ; and those who see it beneath the black veil scarcely look at the 120 others. The doges have passed away, and you meet here only tourists, to whom the ciceroni are explaining, in a semi-barbarous dialect, the painted histories of their reigns and triumphs.

We went out of the palace on to the " Bridge of Sighs " and to the prisons of the Inquisition ; for, as you know,

" There is a palace and a prison on each hand."

We went into the dungeons on a level with the sea ; those below its level were destroyed for ever by the French revolutionists, who, in their days of madness, did this among many other righteous deeds.

The curiosities of prisons are horrors, and I shall not detail to you those that were shown us\*, but

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\* These hideous prisons are not more than six or seven feet square, with mud floors, and a grating, a few inches in length and breadth, which opens into a gallery, into which the only ray of light that ever came was from the torch of the turnkey, when, once a day, he brought the prisoner his food. The French, when they came to Venice, found a man in one of these cells who had been there for fourteen years. They set him free, and carried him in procession through the grand piazza. The poor wretch was struck blind, and died in two or three days.

leave them all for the cell where we saw the inscription which Lord Byron copied, and which you may recollect in the notes to his *Childe Harold*. Our cicerone, who was of a calibre very superior to most of his craft, read the lines with Italian taste and grace, and told us that Lord Byron had taken the pains to retrace and deepen them, "Yes, *with his own hand* \*."

20th.—WE have been all the morning in our gondola. We first rowed through the grand canal, which is bordered for two miles by churches and palaces; affecting memorials of the rise, dominion, perfection, decay, desertion, and death of "Venice;" a death so recent that the freshness and beauty of life have not quite passed away †. A few of these palaces are still in the possession and occupancy of their noble families, but wherever you see one in its original splendour (and most splendid they are) you see the *collar-mark* upon it, "*Provinzie di Venezie*," indicating that it is appropriated to the officers and purposes of the Austrian govern-

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\* I was sorry afterward to hear this man agreeing with a hard-favoured wretch in calling Silvio Pellico a "menteur," and maintaining that he had never been in "*the leads*," which, by the way, they spoke of as "*beaux prisons*."

† "The foundation of Venice preceded by seven centuries the emancipation of the Lombard cities, and its fall was three centuries after the subjection of Florence." Truly it had a long life of power and glory.

ment. For the most part they are dilapidated\*, with broken glass, parchment panes, and indications that they are degraded to base uses.

As we passed the Foscari palace we saw a Venetian washing, patched calico gowns and all manner of trumpery drying over the massive and sculptured stone balconies of that princely home, to behold which once more an exiled son of the house risked and lost his life. Nearly opposite this palace is that which Byron occupied: its location may have suggested the tragedy of "The Two Foscari." And what painful and pleasant remembrances did his residence suggest to us as we passed under its balcony, and thought of Moore's groping his way through the dark hall after Byron, while he called out, "Keep clear of the dog! take care, or that monkey will fly at you!" and his droll exclamation as they stood together on the moonlit balcony, "*Don't* be poetical, Tom!" and, alas! of the mock-tragic drama enacted here by his Fornarina, and of other episodes in his life that he must have wished to blot out, and of which those who admire and pity him must wish his biographer had spared the record. Byron's is the greatest and best known of English names in Italy.

Some of the Venetian palaces still contain trea-

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\* We were told they would be taken down, and small tenantable houses built from their materials, but for an order of the Austrian government forbidding it—why, I know not, unless they wish to preserve them as a trophy.

sures of art. In the *Palazzo Barbarigo*, where Titian long lived, and where he died, there is a gallery called "*Scuola di Tiziano*." Here we saw a Magdalen, the last he ever painted, and the *first*, I think, ever painted. It belongs to the highest class of that intellectual painting which reveals the secrets of the soul. You see a woman who has been forgiven much because she loved much ; a voluptuary by nature and a saint by grace ; and you feel assured, from the depth and *calmness* of her feelings, that she will sin no more. The old woman who showed us the gallery, and who, in her progress, had poured out the usual quantity of a cicerone's *superbas !* and *magnificas !* said, " Other pictures have their prices ; this is priceless ! " We have seen other pictures by Titian in Venice which seem to me to come into the same category, truly to be " priceless," the Assumption (called his masterpiece) where the loveliest cherubs, alias winged *Italian* children, are floating in a wreath of clouds around her ; or the Sacrifice of Isaac, on the ceiling of the sacristy in Santa Maria della Salute. The beautiful boy is bending over the pile, awaiting the stroke, with an expression of most dutiful obedience, and something more ; there is a trustfulness, as if he felt his father could not do him wrong. The angel appears with a blended expression of Divine authority and human sympathy, and you *feel* the command which he eagerly utters, and

which the awe-struck patriarch has turned to receive, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad \*!" This picture is a lyric poem; but for the epics of the "Venetian school," with their architecture and landscape, their complication of action and variety of character—their groups of men, women, and children, Jews, infidels and brutes, it requires more artistic education, and far more time than we have, to comprehend and enjoy them.

The Rialto† is a stone bridge over the grand canal, and in its material of stone and mortar precisely what it was when merchants there "most did congregate." But the princely merchants, who unlocked and locked at pleasure the golden gates of the East, have disappeared, and in their places are people walking up and down between the rows of mean shops, hawking, in the loudest and most dissonant tones, tortone (a famous species of candy), cakes, *fish*, and like fancy articles. An old Jew sleeping in the shadow of the bridge, over whom we stumbled as we got out of our gondola, for a moment recalled my poetic associations with the

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\* After seeing Titian's masterpieces, one enjoys the old story of Charles the Fifth's reproof of his nobles' scorn of his plebeian favourite. "I can create with a breath a hundred dukes, counts, and barons, but, alas! I cannot make one Titian!"

† I do not understand why the name Rialto is used merely to designate the bridge. "It was in 809," says M. Sismondi, "that the Venetians made choice of the little island of the Rialto, near which they assembled their fleet, with their collected wealth on board, and built the city of Venice, the capital of their republic."

Rialto; but to retain them undisturbed one should not see it. The bridge is a high arch, and the street on each side of it is of course continued over it between the mean one-story shops which are built on it. The bridge has two other broad passages between the shabby rear of the shops and its balustrades, and thus encumbered and defaced is the aspect it presents as you approach it on the canal.

WE visited the Arsenal as a memorial rather than an actual existence. Its silent forges and empty magazines only serve to impress you with the vast commerce and power of the fallen republic. It occupies an island three miles in circumference, and has the aspect of an independent fortress. The winged lion, brought from the Piræus of Athens, still guards its entrance, but you know too surely that his teeth and claws are gone by his watchdogs in Austrian uniform\*. We passed along a portico lined with every species of workshop relating to ship-building—all silent now—and, crossing through a spacious dockyard where there were a score or two of galley-slaves in long, clanking chains, working under the surveillance of other slaves in a different uniform and without chains, called *gendarmes*,

\* These gentry refused entrance to our courier; service being a disqualifier for such privilege here, as colour is in our *enlightened* country. We trust these shadows will, ere long, pass quite off the civilised world.



we entered the model-room. There, among a vast variety of curious things, we saw an exact miniature of the galley in which the doges were accustomed to perform the ceremony of their espousals with the Adriatic. It is of a most graceful form, its exterior gilded and embossed with devices illustrative of the history of Venice. The canopy is of crimson velvet; Venice, "a proud ladye," sits in the prow, with Peace at her feet and the scale of Justice in her right hand. In the stern is the throne of the doge, and at its back an opening through which he threw the wedding-ring to his sea-bride. Opposite the throne sits Time, with his admonitory scythe and hour-glass. When this was rigged, with four stalwart Venetians at each crimsoned and gilded oar, it must have been a pretty show!

We were shown an immense hall filled with trophies, banners, and weapons of all their conquered enemies, Christians and Turks, and halls filled with Venetian armour; and, among other curiosities, a *very entertaining* collection of the Inquisition's instruments of torture; some among them ingenious and perfect enough to have been forged in the lower regions. Ah, cruelty has ever gone hand in hand with power, my dear C.

THE perfect repose, the indolent luxury of a gondola has not been exaggerated. I cannot convey to

you a notion of the delight of its soft cushions and gliding motion after a two hours of such tedious sight-seeing as we had at the arsenal; it puts you into that delicious state between waking and sleeping, between the consciousness of fatigue and cares, and the unconsciousness of oblivion.

We were rowed out to an island in the sea, San Lazzaro, to see the Armenian convent and college, whose foundations were laid long ago by an Armenian who bought the island, and instituted a school here for his countrymen. The pupils receive a learned education for various professions. The college has a printing-press, and prints books in forty or fifty different languages\*. A large revenue is realised from their sale. We were conducted about the institution by a very intelligent and courteous Armenian priest, and we encountered some fine old Eastern people with long, silvered beards. The young men were extremely

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\* Lady Morgan fancied if there were a free press in the world it must be "the *ocean-press* of San Lazzaro;" and she relates, in her best manner, her conversation with the librarian, who asserted it was a *free press*. She asked if he would print a book for her that required a "very free press." "Certainly," he replied; "any book that her ladyship might write." "What, if she should speak ill of the Emperor of Austria?" "Certainly not." "Might she have a hit at his holiness?" This was worse still. Unwilling, she says, to lose her game, she started the grand seignior. "The grand seignior was a powerful neighbour." "In a word, it was evident," she concludes, "that the press of San Lazzaro was just as free as the Continental presses of Europe, where one might print freely under the inspection of two or three censors!"

handsome. As you go east and south the beauty of the human race improves; there is a richer colouring and more spirit, more of the sun's light in the eyes.

Our conductor showed us the room in which Byron received his lessons "when his lordship took the *whim*," he said, "to study Armenian, and to swim across to us from the Lido!"

As we were rowing homeward, a Venetian gentleman who accompanied us pointed out the *Canali degli Orfani*, where bodies are thrown which any one wishes quietly to dispose of. "Fishing here," he said, "is forbidden, lest it should lead to unpleasant discoveries!"

OUR hotel was so full on the first day of our arrival in Venice that we could only get dismal apartments in the rear, where we felt as if more than the ducal palace had a prison attached to it. But the following morning we were transferred to a superb suite of apartments in front, looking out upon the sea, which have to us a charm from having been occupied by the Countess Confalonieri when she was suing for her husband's pardon, with long-deferred and finally baffled hope, to the Austrian court. I am alone, the family being all at the opera, and I have just been standing in the balcony looking at the moon, which is pouring a flood of light through this clear atmosphere down

upon the sea. In her effulgence Orion is but dimly visible. I can look up to the familiar objects in the heavens, and almost forget my distance from you; but the painful sense returns as I bring my eyes to earth, for oh! how different is this earth from ours! There is the splendid Church of San Georgio with her tall campanili, and Santa Maria della Salute with hercupolas; and here are gondolas gliding out of the little canal into the Giudecca, and others gliding in and out among the vessels that lie at anchor in the harbour. On my right is the ducal palace and prison; I cannot *see* the Bridge of Sighs, but it is almost within my touch, so near that I feel the atmosphere that surrounds it, and am glad to be cheered by the lively voices of a merry troop that are passing on to the piazzetta, and, as that sound dies away, to hear the delicious voice of a cavalier in a gondola, who is singing for his own pleasure—and certainly for mine.

WE hear so much of the gondola in Venice that we almost forget there is “solid earth for tread of feet,” though for the most part artificial. After passing the greater part of five delicious days in a gondola, I went this morning, the beginning of, alas! our last day in Venice, to the Rialto on foot, that I might see something of the terra-firma of this singular town. There is nothing, I believe,

in the world like the streets of Venice; streets they can scarcely be called, nor lanes, nor alleys, for they have not the peculiarities of either. They are lined by such lofty houses, that, excepting at noonday, a ray of the sun never reaches them; no wheel turns in them, no horse's hoof treads over them. They are intersected by the canals, and filled with petty shops that in nowise recall the time when Venice was the mart and channel of the productions of the East.

The manners of the tradespeople are civil, but not obsequious or obtrusive. They have the general Italian habit of asking one price, and offering to take the half of it, "for the pleasure of serving madame," or "to make a beginning," or for some other ready and most reasonable reason!\* We bought on the Rialto some trifling specimens of the exquisitely fine gold-chain work done here, a pendant for the Brussels lace manufacture. These gold chains, some fabrics of beads, and some rather curious but inferior glass manufactures (all that remain of the unrivalled Venetian glass-works), are now the only products peculiar to Venice.

WE have merely seen the outside of things here.

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\* It is to be earnestly desired that our tradesmen should not yield to the temptation of this habit, which most certainly leads to a depravation of mercantile morality.

Our only acquaintance, a Venetian exquisite, who seems not to suspect there is any but an outside to life, could give no very enlightening answers to our many questions. In reply to an inquiry about the education of women, he shrugged his shoulders, and said, "ça commence!" So I suppose they are about as well instructed as they were in Byron's time here, when, as you may remember, a conversation turning upon Washington, a *learned* lady asked "if he were not the man killed in a duel by Burke."

I asked our acquaintance, when we were passing the mad-house, which looked very like a prison, "if the patients were well taken care of." "Assez bien" ("Well enough"), he replied, stroking his moustache. "Luck *is* a lord." We had our fortune at Milan; we must take the turn of the wheel here\*.

*Ferrara, Nov. 24.*

MY DEAR C.,

WE are seldom annoyed in Italy with any apparent dissatisfaction in the people we employ.

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\* I perhaps owe an apology for publishing the above meagre notices of Venice. Where there is most to be said it is very difficult to say a little well. We spent five beautiful days in going in our gondola from sight to sight, in visiting churches and palaces. Our dawns and twilights were passed at St. Mark's, within two minutes' walk of our hotel. Of course, we accumulated immense lists of things which are mere lists, and have been well expanded by a hundred tourists who have preceded us.

The servants at the inns, coachmen, valets de place, &c., &c., are all paid by fees. They have a pride or self-respect which prevents their murmuring when they are not content\*. There is a monstrous disproportion between the wages of people and the fees; for instance, a labourer working out of doors all day gets ten sous, and your waiter, who gives you, perhaps, two or three hours of very light work, expects two francs from each person, which, from a party of six, amounts to two dollars and thirty cents per day. We made a deduction from this at the Hôtel Reale, and our garçon, who sported his Venetian gold chain, was "*très mécontent.*"

So was not our gondolier friend, Andrea Donaiò. He has attended us all day, the best of gondoliers, the most sagacious and prompt of cicerones. As we came away, he stood at the foot of the stone staircase, hat in hand, in his close-fitted, scarlet-corded dress, his fine black hair waving off his bronzed temples; his sound white teeth shown off by a kindly smile. I told him how glad we should be to see him some bright day in New-York, and his "Grazie, signòre," and "Buon viaggio, eccellenza!" were the last words we heard as we got into our gondola to pass for the last time before the

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\* This remark does not apply to Southern Italy. All such delicacy has vanished long before you reach Naples, where "poor Oliver asks for more," till it would become ludicrous if it were not most pitiable.

prisons, the Bridge of Sighs, the ducal palace, the piazza, and all its magnificent accompaniments, into the Giudecca.

Andrea's wishes were vain. We have had a dismal journey hither. As we left Venice, the rain came on again, and has continued; the rivers are still rising, and menacing the country with destruction. You can hardly imagine anything more frightful than the aspect of the Valley of the Po, at this moment. The course of the river is through a flat country. Deposits of slime and gravel from year to year have so raised its bed that, to prevent it from submerging the adjacent land, dykes have been erected; and as the level of the river has risen, the dykes have been raised higher and higher, till now the river, at its ordinary level, is in some places thirty feet higher than the land on the other side of the embankment. Whenever the river rises three feet above its usual level, great alarm is felt, and guards are placed with proper instruments ready to repair the slightest breach in the dyke. As we passed along the road on the top of the embankment, the brimming, muddy river was rushing furiously on one side of us; and on the other, many feet below us, lay villages and farm-houses, those on the lowest ground half under water, and all appearing as if they might at any moment be swallowed up. At intervals of a few yards along the road there were



tents of matting, saturated with a forty days' rain, and under each two watchmen, peasants, stretched on the wet ground, their enemy on the one side, and their menaced homes on the other, with an anxiety and despair in their faces that expressed how hopelessly they opposed themselves to the unbridled elements.

Poor fellows, their case is a hard one! The winter-grain is so soaked that it is certain it must all be rotted. In our thinly-peopled land, where the failure of one year's crops is but a disappointment, you can hardly imagine the effect of such a disaster where the fullest supplies are in fearful disproportion to the consumption. The streets of Ferrara to-day are crowded with people whose homes were under water; 1500 are provided for —being drowned! It is said that the King of Piedmont and the Duke of Tuscany, fearing the consequences of the despair of their people, have already made liberal appropriations for their relief. I hope they may have been instigated by a better motive than fear. The virtue called forth by physical evil is its only satisfactory solution\*.

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\* The following anecdote, which I afterwards heard from Mr. W. at Florence, may appear to others, as it did to me, an illustration of the above remark. While we were looking at the superb Strozzi palace, Mr. W. said, "The head of this house, the marquis, was on his country estates during the distress on the Po last autumn. Seeing some persons on the roof of a house in instant danger of being swept off, he offered a large sum to some boatmen if they would go to the rescue. The peril was too great, and they

We were to cross the Po at the barrier of the pope's dominions, and here, at their very portal, we had a charming illustration of the imbecility of the papal government, the most imbecile in Italy. The ferry appertains to his holiness. There was no boat on our side of the river; and though the postilions, gendarmes, and loungers shouted at the very top of their voices, no answer was returned; at last we despatched a row-boat, and after an hour we saw a sluggish machine destined for our transport, and moving as though it moved not. It was drawn by a rope attached to horses on the shore a mile and a half up the river, and then dropped down the current to us. After infinite difficulty, with pushing, pulling, and hoisting, and the din of twenty Italians who were all helping and all helpless, our heavy carriage was got on board the boat, and we were landed safely on the other side, and were charged by his holiness's servants for these admirable facilities six dollars.

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refused. He doubled his offer—they still refused—they had wives and families, they said. 'Would they go if he would go with them?' 'Yes, they would do anything the *Padroni* would do.' The marquis wrote a few lines to a friend and embarked with them. At tremendous hazard they succeeded in their enterprise. By some mistake the note, which was only to have been opened in case the marquis did not return, was read, and was found to contain instructions that, in case his companions should be lost, their families should be provided for from his estate." When I was at Florence this same marquis was spending his time driving four-in-hand, and philandering fine ladies. Truly, calamities have their uses.

Ferrara is a *clean*, fine old city, with immense, unoccupied houses, and wide, grass-grown streets, looking little like the seat of the independent and proud house of Este. Its chief interest to us results from its being the home of our friend Foresti, whose character does it more honour than all this princely house from beginning to end. Byron, you remember, says of Italy, "their life is not our life—their moral is not our moral." This is but in part true. There is a moral that is universal; and wherever man exists, in savage or in civilised life, he renders an instinctive homage to such an uncompromising pursuit of justice and love of freedom as Foresti has manifested in persecution, in prison, in bonds, and under sentence of death. I believe that if, at this moment, his youth, country, and high position could be restored to him, *with* his experience of sixteen years of chains and most dreary imprisonment, he would again sacrifice all, and suffer all over again in the same cause—such is the *uncrushable* material of his noble character.

Well, here we are, in the midst of his family and friends. One of them, a man of letters, Signor B., called immediately after breakfast, and attended us, first, to the casino, where 300 persons, the gentry of Ferrara, who are its proprietors, meet every evening; and, unless there is a ball, or they are otherwise particularly well amused, adjourn to

an adjoining theatre; truly, "their life is not our life." We next went to St. Anne's Hospital, once a monastery, and now converted to the really Christian purpose of sheltering the sick and insane. The insane are under the care of a distinguished man of science, and, what is more to the purpose, a genuine philanthropist. We have been told to-day many anecdotes of him, from which we infer that his organ of benevolence, like our honoured friend Woodward's, has a particular development for the management of mad people\*. The "minister to the mind diseased," in our Puritan land, takes his patients to church; the Italian professor conducts them to the theatre—the universal panacea in Italy; K. says, "the *conforto* and *ristoro* of old and young, rich and poor." The different modes of proceeding are nationally characteristic; both prove that excitement, properly administered, is healthful and not hurtful to the insane patient.

We were shown the cell of the hospital in which Tasso was imprisoned. Our old custode had a loyal feeling for the house of Este, and would fain have us believe that, dismal as the place appeared to us, it was quite a pleasant residence in Tasso's time, with one look-out upon a street and another

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\* He uses the same enlightened means, substituting truth, gentleness, and persuasion, for manœuvring, sternness, and authority. We saw some of the incurables quietly basking in the sunshine of a pleasant garden.

upon a garden ! There was as much common sense as genius in Byron shutting himself up in this cell to write his "Lament of Tasso." He was sure to find the actual *local* of suffering innocence and kindred genius a heated furnace for his imagination.

The old man told us some particulars of Lord Byron's visit, and showed us his name written by himself in deep-cut characters. Under Lord Byron's name," he said, "was that of his *Segretario*, Samuel Rogers." We all smiled, recurring at once to Mr. Rogers, as we had recently seen him, with his own poetic reputation, surrounded by the respect that waits on age, heightened into homage by his personal character ; and K. expostulated, and tried to enlighten the old man's ignorance—but in vain. Byron's is the only English name that has risen, or ever will rise, above his horizon, and "the *Segretario*" must remain a dim reflected light.

B. escorted us to his house, where we were kindly received by the signora, and admitted to the studio of her son, who has just received a prize at Florence for miniature painting. They showed us some exquisite pictures of his execution, upon which I said, "You are a fortunate mother to have a son of such genius." "Ah!" she replied, "but he is so good—so good!" This does indeed make the fortunate mother. In this country of art, my dear C., the painter's studio is a sort of museum.

Young B.'s occupied several apartments containing pretty casts, and the walls were covered with sketches, studies of anatomy, engravings, and paintings.

B., the father, gave us various works of his own writing: a work on botany, tragedies, and translations from Byron\*. He is an enlightened man, and a first-rate hater of priests and kings. Indefatigable as all are who have the hard fortune to take our caravan in train, he accompanied us to the green square, where there has been recently placed a colossal statue of Ariosto on a beautifully-sculptured white marble pillar, with this comprehensive inscription: "A Ludovico Ariosto la Patria." *Multum in parvo!* is there not? The Jesuits made a furious opposition to the erection of the statue, being no lovers of Ariosto, or favourers of any homage to secular eminence. They wished to put the statue of his holiness on the pillar, and wrote to Rome for a decree to that effect; but before the answer came, the wits of Ferrara had outwitted them. By dint of working night and day the sta-

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\* Signor B. said, "If men write in Italy, it is to get a name, or for the love of it—there is no pecuniary compensation. Divided as we are into thirteen states, there is no protection for literary property." If most authors are to be believed, this should not lessen the number of books. They write merely to enlighten or improve their public! Scott is one of the few authors who has had the honesty to avow that getting money was a distinct motive for writing.

tue had been placed on its lofty pedestal; and buried under it is a history of the controversy, and, as B—i said, "*mille belles choses*" of the Jesuits, which, when time shall have knocked down the column, will serve to enlighten posterity as to the history and true character of the bigots. In the mean time, the poet stands, as he did in life, high above his fellows.

As a natural sequence we visited a house which Ariosto built, and where he lived and died. The room in which he wrote has a fine bust of him on one side, and on the other the following inscription: "Ludovico Ariosto in questa camera scrisse e questa casa da lui abitata edificò; laquale 280 anni dopo la morte del divino poeta fù da Girolamo Cicognaro podestà co' denari del commune comprà e ristaurata perchè alla venerazione delle genti se mantenesse\*." Next to the possession of greatness is the sentiment that reverences it, and this you find everywhere in Italy. The door of Tasso's prison and that to Ariosto's room have been well chipped for relics.

B. conducted us to the cemetery, an old monastic establishment, wrested from the priests after, as he said, a "*guerre à mort*," and converted to the good

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\* "Ludovico Ariosto wrote in this room; and this house, built and inhabited by him, was 280 years afterward bought and restored by Girolamo Cicognara with the commune's money, that it might be preserved for the veneration of mankind."

purpose of burying the dead instead of the living. The long perspective of the cloisters is beautiful. Many of the monks' cells are converted into family vaults, and decorated with monuments, frescoes, and bas-reliefs. One large apartment is appropriated to "the illustrious men of Ferrara."

WE had a *scene* in the twilight, which I can best describe to you, my dear C., by copying K.'s account of it from her journal. She says, "What was my astonishment, when I came into the drawing-room, to find Uncle R. in a corner of the room, his face covered with his hands, Aunt L. leaning on the mantelpiece also in tears; Aunt K. holding the hand of a lady in black who, with vehement gestures, was pouring out a rapid succession of broken sentences, and L. and M. looking on in most solemn silence. Aunt K. seized me, and said, 'This is Foresti's sister. Tell her how much he is beloved and respected in New-York—tell her we try to make him feel he has a home among us.' As well as I could, I played my part of interpreter, and Teresa, in a voice interrupted by many sighs and tears, tried to express her gratitude, but exclaimed every few minutes in a paroxysm of anguish, stretching out her arms, 'Io non so più parlare; non so più far altro che piangere e pregar la mia Madonna!' Taking up her black gown, she said, 'Questo è un abito di



voto ; l'ho messo quando era in prigione il mio Felice, per farlo liberare ; dal momento delle sue disgrazie sono caduta ammalata. Stave per morire ; i medici credettero che non potessi guarire. Sono solamente tre anni che sto un po' meglio ; ho perso tutti i capelli, ne aveva molti. Non ho voluto mandare il mio ritratto al fratello perchè sono tanto combiata tanto brutta che non mi riconoscerebbe. Non posso dormire. Prego, prego sempre la mia Madonna che mi guarisca di quest' orribile veglia e che mi faccia abbracciare una volta il mio Felice prima di morire. Non è che la speranza di vederlo che mi tiene in vita \* !' This is a gathering up of the fragments of her discourse ; but I cannot give an idea of her sorrow-worn countenance, her impassioned tears, and expressive gestures, which gave the most powerful effect to every word she uttered, and left a deep and sad impression on our minds. Just Heaven ! what must be the import to

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\* " I no longer know how to talk. I can only weep and pray to our Lady ! " Taking up her black gown, she said, " I put on this mourning when my brother went to prison, with a vow to wear it till he was freed. From the moment of his misfortune I fell sick. I have been near to death. The physicians believed it was impossible to cure me. For the last three years only have I been a little better. I have lost all my hair. I once had a great deal. I would not send my portrait to my brother ; I am so changed he would not know me. I cannot sleep ; I pray and pray to our Lady to cure me of this horrible wakefulness, and that she will permit me to embrace my brother once before I die. The hope of seeing him is all that keeps me alive ! "

Francis, '*the father of his people*,' of that sentence, 'with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again!' " Yes, truly, those who have turned the sweet streams of domestic love into such bitter, bitter waters—the Francises and Metternichs—will have a fearful account to render.

My dear C., we have so many exiles among us, we so glorify ourselves with the idea that our free country is their asylum, that I fear we are sometimes deficient in that keen sympathy which we should feel in their personal misfortunes, if we realized the sundered ties and languishing affections of the broken hearts in their violated homes.

Professor B. and some other friends of Foresti passed the evening with us, partly at the theatre and partly at home. In spite of the wear and tear of twenty years' separation, their attachment to him is unimpaired. Among them was an old curate, who said that, "but for his age, he would go to America to see Foresti." Professor B. is a highly-cultivated man, with that great advantage to a new acquaintance, a beautiful countenance and charming manners, and, withal, he is a hearty liberal. He told us some facts which may give you an idea of the shackles and discomforts the government imposes here, and of the inextinguishable spirit of these noble Italians. There is an association of the literary and scientific men of the different states of Italy recently formed, which is to have

an annual meeting. It is favoured by the King of Piedmont and the Grand-duke of Tuscany; but the pope, who stops every crevice at which light may enter, has issued a bull, declaring that if a subject of his shall be present at one of these meetings, he shall be held a traitor, and suffer accordingly.

A physician is not permitted to make a professional visit beyond the walls of the city without going first to the police to declare where he is going, and the name and disease of his patient! Professor B. said, "In 1831, when we all believed the favourable moment had arrived for asserting our liberty, I, who had belonged to no secret society, nor had had anything to do with promoting the excitement, declared my sympathy with the liberals, and was delegated by them to warn the apostolic legate that he was about to be deprived of all power, moral and physical, but that his person would be untouched. He courteously expressed his obligations to me; but when, at the end of our twenty-six days of *happiness*, he was re-established, I found that my name was placed at the head of the black-list. I was deprived of all the public trusts I held, and I have been ever since so closely watched that I am but a prisoner. I cannot cross the frontier within ten miles of Ferrara, nor even go to Rome without a special permission from the secretary of state, which can

only be procured by stating that I am going on professional business, and shall be in such and such houses, see such and such people, and be absent such a number of days." This is the condition of the best subjects of a government of which the head is also the head of the greatest body of Christians in the world. Oh! my countrymen, thank God for your religious and civil freedom, and cherish it!

*Bologna.*—WE had nothing notable during our dreary, cloudy drive to Bologna, but a rencounter with the beggars at our last post-station. As usual, beggars of all ages, from first to second childhood, flocked around our carriage. We had given away all our sous, and we had recourse to our lunch-basket. I arranged the bread and chicken, and L. dispensed. "Oh! give me a bit," she said, "for this boy with heavenly eyes!" "Here it is; now give this to that blind old woman." "Oh! I must give this to that little Tot who is stretching up her arm to me; what a perfect cherub she would be if her face was washed! keep off, you snatcher!" to a lean, tall half-idiot who was intercepting the cherub's slice. "Now, L., this must go to that sick, shivering old man!" "Oh! wait, see this poor, pale girl." "Now for the old woman!" but the bit went to a trembling boy who looked like a leper, with a withered arm; and when my old

woman was at last supplied, there was an evil-eyed hag and four boys who jostled the first-comers away, and two of them, after devouring, like hungry dogs, what we gave them, followed us half a mile, calling "ca-ri-ta!" Beside the dramatis personæ I have described, and who were actually *en scène*, we saw, as we drove off, others, lame and blind, coming from their more distant stations towards us.

You must attribute some portion of the barrenness of my travelling journal, my dear C., to the bad weather that, almost without exception, has attended us in our passages from place to place since we entered Italy. The advanced season, too, is against us. All rural occupation is suspended; the vintage is past, the corn is husbanded, and the country has now (November 26) as bare an aspect as it ever has in Italy. Bologna, as you first see it, lying under the shadow of the Apennines, with its antique spires and leaning towers, is a most picturesque town; but all is picturesque in Italy, down to the laden ass and the beggar. From the villas and villages that surround the town, you may imagine how rich and smiling the suburbs must be in any but this desolate season. As we drove through the streets, we were struck with the long lines of arcades and columns that front all the edifices, and which afford a perfect protection to the foot-passenger. They were designed, I think, by the luxurious citizens, when the sumptuary laws of

the republic forbade the use of covered carriages. There is an arcade of 640 arches extending from the town to a church of the Madonna, on a hill three miles from the city. Truly the church has kept itself free of sumptuary laws.

THE Piazza del Gigante, to which I have just *walked* in a pouring rain, is one of the most characteristic and greatest monuments of the Italian republics that we have yet seen in Italy. With the fountain of Neptune, the masterpiece of John of Bologna, in the centre, it is surrounded by churches, superb old palaces, towers, and other buildings with the most curious Gothic fronts.

THE "Academy of the Fine Arts" here contains one of the best galleries of pictures in the world. They are the masterpieces of the first masters, and what masters they were! I feel now more than ever what nonsense it is to write about these pictures, since, with all I have read about them, I find I had no conception of their power—none worth having of their divine beauty.

I make it a rule, in these galleries, not to go bewildering myself about from room to room, but to confine my attention to the best pictures; and I have adhered to my rule to-day, hardly glancing even at the pictures of the three Caracci, all natives of Bologna.

There is a painted tragedy here by Guido that would break your heart: "The murder of the Innocents." The trustfulness of the lovely children, who feel themselves safe in the close embrace of the mother, contrasted with her terror and anguish, is most touching. But the most affecting figure is a mother with her hands clasped and her two dead children at her feet. It is all over with her; she has nothing farther to hope or fear, and the resignation of the saint is struggling with the despair of the parent. You want to throw yourself at her feet and weep with her.

The martyrdom of St. Agnes by Domenichino, with its glorious golden light, is a picture that even dear J., with all her horror of representations of physical suffering, could not turn away from; there is such sweet peace on the face of the young woman. Art could not better illustrate that true and beautiful declaration of the prophet, "The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness, and assurance for ever." The executioner grasps her bright, wavy hair, with one hand, while with hot pincers in the other he is burning out the flesh of her throat and bosom. The judge looks gloatingly on, and cherubs are floating over the *naissant* saint, one holding the crown of martyrdom, and another a pen to record her triumphs. I pass over Guido's "*Madonna della Pietà*," the "*Rosario*," and even that embodiment of

perfect grace and beauty, Raphael's "St. Cecilia" (their names thrill those who have seen them!) for Guido's "Crucifixion," which, like the very scene, fills you with solemnity and awe. There are but four figures, and they are as large as life; that of Jesus expresses "It is finished!" Mary is not, as in most of her pictures, to the gross violation of truth, represented young, but in the unimpaired ripeness of womanhood. She has the same face, dress, and attitude as in the *Pieta*, but there she divides your attention with the admirable portraits of the four adoring saints; there Scripture truth and simplicity are sacrificed to a fable or an imagination of the church; here you see the real Mary—the bereft mother—and the unfathomable depths of her sorrow show the prophecy accomplished: "the sword *has* pierced her soul." John, standing on the other side of the cross, is the personification of gentleness and tenderness worthy that highest trust of his master, "Woman, behold thy son!" The only imperfection that struck me in the picture is a want of a right expression in Mary Magdalene. She is a beautiful, sorrowing young girl, kneeling at the foot of the cross, and pressing her brow against it, but she is not the forgiven penitent. Surely the reformers forgot that nine tenths of mankind receive their strongest impressions through their senses, when they excluded such glorious presentments of Divine truth from their churches.



I should have but a poor opinion of him whose devotion was not warmed by Guido's Crucifixion.

A masterly head of an old man arrested my attention. I examined my catalogue, and found it was painted by Guercino in a single night, and was called "the head of the Eternal Father!" The attempt is as futile as profane to represent Him whom "no man can see, and live."

While enjoying these sublime works of art as a new revelation, we were hurried away to see something else that must be seen now or never. The *Campo Santo*, being the most beautiful thing of its kind in Italy, we could not overlook; accordingly we drove there. This was formerly a chartreuse—an immense monastic establishment; once the dreary habitation of the living, who suffered in its magnificent solitude, now the beautiful abode of the dead, who cannot enjoy it. Such are the perversions of human things! The cemetery at Ferrara dwindled to insignificance compared with this. I can give you no idea of the immense perspective of its cloisters, all lined with tablets, and monuments, and fresco paintings, or of the almost infinite series of cells, converted into family tombs by the exclusives of Bologna. These open from the cloisters, and are so arranged as to produce a most picturesque architectural effect. "The million" are laid in four large, open courts in classes, one for men, one for women, one for boys,

and another for girls. There seemed to me in this a cold neglect of the law of family love, that governs all mankind. There are some splendid public monuments, and a pantheon is building for the illustrious of Bologna, and in the mean time there is a large apartment filled with their busts. I noticed a very fine one of a woman who was professor of Greek in the University of Bologna within the present century\*.

Immense as the establishment is, large additions are making. "You mean to have room for all Bologna," I said to our conductor. "Oui, madame, tout le monde entre et personne en sort. C'est pourquoi qu'il faut toujours bâtir" ("All come in and none go out. So we have to keep on building.")

It has been our great pleasure to meet Miss — here. You can hardly imagine the delight, after being exclusively among foreign people, of meeting a high-bred Englishwoman who is *not* foreign to us.

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\* It is said that Italy has produced more learned women than any part of Europe, and that Bologna has longest continued to respect and reward the literary acquisitions of women. It was a lady of Bologna who, in the fifteenth century, was so zealous a champion of her sex as to employ her wit and learning to prove the world has been all this while in error, and that it was Adam who tempted Eve. It is curious that the most illustrious examples of learned women should spring up in a country where they are condemned, *en masse*, to ignorance; where a conventual education prescribes religion as their only duty, and their instincts cherish love as their only happiness.

She sang for us, and truly, as Mrs. — said of her, she does not sing like an angel, but “like a choir of angels.” Music is the key that unlocks her soul, and brings its rich revelations to her face. She looks, while singing, like an inspired sibyl. We went to the opera with her, where we saw, for the first time, a *decent* ballet. The house is very pretty. There are balconies projecting from the *loges*, which show off the audience, and give the house a lively aspect unusual in the Italian theatres.

Nov. 28.—A wretched morning, and the rain pouring, my dear C.; but our letters are at Florence, and there must we be—so ho! for the Apennines.

*Fillagare.*—As we drove out of Bologna I had a melancholy sense of the ludicrous insufficiency of two rainy days in a place where we might have been employed for six months in studying the almost unimpaired records of its days of power and magnificence. In spite of the pouring rain, we enjoyed the environs of Bologna. They are richly embellished.

At our second post we took a third pair of horses, and at the first ascent a yoke of oxen in addition, and then began a slow drag up the Apennines, which we continued till six this evening, with the exception of a race down the hills as fearless and careless as the driving in our own country.

This is a new experience ; for, till now, the caution of our postilions has gone even a little beyond my cowardly notions of prudence.

The Apennines are a congregation of hills ; those we have passed to-day are much higher, but not unlike, in their formation, the hills between Berkshire and Hampshire, though, judging from their productions, very unlike in their climate. Here are fine fields of well-started winter-grain, and occasional plantations of grapes flung from tree to tree. Once the misty atmosphere cleared, and we got a peep at the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. We have been all day thinking of you. It is "Thanksgiving Day ;" and our position in a huge, lonely inn in the midst of the Apennines, with a salon over a stable, is a sorry contrast to your sweet savours and social pleasures round the hearth of our childhood ! We have entered Tuscany, and I fancy I can see the spirit of this most fortunate land of Italy in our buxom, frank, good-humoured hostess and her beautiful progeny, with their black eyes and golden skins. We have been talking with the eldest, Candida and Clementina, and petting the youngest, Giulio and Angiolino ! " a pretty Italianizing of Tom and Sam," K. says. I like, of all things, to stop at these inns which are not the regular stopping-places. The people are social and frank, and you get some insight into the national modes of getting on. You will find no

teacups and no tea (but that first of necessities you always have with you), and you have a droll medley for your table-service; and, instead of a dandy waiter with his meagre French, and his "Subito, signora," and his action *never* suited to the word, you have all the family to serve you, with their amusing individualities, and all eager and indefatigable.

WE left our shelter at Fillagare at nine this morning. We are often wondering at the complaints we have heard of the impositions in Italy. We had excellent bread and delicious butter from the cascina (the duke's dairy) with fresh eggs in the morning, generous un-Italian fires in two rooms, and a pair of chickens for to-day's lunch, all for one dollar each; and being an inn where travellers seldom stop, they had the temptation to pluck well the goose that is rarely caught.

I walked on in advance of the carriage this morning, and a heavy, impenetrable mist came scudding over the hills in one direction, and far, far away in another the light streamed down in a silvery shower, in which the whole faith of the land would have enveloped a descending Divinity. I was amid scenery so wild and solitary that it recalled my earliest ideas of Italy got from Mrs. Ratcliffe's romances, when I was suddenly awakened from a reverie to an uncomfortable consciousness of my

isolation and helplessness by the apparition of a savage-looking wretch clothed in sheep-skins. He, however, betook himself to the reliable occupation of tending his sheep. Soon after an ass-rider overtook me, and I tried to keep pace with his beast, thinking that he was a safeguard who possessed even so much property as an ass, but the brute ambled away from me; and while I paused, hesitating whether to proceed or turn towards the carriage, I perceived a ragged, wild-looking man in an adjoining field, who eyed me for an instant, and then came rapidly towards me. I hesitated no longer, but turned and walked quickly down the hill, seeing, as I looked askance at my pursuer, that he gained on me. "Oh," thought I, "what a fool I was, when François told me yesterday this was no country for a lady to walk alone in, to try it a second time!" Like the Irishman, I thought all the world might hear the singing in my ears, when, to my unspeakable belief, our great machine, with its attelage of six horses, appeared in sight. How brave I felt as I again turned and eyed my enemy, who immediately retreated, giving me thus some colour of reason to believe that I had been on the verge of an incident very rare of late years. It is surprising to me, with the temptations of booty which the rich English travellers offer, the urgency of the people's wants, and the favourable positions occurring on the great thoroughfares, that robberies are not frequent in Italy.

The wind blew furiously to-day on the summits of the Apennines. These gusts of wind, as M. read to us from our guide-book (at the moment it seemed to be swelling to a hurricane), formerly carried away carriages, travellers, and all; but now all danger of such a catastrophe is obviated by stone walls erected for protection by the "paternal grand-duke."

At our fourth post the wildness and sterility disappeared, and we came down upon declivities with large tracts of rich pasturage, where herds of cattle and flocks of sheep were grazing, and a little lower down appeared plantations of vines and olives. As we approached this most beautiful city of Florence, the hills, even at this sear season, appear like terraced garden; and as we came down the last long descent, with the valley of the Arno at our feet, and fair Florence with its spires and domes before us, we seemed to have passed into another world. The olive-trees resemble our ordinary-sized willow in its shape and in the hue of its foliage. Some person has happily said that "it looks as if it grew in moonlight;" an idea exquisitely transfused into poetry by Kenyon in his address to his "sphered vestal!"

" Or adding yet a paler pensiveness  
To the pale olive-tree."

The olive lives to such an age that the peasant believes the oldest were planted in the time of our

Saviour. The bearing-limbs are continually renewed by trimming, but the main stems are apparently sapless, and so decayed and hollow that you wonder how the juices can be kept in circulation. And yet they are in full bearing in the most sterile places, where, as our friend K—n said too poetically in prose, “they pump oil from the rocks.”

We are settled for a week at the Scheiderff hotel on the Arno, formerly one of the palaces of the Medici. This, I fancy, is the season when most English are to be found in Florence. It seems like an English colony. The coaches in the streets are English, with English ladies and English liveries. The shops are thronged with English, and the galleries filled with them\*.

*Sienna, December 8.*

MY DEAR C.,

WE arrived here last evening just at the moment of the only Italian sunset we have seen to be compared with our brilliant sunsets. The golden and crimson rays reminded me of home, but how different from anything at home the Gothic structures and towers that reflected them! Our drive yesterday was through as lovely a country as can be imagined; broken into steep, high hills, whose de-

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\* I have omitted my first delightful impressions of Florence. We returned to it at a pleasanter season, when my records were more particular and may prove more interesting. At any rate, I shall avoid the tediousness of repetition.



clivities of every form are enriched by the highest cultivation, which shows, even now, what a garden Tuscany is; that here "Nature makes her happy home with man." There seems to be a fitness and harmony between the ground and its tillers. We have seen nowhere so handsome and attractive a peasantry. They have bright cheeks and bright eyes, and the most graceful cheerfulness. The animals, too, seem the fit offspring of this their bountiful mother-earth. The oxen are mouse-coloured, large, fat, and beautifully formed.

When we arrived at the inn, we found that all the apartments *au premier* were held in reserve for an expected "milord Anglais" (all the English on the Continent are "my lords"); so we are obliged to put up with a little saloon without a fire, and to hover round a smoky chimney in R.'s bedroom\*.

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\* I once asked an English friend, who, I thought, was sufficiently a philosopher to endure and perhaps to solve the question, "how it happens that the English are so much disliked on the Continent." "How can it be otherwise," he replied, "when they occupy the best apartments, ride in the best carriages, use the best horses, and, in short, forestal the natives in everything?" And when to this potentiality are added the Englishman's shyness and pride, his island inaptitude at adaptation, his exclusiveness, from principle, taste, and habit, and the consciousness of indisputable superiority that he manifests in all parts of the world, thus everywhere running afoul of other people's self-loves, national pride, and, I may add, just self-estimation, it is very explicable why he is the subject of general dislike. It is a pity he should thus lose the benefit of his wide-spread benefactions. It is the Englishman who keeps alive and astir the needy population of

As we have been looking forward to a pleasant Sunday here, you must forgive my grumbling. We fully realise the happiness of travelling in a large party when we assemble, a little Christian congregation, *for our mass*. That being over this morning, we sallied forth to the Cathedral, old and grand, rich without and within. It has a rare mosaic pavement of black and white marble, representing Scripture history, and events and characters of the Catholic Church, in a masterly style, by a mere outlining. It bears a very curious resemblance to Retzch's etchings. There are frescoes in the sacristy, designed by Raphael, in which there are three portraits of himself; if not *en peintre* idealised, he must have had an outer fitting his inner man. In this same sacristy are twenty-five volumes of church music, illustrated by Benedic-

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these old cities. It is he who builds the hotels, who sets the wheels in motion on the roads, who makes a beaten path to the temples of old art, however secluded, and to the everlasting temples of nature, however difficult of access. But this all goes for nothing so long as he maintains his national demeanour, and (as an Italian gentleman said to a friend of mine) "comes down into Italy as if he were at the head of a victorious army!" The American travellers being as yet but a handful in comparison with the English, and speaking the same language, are merged in them. If not English, why then, they say, "you are English Americans." But the moment they become fully aware that you belong to a separate and independent nation, they open their hearts, and pour out a flood of griefs against the English. As we are a young nation, we should be flexible, and avoid the foibles of the parent stock.

tine monks in the fifteenth century, in colours as vivid as the rainbow, and with the most elaborate finish. For the rest (I adopt a great authority) "vide Guide-book," which guide-book sent us off in search of the Fonte-Blanda, to which Dante, by a simple mention, has given an "immortal youth." So up we mounted and down we strode through a street that no carriage could pass; and at the foot of it, and at the gate of the city, we found the fountain. Sienna is celebrated for the purity and abundance of its water. Here it flows through several pipes and by grotesque mouths into an immense basin, which is covered with a stone-vaulted roof of three arches; and, hanging over this, on the verge of a perpendicular hill, is a large church dedicated to St. Catherine. It is a most picturesque place; but what is *not* picturesque in Italy? The old hags I saw skinning lambs, as we again mounted the steep hill, were subjects for Michael Angelo. If these old women had been born in New-England, they would as soon have flayed themselves as flayed lambs in the street of a Sunday. So much for conventional virtue! It was festa-day in Sienna, and these secular employments were a curious episode enough in the general "idlesse" and gaiety of the streets. It was St. Catherine's festa, too, being her natal day, and we were passing by a little chapel, built on the site of the very house in which she was born;

so we pushed aside the curtain to the door, and turned into it, expecting to find it crowded; but she whom the painters more effectually than the church have canonised, has met with the common fate, and has little honour in her own country—or her own chapel. There were some twenty children kneeling about the door, who suspended their prayers to stare at us; and the young priests who were going in and out, I inferred from the direction of their eyes, thought less of the saint than of the blooming young heretics who were with me.

*Radicofane.*—WE were up betimes this morning, and before seven drove from the little piazza, with its antique column surmounted with the nursing mother of Romulus and Remus, and her human cubs. We were but a few miles from Sienna when I discovered that I had left my shawl and mantilla at the head of my bed, where I had placed them to raise my scant pillow. I sent back a line from the next post, but, I take it, there is little hope in Italy of retrieving such a loss. If the master of the hotel chances to be honest, the *cameriera* will be too quick for him\*.

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\* I have transferred the above from my journal, and am willing to bear the shame of it, if, by recording the issue, I may save others from such sweeping and unfair judgments. My property was sent after me to Rome by vetturino, with a very civil note from our host of the Aquila Nera. The man who brought it merely required

As we have proceeded on our journey to-day, the country has become sterile and beggars multiply. We have been followed up and down hill by a tail of little beggars clothed in a mass of ragged patches; yet their beauty, with a certain grace and refinement in their expressions, went to my heart. They are not beggars "by their or their parents' fault;" and when their little hands were stretched out for "*carità*," I longed to take them and lead them to my free, unoccupied country; and they were quite as kindly disposed to us, promising us for our few halfpence the protection of all the saints, the company of "*Maria Santissima*," and, to crown all, access to Paradise!

K. asked a boy of twelve years, who wore a cotton jacket and trousers (December 9, two thousand four hundred and seventy feet above the Mediterranean), and manifestly no under-clothes, "if he knew where America was?" "No; not England, nor Rome, nor Florence!" Another still older, had heard of Rome, but he had been four years to school! "His mother was dead, and there was no one to pay for him, and give him bread any longer; and," he concluded, "there is no work—ah, signorina, questo paese è molto povero—molto miserabile.

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a receipt for it, and persisted in refusing a reward for his service. This would have been a rare instance of disinterested civility in America, and singular in England; but still Americans and English go on vituperating Italian cupidity!

Poor and miserable indeed! It consists of a range of volcanic hills without soil, excepting here and there enough to sustain pasturage for a few sheep. We are on one of the highest, dreariest summits, and are now, just as the evening is closing, sitting in the huge balcony of our barrack-like inn. I will sketch the scene before us for you. No; we are not quite at the summit, for that is crowned with a ruined fortress, and cowering under its walls is a wretched village, between which and our inn the road passes. Before our door is an old stone fountain with the armorial bearings of some forgotten family. From the fountain there is a straight steep path to the village above. Ascending this path are asses with immense bundles of fire-wood on each side (a family's winter supply probably), consisting of mere twigs and withs. There are priests, too (the only people here, François says, who do not work and do eat), with their gowns and three-cornered hats, dawdling up the path. And there, driving their scanty flock to the fold, goes a shepherd and shepherdess, and their little girl, looking lean and wearied, their windowed raggedness half hidden with dark red mantles (here the shepherd's costume), which hang to the ground behind. Round the fountain are gathered ass-drivers drinking with their asses, and beside them is an old hag, who having just espied us, has pressed her fingers on the sightless eyeballs of a

child beside her, and then wildly stretching her arms towards us, is crying "Carita!"

In the street under us is a smart English traveling-carriage waiting for a change of horses. The courier is sauntering round it, and my lady's maid is in the rumble; a gentleman is standing beside the open door, a very pretty young woman is in the carriage with three pet-dogs. The little ragged escort that followed us up the hill have surrounded the carriage, reinforced by some half-dozen blind and maimed old creatures whom the sound of wheels has brought down from the village. The lady is cussing her pets, feeding them with raisins and biscuits, as well as I can see; she gives no heed to the beggars' clatter—yes, she is tired, of it—she asks the gentleman to get in, and they coolly close the windows. I do not know what my poor little beggary friends think, but this turning aside from human necessities to pamper brutes seems to me one of those "fantastic tricks at which the angels weep."

My dear C., you may say "something too much of this;" but beggary here, remember, makes up a good portion of the history of the country, or, rather, a running commentary on the neglect and abuses of its governments\*.

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\* No one born and bred in Europe can well imagine how striking the want and beggary of the Old World is to an American eye. I must be forgiven for a tedious recurrence to it—I could not otherwise fairly give my impressions.

*Viterbo.*—WE left that wild place up in the clouds this morning with only just light enough to see our winding way. We again entered the papal territory at the end of our first post, and we find increasing wretchedness, and our own wretched condition in bad roads, puny horses, ragged harness, and incompetent postilions, all betokening his holiness' dominion. We passed to-day through Bolsena, now a miserable little town, but once an ancient Etruscan capital, whence the Romans are said to have removed 2000 statues! "The world *is* a stage," and the scenes, with but a little longer interval of time, as shifting as the scenes of a theatre.

I WISH you could have seen us, dear C., an hour ago, escorted about by two little fellows, ragged and beautiful, who would fain have persuaded us to go to the Church of Santa Rosa to see the saint's body, which is exhibited in her own church. But though our conductors reiterated in most persuasive tones "*è una bella Santa—Santa Rosa,*" we persisted in leaving the vilely dirty streets of Viterbo for the suburbs, where we had a delightful stroll to a chapel of St. Francis, which we entered just as a procession of Franciscans went in to their vesper-service. Our little guides dropped on their knees and joined in the service; and so did we in our



hearts. How skilfully the Catholics have made many of the offices of their religion to harmonise with the wants and spontaneous feelings of man! A vesper service is the very poetry of worship.

ON our return, our cicerone, without warning us, knocked at the door of a house, into which we were admitted by an old crone, who, on the boys saying something to her in a low-toned patois, conducted us through a suite of apartments, and passed us over to the "*Padrone*." He led us out into a garden, and told us this had been Madame Letitia's, and was still in the possession of the Bonaparte family. I fancied this was a mere invention to filch us of a few pauls; so I was grudgingly offering the fee, when the gentleman, with a very dignified bow and a "*grazie*," declined it, and turned away to pluck us bouquets of roses and geraniums. It was now my turn to say "*grazie*," and to feel as if I had been guilty of a meanness quite equal to that which, with a true traveller's prejudice, I had gratuitously imputed to the Italian gentleman.

It is difficult for us to imagine that this little town, which now contains about 13,000 inhabitants (not so many as some of our western towns accumulate in three or four years' growth), has been standing ever since the time of the Etruscans, was a celebrated place in their day, and has since

often been a papal residence ; but these Old World towns have, as an Irishman might say, a growth two ways.

WE left Viterbo at seven this morning, little thinking of what dread moment to one human being was the instant of our departure. We started with six horses, and, according to the laws of posting in the pope's dominions, with a postilion to each span of horses. They were all young men, one a boy of thirteen, and all impetuous and noisy, beyond what you can well conceive, never having heard the clamour of Italian postboys. There were two carriages ready to start at the inn-door. François, anxious to have the advantage of precedence on the road, urged our postilions, who needed no urging, and we set off at a gallop down the steep street of Viterbo, and into the market-place crowded with people. I shuddered as I saw them jumping on one side and the other to avoid us. I called to François to check our speed ; he did not hear me ; and on we dashed, turned a corner, and a moment after we felt a slight jolt of the carriage as if it were passing over something, and a momentary check of the horses, and heard cries and exclamations, and again the postilions' clamour burst forth, and the horses were put to their speed. I thrust my head out of the window, and saw the girls in the rumble as pale as death ; K. bent for-

ward and said, "We have run over a woman. I called to François and the postilions to stop; they did not hear me; say nothing in the carriage; it will do no good to stop now." The postilions were still urging their horses, we were actually racing up-hill, the scene of the tragedy was already far behind, and fearing, as K. did, to shock her uncle by communicating the disaster, I submitted to the apparent barbarity of galloping away, unheeding the misery we had inflicted. A half-hour afterward a courier who passed us on horseback called out, "è morta!" ("she is dead!") It has been a gloomy day to us.

Nothing could exceed the dismay and dread in the faces of the young postilions when we stopped at the post-house, except the boy, who, being the son of the postmaster, was sure of acquittal, and bore with perfect unconcern all the blame which his comrades heaped upon him, imputing the disaster to his unskilfulness in not turning aside his horses. François confirmed their statement, and K., at their earnest supplication, wrote as mitigatory a statement for them as the case admitted, to be presented to the police of Viterbo. François tells us now that she will be recalled to Viterbo as a witness, and congratulates himself on his superior wariness in not putting his name to the testimonial. "Miss K.," he says, coolly, "did not think." "No, François; but if she had, she could not

have refused to do justice to those men because she exposed herself to inconvenience." "Ah, madame, one must take care for one's self first \*!"

OUR last posts were through the dreary wastes that encompass Rome. The campagna is not, as I had ignorantly believed, a level, but presents an undulating surface, without morasses or stagnant water, or anything that indicates unwholesomeness except its utter desertion. The grass looks rich and rank, as if it sprung from a virgin soil, and its tints are glowing, even at this season. There are scattered here and there large flocks of sheep, with lean, haggard, and half-clothed shepherds, and shepherd's dogs; and there are herds of oxen of a very large and fine species, and with horns as beautiful as antlers. But, with these exceptions, there is no life. From the summits of the hills, and there are considerable hills, the eye stretches over a wide reach of country, extending for miles

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\* We went through the usual transitions, being first incensed at the postilions, and then, when we felt the misery of exchanging the free gallop over hill and dale for a prison in Viterbo, itself a prison, with the curses of all the town, and the horror of having sent a fellow-creature "unanointed, unannealed," to purgatory, we pitied them. François afterward recognised one of them at Rome, who told him he had got off with a few weeks' imprisonment. "Was the woman young?" asked François. "So-so." "Had she a husband?" "Yes." "Did you not fear he would stab you?" "At first, yes; but he was a sensible fellow—he thanked me, and offered to treat me to a dinner!"

in every direction, and here and there an old barrack-like dwelling, a crumbling tower, a shrine, or a crucifix ; but no cheerful habitations, no curling smoke, no domestic sounds, nothing that indicates human life and "country contentments." It is one vast desolation ; a fit surrounding for the tomb of nations. As we caught the view of St. Peter's, and the domes and spires of the three hundred and sixty churches of Rome, it seemed as if life were still beating at the heart of the body doomed to die first at the extremities.

You may expect to know my sensations on first seeing Rome. I cannot tell them, my dear C. I do not myself know what they were. I forgot myself.

Two miles from Rome we passed the Tiber, on the Ponte Molle, the place where Constantine *saw* the vision of the cross ! and, after passing this, the aspect of the country changes, and immediately around the walls of Rome there is a belt of villas and gardens, a little discordant with what has preceded, like gaily-dressed people in a funeral train. The city, as we entered it at the Piazza del Popolo,\* has the gay aspect of a modern capital, with its fountain, statues, churches, and uniform modern edifices ; but there are certain antiques, like the

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\* This place is said to derive its name, not from the people—they do not figure in these parts—but from an ancient grove of poplars.

Egyptian obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, which resemble heirlooms in the house of young people who have just set up housekeeping. We had plenty of time for observation, while François was trying to soften the officials. But their hearts were too hard for his rhetoric, and so we drove to the Dogana through the Corso, the principal street in Rome, long and narrow, looking, I fancy, as we proceeded at a foot-pace, with a soldier on each side, like captured contrabandists. The Corso was full of gay equipages, filled with English people, and lined, for the most part, with mean shops, with mean, every-day commodities; such shops and such "goods" as you would see in the "Main-street" of Hudson, or in any other second-rate town. We had no feeling of *Rome* till we arrived at the custom-house, and saw there some witnesses for the old city, in a portico with superb antique Corinthian pillars. After a little fussy ceremony, a mere make-believe peep into our baggage, and the payment of a few pauls for this gentle treatment, we were released, and are at this moment in comfortable apartments in the Hôtel de Russie. *We are in Rome!* We were beginning to think the deep-blue sky of Italy a traveller's story, but here it is. The evening is delicious; there *is*

"An ampler ether, a diviner air."

Our apartments open on a terraced garden, and

we have been walking in it amid orange and lemon trees bent with fruit, and roses and flowering shrubs in bloom. Some of these, planted in vases, stand on fragments of antique sculptured pillars. I observed one on a colossal foot, chiselled, perhaps, by a Greek artist. At every turn there are statues, antiques too, patched as our grandmothers patched china—Greeks with modern Roman throats, toes and fingers pieced on *ad libitum*, and even a trunk with legs, arms, and head supplied. How the organ of veneration must thrive in Rome !

W. CAME to us immediately on our arrival. Could anything be more fortunate than our meeting him here where the girls most need the brother!—friend he will be to them, and we all need the refreshment of his society and the comfort of his co-operation. K—n is here too for the winter; so we have suddenly come into possession of an independent fortune ! W. has engaged our lodgings near Monte Cavallo, looking out on a green hill, the Viminal, with a garden adjoining in English occupancy, and, of course, in high cultivation, and, what is better than all the rest, with the sun shining on us from its rising to its setting. We pay twenty-three louis, one hundred and one dollars, a month for our rooms; all other expenses are a separate affair. This low price, as we are assured it is, is in consequence of our being far from the

English (fashionable) quarter. But, as we have no acquaintances, that does not signify; and the acquaintances we wish to make, and daily visit, the Colosseum, the Forum, &c., are very near to us. The tribute which pilgrims from all parts of the world pay to these ruins is now the chief support of Rome. There are here every year from ten to twenty thousand strangers, many residents for the winters, and English people noted for the liberality of their expenditure.

We have been to the Colosseum, not farther from us than your neighbour S—y is from you—not a quarter of a mile. Where it stands, apart from modern Rome, the ground is grass-grown and broken into footpaths. You have seen a hundred pictures of it, read at least a hundred descriptions, and you know its dimensions\*, and yet, my dear C., you cannot imagine its impression. I do not mean the impression of its unbroken circle; of its gradation of Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders; of the soft colour of its stone with its ages of weather-staining; of the shrubs waving like banners from its lofty heights; of the slender vines that penetrate its crevices, and hang out their flexile curtains; of its beds of glowing flowers, or of the mossy matting of its ruined stairs†. Now

\* Its circumference is 1641 feet; its height, 157. The length of the arena is 285 feet, and its breadth 182.

† A book has been written on the botany of the Colosseum, in which 260 species of plants are noted.



all this is form and colouring, which here, as elsewhere, holds discourse with the senses. But it is while standing under the shadow of this mighty ruin that you first fully realise that you are in Rome—ancient Rome; that you are treading the ground Cæsar, Cicero, and Brutus trod, and seeing what they saw; that this is the scene of the magnificent crimes and great deeds that fill the blackest and brightest pages in the Old World's story. Under your foot is a remnant of the massive pavement on which the triumphal procession trod; before you is the *Via Sacra*, the Roman Forum, the broken temples of the gods, the Palatine Hill, the ruins of the Cæsars' palaces, the arches of Constantine and Titus, and the Flavian amphitheatre, the Niagara of ruins!

“ The heart runs o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old;  
The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
Our spirits from their urns.”

This is no poetic exaggeration. I am inclined to think Byron is the only person who can describe sensations which people of far more common mould than his feel here.

The Colosseum was built chiefly by the Jewish captives after the destruction of Jerusalem, and was dedicated by Titus with the slaughter of 5000 wild beasts. It was devoted to gladiatorial contests, to the fight of captive men with captive beasts and with one another; subsequently it was the

great arena where Christians furnished forth the dramatic show of being torn limb from limb for the entertainment of their fellow-men and women\*. The gladiatorial games were celebrated here for the last time in the fifth century. Telemachus, a Christian who in vain had remonstrated against them, threw himself between the combatants, and was immediately killed by the enraged spectators. In consequence of this, the Emperor Honorius abolished the games, and the martyr became a saint.

The structure remained entire until the eleventh century, when by a Roman noble it was converted into a fortress esteemed nearly impregnable. In 1332 it was the scene of a bullfight. At the end of the fourteenth century it was converted into an hospital. In the fifteenth a portion of its marble was burned into lime. In the sixteenth century it became the quarry from which the nobles of Rome constructed their palaces, and partisans of all parties their fortifications. In the seventeenth, Sixtus V. attempted to establish a woollen manufactory here! After all these vicissitudes, the papal authority was at last interposed to save this mag-

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\* Those who take disheartening views of the progress of man should solace themselves with looking back in the world's history. What would now be thought of the autocrats of Austria and Russia (not men noted for hearts over-soft) if they were to furnish for their subjects the shows that amused the polished Romans? Has not Christianity done something for us?

nificent relic of antiquity by Christian consecration. Benedict XIV. in the middle of the last century sanctified it, and erected a cross in the centre of the arena.

Considerable reparations have been made from time to time, and are still making. The original elevation is preserved entire but in one small segment of the circle, and there it appears stupendous. Its five rows of seats are in part still manifest. The seats of the first and second rows were cushioned, and the senators and those of consular rank occupied them. They ascended in position as they descended in rank, till they came to the poor women who were above and below all!

When I thought of the purpose to which this theatre was devoted, I felt my impression of its sublimity abated by my consciousness of the degradation of humanity. My imagination called back from the dead the hundred thousand people who filled this vast circuit. I saw the Roman ladies looking down on the poor captives of the forest, and the human sacrifice; and I wondered if, when they met in their passage through the vomitories, they talked of the last new fashion, and tenderly inquired of the young mother "if her baby had yet cut a tooth!" That monster, "*custom*," does so harden the heart!

WE have been to St. Peter's, and are *not* disappointed. The great works of nature and art always surpass my expectations. We walked in silence up and down the nave, made the circuit of the wall, stood under the glorious dome, and contented ourselves with the effect of its atmosphere without studying the details. The most beautiful object in approaching St. Peter's is certainly not itself; the dome is lost in this view, and the façade has neither grandeur nor harmony. Nor the colonnades with their row of statues, but the beautiful fountains, the very types of life, grace, and youth, where everything else is fixed and heavy.

*Sunday.*—WE have been out of the Porta del Popolo to-day to attend service in the English chapel. It is greatly to the honour of the pope that he permits the public worship of heretics here in the very heart of his dominion. This is better than the burning of the convent in our land of liberty of conscience and universal toleration! There was a congregation of from six to seven hundred people, without any notable attraction in the officiating clergyman. It is cheering to see the English, wherever they most congregate, maintaining the observances of their religion. We found at Wiesbaden, Frankfort, Geneva, and here at Rome, a regular English service on Sunday; not a nominal

thing, for the English, with very few exceptions, scrupulously attend it\*.

I HAD been walking about St. Peter's to-day till I felt the exaltation which the grandeur, the vast riches, and endless wonders of that glorious church produces, when I was suddenly attracted by the changing group around the bronze statue of St. Peter. This, formerly a statue of Jupiter, has been made by papal consecration the presiding divinity of the Christian temple. It is a sitting figure, elevated a few feet from the floor, with a circlet round the head (now a glory), the left hand raised, and the right pressing a key to the breast. The rigid face has a cold, inflexible expression, most unsuited to the impulsive disciple. It looks like the idol it is; and rather singularly in keeping with this expression is the right foot protruding from the drapery, condescendingly presented to the kiss of the faithful.

I have often heard of the kissing of St. Peter's

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\* We rarely saw English people travelling on Sunday; and as it involves no discredit, and to abstain from it often imposes disappointment and discomfort, this indicates the steadfastness of their religious principles. Captain Basil Hall's "Patchwork," just published, contains an interesting history of the steady efforts of the English at Rome, which resulted in the establishment of "a Protestant cemetery, a Church of England service, and a charitable fund dispensed at a Reformed altar to the subjects of the sovereign pontiff." God save the nation that binds to its altars its domestic ties and its charities!

toe; but, till I saw grown-up men and women actually press their lips to this worn bronze toe, then rub their foreheads against it (a phrenological manifestation!), and finally kneel before the image, I had never fairly conceived of this idolatry; and yet, should we call it so? Who shall analyse the feeling in which love and reverence blend? a nicer art than to separate the ray of light; who shall judge and condemn the impulses of devotion in an ignorant mind? I will not, but rather describe the scene I saw before this image to-day. Among the throng who came and went were two peasant-women, both in costume. Each had a child in her arms, one a boy about two years old, the other a girl somewhat younger. They were ragged, but I am accustomed to seeing these little, lost cherubs in rags; and happily, in preparation for a visit to the grand Basilica, they had undergone the rare ceremony of a washing; and their brilliant eyes shone out from the unsullied golden ground of the Roman complexion—but golden or yellow hardly describes their peculiar tint of skin—Victor Hugo has done it well in poetry:

*“ Il semble qu’il est doré du rayon du soleil.”*

About this glowing complexion hung the richest curling hair of a glossy golden brown. The mother of the boy, after kissing the toe herself, put his lips to it. He submitted to the ceremony somewhat

reluctantly, faintly touching it with his lips, and giving his nose a brush across it.

As he raised his head, he saw the little girl whose mother was waiting for her turn, and half springing from his mother's arms, he kissed the child's round cheek of warm flesh and blood, and uttered a joyous chuckle at its contrast with the bronze toe that resounded through arch and aisle. It was a pretty triumph of nature ; a living picture in this land of pictures\* !

*December 30.*—A MOST beautiful morning, my dear C. The sun has just risen above the Viminal Hill. I perceive a slight hoarfrost on the garden opposite to us. The leaves on the tall orange-tree by our window look slightly chilled ; and the poor women who are passing with their shawls close drawn over their heads shrink from the enemy as ours would if the mercury were ten degrees below zero. This is the first frost we have felt in Rome.

We devoted yesterday morning to Crawford's and Thorwaldsen's studii. They present a striking contrast of the toils, privations, and difficulties of the young and struggling genius, with the comfort, riches, and glory that wait on him who has won the

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\* I observed the decent-looking people among the faithful discreetly wiped the toe before kissing it ; and Mr. G. told us that when his holiness does it this reverence, his attendants first spring forward and give it an effective rub with their cambric handkerchiefs.

day. Crawford is at this moment laid up, dangerously ill from overwork, and Thorwaldsen is making a visit in his native country which is little short of a triumphal progress. Sculptors, from the weight of their material, are compelled to work on the ground floor. Crawford's studio occupies three obscure, small, and sunless apartments, so cold and damp that they strike a chill through you. Here he has a few things finished, and several spirited and beautiful models that are to be done into marble if he has orders for them. The sculptor labours under a disadvantage from the costliness of his material; if he be poor he cannot put his design into marble till it is in part paid for. Our countrymen, not being practised in these matters, have not sufficiently considered this, and orders have been sometimes given with generous intentions, but with the mercantile idea of payment on delivery of the goods, which could not be executed for want of money to buy the block of marble. It is the English custom to pay half the price of the work on giving the order. Among Crawford's designs is a very noble statue of Franklin. It is meant to illustrate his discoveries in electricity; he is looking up to the clouds with the calm assurance of conscious power. What an embellishment would this be for one of the Philadelphia squares! Another design, which seemed to me to belong to the romantic school,



is the rain of snakes described in the Apocalypse. The curse is falling on a family. The group inevitably reminds you of the Laocoon, and in one respect it seemed to me superior; the parental instinct here triumphs over physical anguish. Crawford's last and most finished work is an Orpheus, which, as far as discovery has yet gone, has no prototype among the ancient sculptures. He has presented the *rare* husband at the moment of entering hell. Cerberus is lulled, and his heads are fallen in sleep; the lyre is closely pressed under Orpheus's left arm, and his right hand shades his eyes, as if to concentrate the light on entering the dark region. The figure will, I believe, bear anatomical criticism; it has the effect, at any rate, to an unscientific eye, of anatomical success. It is light, graceful, and spirited; a most expressive embodying of poetic thought. There is the beauty of perfect symmetry in the face, with a shade of earnestness which, though unusual in classical models, does not at all impair its classical serenity. The young man is said to possess the courage and perseverance that are bone and muscle to genius; if this be true, he is sure of success, and this cold, cheerless studio will, at some future time, be one of the Meccas of our countrymen\*.

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\* On our return to Rome from Naples we had the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Mr. Crawford, and of confirming our prepossessions in his favour by actual observation. The tide had

We had some discussion last evening with our English friend K—n on the character of American intellect, which ended in his confessing his surprise at what we are achieving. "I find," he said, "established here and at Florence three American artists (Greenough, Powers, and Crawford). *We* have but three—Gibson, Wyatt, and M'Donald: and you have Mr. Wilde at Florence, who has set himself down there to write the life of Dante, and is investigating his subject with the acuteness of a thorough-bred lawyer; and here is Green, your consul, who, with frail health, has determined to devote twenty years to a history of Italy! I told a friend the other day that we must put to whip and spur, or we should be distanced." It is something new to hear our country admired for anything but cutting down forests and building up towns in a day, or making railroads and canals; but, surely, the same power that in one stage of our progress overcomes physical difficulties, will in another achieve intellectual conquests.

The extensive stables of the Barberini palace have been converted into a studio for Thorwaldsen,

even then turned in his favour. He had recovered his health and become known to many of his countrymen. While this book is going through the press we hear that a sum of 2500 dollars has been made up in Boston for his Orpheus. We hope that New-York will not lag behind, but will extend her hand to her own son while there is yet some faith and generosity in doing so. When he becomes better known, there will be no merit in sending him orders.

and they are filled with the most exquisite forms which invention, memory, imagination, and love can take. The collection of sculptures that bears his name gives you some idea of the variety and beauty of his works. That which impressed me most, and brought tears to my eyes, which I ignorantly supposed *marble* could not, is a colossal statue of Christ. His arms are extended, and he seems on the point of saying, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." There is a most affecting blending of benignity and power in his expression; you feel that "God has anointed him above his fellows," and that "he will save to the uttermost those that come unto him." The head of our Saviour in Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper is the only one that approaches this in force of expression. Christ is attended by his disciples, six on either side. The statues were done for a church in Copenhagen.

There is another admirable set of figures, designed, I believe, for the pediment of the same church. These are necessarily so arranged as to make on each side a descending line from the centre figure. This is done with consummate art; each figure seems, without design or choice, to have fallen into the attitude expressive of the feeling of the moment. John the Baptist preaching is the middle figure; next stands a scoffer, his head thrown back. An old man bends over his

staff in devout attention ; a young shepherd is rivetted to the spot, while two boys are playing with his dog ; a child is leaning on his mother's shoulder ; and another mother is sitting on the ground, with her infant in her arms. Besides sending these great productions to his native country, Thorwaldsen has founded a museum in Copenhagen, and enriched it with copies of his works ; and thus he will send pilgrims trooping from all parts of the world to his far, cold land. No wonder the Danes love him, and follow his footsteps, loading him with gifts and honours.

MY DEAR C.,

THIS is the festa of St. Peter ; of course a great day in Rome. As we have been so long negligent of the privilege we may any day enjoy, of seeing the pope, we went this morning to high mass at St. Peter's, where he was to be present. He has the merit of having risen from the lowest grade of society, and is said, besides having considerable learning, to be an amiable, inoffensive old man. You know the great democratic principle of the admission of all to all employments has ever been fundamental in the Catholic Church.

A Catholic ceremony is, to the eye of a Protestant, more or less a dramatic show, with a rich theatrical wardrobe and dull actors. What, I wonder, would an humble student of the Gospels,

who had never heard of the Catholic Church, think on coming into St. Peter's, and walking up the nave under its vaulted and golden ceiling, with its incrustations of precious marbles, its sculptured columns, its magnificent arches, statues, mosaic pictures, and monuments; its gilded bronze baldachino (made of the spoils of the Pantheon), its hundred lamps burning round St. Peter's tomb, with his image presiding—and let it be his festa, with the pope in the triple crown, gorgeously arrayed, surrounded by his cardinals in crimson and embroidered satin, attended by his Swiss guard in their fantastic uniform, and by his *guardia nobile*; what if there were such an uninformed person as I have imagined among these multifarious spectators from all quarters of the world, what would he think on being told that this was a Christian temple, and these the disciples and ministers of the meek and lowly Jesus, who taught that God only accepted such as worshipped Him in spirit and in truth?

The ceremonies we saw to-day (and which certainly would not contribute to this supposed person's farther enlightenment) I shall not describe to you. The pope, who is an ugly old man with a big nose and a stupid expression, had an elevated seat behind the tribune, where his priestly attendants seemed chiefly occupied in the care of his embroidered vestment which flowed many a yard on the ground when he stood, was borne by them when

he moved, and nicely folded and replaced in his lap when he again sat down. The cardinals, as a class of men, are very noble in their appearance. With the exception of two or three middle-aged men, they are old, and have the badge of age, their thin and white locks fringing their crimson scullcaps. They too had train-bearers from an inferior order of priests. One part of the ceremony was solemn and thrilling, as a devotional sentiment expressed simultaneously by a mass of men must always be. At the elevation of the Host all the Catholics present bared their heads and fell on their knees, the swords of the soldiers ringing on the pavement. The music was delicious. After the chantings were finished, and his holiness had blessed the assembly, he was placed on a chair covered with red velvet, the triple and jewelled crown was put on his head, the chair was placed on poles also covered with red velvet, and borne on the shoulders of twelve priests. On each side was carried a huge fan of peacocks' feathers; and thus suited and attended, he made a progress down the nave and into a side-chapel. He shut his eyes, drooped his head, and appeared to me like a sanctimonious old woman; but, to show how just such passing judgments are, I was afterward told the poor old man said he habitually closed his eyes to escape the giddiness occasioned by his position.

As we stood in the vestibule awaiting our car-

riage, cardinal after cardinal drove off; and as I saw each heavy coach with fat black horses, gilded and tasselled harness, and its complement of three footmen in embroidered liveries, dash through an ignorant, wretched multitude, nearly running over the blind and lame, those words of doom occurred to me: "Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that feed themselves! should not the shepherds feed the flocks?" "The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost." But let us not forget, my dear C., that from the herd of priests and monks issued such men as Wickliffe and Luther, and that in their body, and having died or to die in their faith, are such men as San Carlo, Fenelon, and our own C.\*

Tired of waiting, K. and I left the rest and walked home. Passing a half-open door, we heard a murmuring of tiny voices, and, looking in, we saw in a dark, damp, cold den, lighted only through this half-open door, a dame's infant-school†. The

\* And here, too, for the sake of our charities, I quote M. Sismondi, who is no lover of priests, and assuredly no favourer of the Roman Catholic religion. He says, "The pontifical government counts among its servants more men distinguished for talents, and fewer for their vices or want of probity, than any government of Europe!" Query—Does he not mean of Continental Europe?

† The powerful writer of the address to the working classes in Italy, in the "Apostolato Popolare," says, in speaking of the de-

teacher, a hard-featured subject, was knitting away for life, and teaching these little things, two, three, and four years old, their prayers in *Latin*, which they repeated with the appointed crossings and genuflexions ! Most of them were ragged and dirty, but beautiful enough for Guido's angels. I thought of the well-lighted, warmed, and spacious school-rooms in my own country, and of the light poured into the young mind there\* !

WE have been looking at frescoes to-day ; and if I should run into rant, my dear C., about them, do not think it is to impose on you New World people who never have seen them, but that it is the effect of novelty and surprise added to their intrinsic beauty. You are probably aware, as the name implies, that they are put on the wall while the plaster is fresh ; of course they must be executed with great rapidity. The ceiling and the walls of the private houses in Italy are embellished

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fective teaching to the few of that class in Italy who are taught :—  
 “ Even religious books are given to them in a dead language which they do not understand. The books which the rulers cause to be distributed in the elementary schools teach them to be servile, poor-spirited, and selfish ; and after the Austrian catechism—the common model—‘ That subjects should deport themselves towards their sovereigns as *slaves* towards their *masters*,’ and that the power of the sovereign ‘ extends to their property as well as to their person.’ ”

\* What a curiosity to an Italian teacher would a list of our school-books be ! What an inestimable treasure to Italian pupils a single one—Miss Robbins's *Popular Lessons*, for example !



in this way ; and though often done without much expenditure of art or money, they are so very pretty that I rather dread seeing again our blank ceilings. Fresco-painting is to us a new revelation of the power of the art ; and such a fresco as Raphael's Sibyls, his School of Athens, or Domenichino's Life and Death of St. Cecilia, in a certain little chapel here, seem to me as superior to an easel painting as an epic is to a lyric poem. Unfortunately, there are but few of these masterpieces in good preservation. They suffer more than oil paintings from damp and neglect. The Romans had this art in great perfection. I have seen in a gallery of Titus's baths, in an apartment of Augustus's palace, and in the tomb of Augustus's freedmen, all now far under ground, frescoes, medallions, flowers, birds, divinities, &c., traced with accuracy and grace, and the colours still vivid. The Nozze Aldobrandini, now hanging in the library of the Vatican, is one of the most beautiful of the old frescoes. It is a representation of a Greek wedding, is supposed to be a Greek painting, and was found in the baths of Titus. Guido's Aurora, one of the most exquisite poetic conceptions ever manifested to the eye of man, is still as fresh as if it were just dyed in the rainbow, on the ceiling of an apartment in the Ruspigliosi palace.

Raphael's Sibyls is also a masterpiece, and it has an advantage over the Aurora in bearing the

impress of the true religion. It seems to me the most fortunate subject a painter ever chose. It is painted in an obscure little church (*Santa Maria della Pace*); so uncalculating is genius! The place to be covered was an arch in the nave, the most awkward possible, it would seem, for the disposition of the figures. But difficulties were only spurs to the genius of Raphael; and so perfect are the grace and nature of this picture, that it would never occur to you he had not place and space at will. As this, after seeing the galleries of Florence and Rome, is my favourite picture, suffer me to describe it to you, my dear C.

The four sibyls, the lay prophetesses who are supposed to have intimated to the Old World the revelations they had received of the coming of our Saviour, are the subjects of the picture. The time chosen is the moment of the angels' communication to the inspired women. The first is a beautiful young creature in the freshest ripeness of womanhood. Her record-book is in her lap, and her glowing face, turned towards the angel, conveys the annunciation, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good-will to man!" The face of the cherub, who is looking at her intently, with his chin resting on his closed hand, indicates the joy there is in heaven at these tidings to man.

The next sibyl is writing down the revelation as

her heavenly messenger reveals it. Her face is in profile. It has something more than mere joy; a comprehension of the obstacles to be met and the moral revolutions to be made. There is eagerness in the angel's face, and an almost Divine energy in the young woman's. The art that could give such force to such delicate lines is amazing. The face is the most spiritual, and I think the most beautiful, I ever saw. Her whole soul is so intent on the record she is making, that it seems as if her pen would cut through the tablet.

The next figure reminds you of classical models, of something pre-existent in art, which nothing else in the picture does. It is very lovely, and expresses perfect awe and reverence, as if her inward eye beheld the "King of all living things."

The fourth is a dark old woman, who comprehends the coming struggles with the powers of darkness, the martyrdoms, the seed to be sown in tears, and, seeing the end, is unflinching and unfearing.

What must Raphael have thought and felt before he painted this picture! He is the Shakspeare of painters, and with almost as full a measure of inspiration. The picture is a poem, such as I hope may be found in the libraries of heaven, if the soul read there without the intervention of letters.

Domenichino's Evangelists are in the four angles of the dome of St. Andrea della Valle. They are

reckoned his best frescoes, and he is reckoned second only to Raphael. The freedom and vigour of the figures, and the freshness and harmony of the colouring, are striking. St. Mark's muscular arm actually stands out from the picture. There is a lion (his symbol) at his feet, with lovely children playing on his back, at whom he looks round so gently that he reminded me of the humane lion of Bottom's *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

St. John, an angel who holds his inkstand, and two little boys at his feet twined in one another's arms, are all personifications of love; commentaries on that Divine admonition, "Little children, love one another!"

These frescoes are the transfer and perpetuation of actual existence. They have but the one fault of Donatello's statue—"they do not breathe."

After looking at these pictures till our necks were stiff, we went to San Carlo to see the Cardinal Virtues, also by Domenichino. But we had hardly got in when a young priest ordered us out, because there was to be an exposition of the sacrament, and the presence of Protestant ladies must not profane the ceremony. We had just come from witnessing, unmolested, the same service in the Sistine Chapel, in the august presence of the pope, and so we told him. But the young priest was inexorable; exorcise us he would; and so, casting a pitiful look at the Lady Charity, who sat impotent

among the Cardinal Virtues, we were swept out. This is the first discourtesy of the sort we have met with here. Narducci, our landlord, was so scandalised when we told him of it, that, after many exclamations of "Is it possible? this—a Roma!" he went to the priest and brought an apology, and a very civil invitation to come again to the church. It is the studied policy of the Roman people, from the pope down, to conciliate the English; and such is the precedence given them at the religious ceremonies, and so great their number in comparison with that of the Italians, that you might imagine they were spectacles got up for their edification\*.

MY DEAR C.,

*January 1.*—YOU must know by this time that our friend K—n is *not* one of those visiters at Rome whom M. Sismondi justly reproaches with regarding it merely as "a museum where pictures, statues, monuments of antiquity, and all the various productions of the fine arts, are exhibited to their curiosity, to whom the 160,000 or 180,000 inhabitants who live within the walls of Rome appear merely an accessory." K—n sent us a note this morning, informing us that there would be an

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\* There is another reason, as I have been told by a pious Catholic, why so few of his faith are seen at the ceremonies at St. Peter's. They are considered by them as rather spectacles than for religious edification.

immense concourse of the Roman people in costume at the Piazza Navona, and our carriage being soon announced by our coachman sending us up two splendid bouquets—new-year's favours \*—we set off to see the show. The Piazza Navona is the largest market-place in Rome. It was so completely filled with the people, and their products and wares, that it was with some difficulty we made our way among them. At last we got a station in the centre of the piazza near a fountain where four river-gods, seated on rocks from which the water issues, are sustaining an obelisk. There was a fair going on. Very few of the people were in costume, unless, alas! the general badge of Southern Italy, rags, may be so termed. The graceful white head-dress which you see in the pictures of the Roman peasantry is uncommon now. The women wear in its place a cotton handkerchief tied under the chin, which, being of a bright colour, has rather a pretty effect. Some of them wear cheap English cottons, but the general dress at this season is a stout woollen plaid, almost perdurable †. The

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\* This was not an uncommon kindness in our coachman : often, on returning to our carriage from some sight-seeing, we found a knot of jonquils, or violets, or a paper of delicious smoking chestnuts. "The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, of little (*not*) soon forgotten charities." The humblest, like our good Mariano, may throw in their mite.

† These stuffs are, for the most part, manufactured at an establishment belonging to the government. They cost seventy-five cents per yard, a yard and a quarter in width. They are sometimes home-made.

men wear hats with high sugar-loaf crowns; the shape of the brims it would be difficult to tell, for I think I have never seen a whole one. Their breeches are unstrapped at the knee, and their legs sometimes bare, but usually covered with what may, by a stretch of courtesy, be called a stocking. Every man who can command such a luxury once in his life (it is kept on as long as it retains a semblance of the original garment) wears a cloak, and as gracefully as if he were a troubadour. They really look like princes in disguise, so lofty, independent, and majestic is their bearing. Mr. Gibson, the English artist, in speaking to me of the striking grace of the Roman people, imputed it, in part, to the affability with which they are treated by their superiors, which saves them from the shyness and constraint whose "natural language" (to borrow the phrenological term) is awkwardness. We alighted to see better what was going on. Mariano cautioned us to leave in the carriage whatever might be purloined, as the place was full of "Lombardi," and explaining his meaning by the synonyme *Ladri* (thieves). A curious memorial this of the old wars with the Lombards. We made our way amid grain, vegetables, poultry, honey, eggs, coarse wares, wretched toys, and a most clamorous crowd, and were followed by ragged boys screaming "Vuole un facchino?" ("Do you wish a porter?") and were glad to get back

to the carriage with some paltry toys, the best we could find, for Mariano's children. I have never seen the children look so happy as to-day; not one but had some trifling toy.

Lady D. finds the Roman people much deteriorated during her twenty years' acquaintance with them, incivility and surliness in the place of their former graciousness and "captivating sweetness of manners." This may possibly be, in part, owing to the influx of English, whose national manners are not calculated to call forth "captivating sweetness" in return. It is certain the people here do not manifest the light-heartedness and careless buoyancy we have seen elsewhere in Italy; but may there not be the faint dawn of a better day in their thoughtfulness, even though it be sullen and sad?

It is said that the Romish religion is nowhere less respected than at Rome; that the women are still under its dominion; but that among the men there is a pervading infidelity, and, of course, a discontent with the government, that will urge them to join in any hopeful movement against it. How can it be otherwise when the government, instead of affording them aid and protection, only puts forth its power and ingenuity to tax and harass them? "Rome," says M. Sismondi, "pretending to have eternity at its disposal, takes little care of the future of this world."



The streets are thronged with idle men. A portion of them are the labourers on the campagna, who, to avoid the mal-aria, come into the city whenever unemployed; and as festas, including Sundays, occur twice or thrice a week, this is nearly half the time. On my remarking this concourse of idlers to Mr. G., he said, "Perhaps you are not aware that many who appear mere idlers are *facchini* (porters) who are waiting for employment." I can only say I always see them "*waiting*," never employed; and in Rome, where there is no commerce and no manufactures, what employment can there be for this herd of *facchini*? Not absolutely no manufactures, for there are many thousand sculptors, workers in mosaic, makers of *conchiliglias*, and other like *jimcracheries* for milords Anglais; but remember, these are all articles of superfluity for which there is no regular and certain demand. The interchange of productions between the different states of Italy is discouraged and shackled in every way by their rulers, so that the beautiful Roman mosaic has no market at Florence, nor the *pietra-dura*, the manufacture par excellence of Florence, at Rome.

There is no comfort in buying anything here; no article has a fixed value or price. The seller asks the highest price he has any hope of obtaining from ignorance and credulity, and the buyer "beats down" till his time or his patience is exhausted. I

have been taken in more than once by supposing that "*fixed prices*" in great letters announced, as it would with us, the inflexible rule of the dealer. On one occasion I was looking at an article, when K. whispered to me that the price was extravagant—I should offer less. I pointed to the "*fixed prices*," and shook my head, and after paying the price demanded, I had the mortification, before leaving the shop, to see another purchaser come in, and, after a little trafficking, buy the article at half the price I had given. Frequently, after solemn asseverations that the thing has been offered to us at its ultimate price, we have been followed out of the shop and on to the pavement with proffers of reduction, and finally it has been sent home to us at our own price. And to this degree of debasement is a people brought who are born in one of the richest climates of the world, and loaded with God's good gifts!

But do not imagine, my dear C., that this debasement is universal. It obtrudes itself upon the notice of strangers because those who traffic with them are most exposed to temptation.

An American gentleman who has resided in Italy for many years, told W. that, leaving out of the account conjugal fidelity, he had never found in any part of the world better faith or more virtue than in Italy. This testimony does not prove all it asserts, but certainly it intimates that there is

some good faith and much virtue. Our consul is married to an Italian lady, an exceedingly pretty and attractive person, who, in our exacting New-England, might be held up as a pattern-wife.

Signor N., from whom we hire our rooms, occupies an apartment next to us, and we are on the friendliest terms. We have found him honourable and liberal in his dealings, and most kind in his attentions. His wife is a highly-accomplished artist, one of a large family, all qualified by the education which a widowed mother, by dint of energy and struggling, obtained for them, to secure an independent existence. They now cherish that mother with filial devotion. And, to come down to the humblest life, our coachman, who spends all the daylight of every day in our service, is invariably faithful and patient, and moderate in his demands. Now, my dear C., if the only Romans we chance to know would be valuable members of society anywhere, is it not a hint to us to take the denunciations of travellers with some allowance, and, at any rate, that we may safely enlarge our charities? A little more on this head, and I have done. I will repeat to you, without the slightest deviation, a story I have just heard from an English gentleman. A friend of his, an artist, who was residing in Rome with his wife, lost one or two children. In their first anguish they were advised by their Italian nurse to change the scene:

and with that instinct of nature which always turns to the birthplace as the universal panacea, she begged them to go to her native village, fifty miles from Rome. They had scarcely reached there when the cholera broke out, and they were put in quarantine. They had expected to remain but a few days, and had little money with them, and there was no possibility of communicating with their friends. Rather a dilemma to be thrown in among the priests and Levites of this world! There was no borrowing; for, save some few dollars laid up in the village for the payment of taxes, it was as moneyless as one of our Western settlements. They lived by barter. The English strangers were obliged to remain four months. All their wants were supplied. The people trusted them indefinitely. Quantities of grain were brought to them, which they exchanged for smaller commodities. They made acquaintance with a gentleman in the neighbourhood who lived a secluded but *luxurious* life upon two hundred dollars a year! He had a good library, was highly cultivated, particularly well informed in regard to everything in England, and furthermore one of the excellent of the earth. All this, dear C., among the dishonest, lying, murdering, treacherous Italians! There is some superfluous reviling in this world!

Is it a fancy of mine, think you, dear C., or

is it remarkable that most of the best preserved monuments here are associated with good names that shine out among the great ones of old Rome? The Colosseum bears the family name of Vespasian, and is the record of the magnificence and triumphs of his son. The Arch of Titus, the conqueror of the Jews—the man who, when master of the world, sighed over every day unmarked with a good deed as lost—still spans, almost entire, the *Sacra Via*; Drusus, Constantine, and Septimius Severus, whose arches are remaining, are, if not at the extreme right, somewhere about the *juste milieu* of ancient names; and the lofty column of Trajan, “best of the good,” still bears the record of his deeds. The unimpaired column of Antoninus Pius is the memorial of a man whose name designated his eminent goodness. Almost every day we drive under the still perfect arch of the gentle Nerva’s Forum, while the palaces of the Cæsars, extended and embellished by such beastly wretches as Nero, Caligula, and Domitian, are a shapeless mass of ruins!

IF I had your powers of description in this way, dear C., or Cruikshank’s of illustration, I would give you a letter worth having on the beggars of Rome. The Italian has sentiment in his nature, and the beggar expresses it in the form of his petition. His “Non m’ abbandonate,” and “Ca-

rita, signora, per l'amor di questa imagine \*!" kindle your imagination if not your heart. How I should like to show you the fellow who sits, like a monarch on his throne, on the stairs of the *Piazza di Spagna*, and whose smile, disclosing teeth strong enough to grind all the grist in Rome, and his hearty salutation, "Buon giorno, signor," are well worth the *baioc'* he asks much more as a right than a favour. He is an old receiver of customs, and is well known to have a full treasury. "How dare you beg of me," asked Mr. G., "when you are already so rich?" "Ah, signor, I have my donkey to feed." "You are well able to feed your donkey." "But I have my nine children, signor." There is no answer to be made to a fellow who confesses to such luxury! Then there is the poor moiety of a man whose trunk (*torso!*), trussed on to a circular bit of wood slightly concave, comes daily down our street of *St. Vitale* at a jocund pace; and the two old crones at *Santa Maria Maggiore* who hobble towards you with a sort of *pas-de-deux*, and seem as well content that one should get your *baioc'* as the other, "equal to either fortune." They are probably partners in the trade. And there is the handsome youth by

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\* "Do not abandon me!" and "Charity, lady, for the love of this image!" This last supplication is made near a shrine of the pitiful-looking Virgin, where the beggar has what in our trafficking country would be called "a good stand for business."

the French Academy, who has been dying with a "sagne di bocca" (spitting of blood) for the last fifteen years without any apparent diminution of the vital current! And the little troop of mountain-peasants, whose hunting-ground is somewhere about the American consul's, with their bewitching smiles, sweet voices, and most winning ways; a genuine lover of happy young faces ought to pay them for a sight of theirs. Even beggary is picturesque here.

WE went this morning to the Church of St. Agostino to see Raphael's Isaiah, one of his most famous frescoes; the church was so dark we could not perceive its excellence. But we did see what to you, a student of human nature, would be far more interesting. This church has a statue of the Madonna and child, which has peculiar virtue. Some poor girl having, in an ecstasy of devotion, seen the Holy Mother open and shut her eyes upon her, miracles have ever since been wrought for the faithful who kneel before this image. I am not sure whether it be of wood or stone; but whichever it be, the foot is so worn away with kissing that it has been shodden with silver. The altar on which it is placed was (at midday) brilliantly lighted with candles, and a semicircle of lamps hung before it. The mother is sitting; the child stands on her knee on one foot in a pert attitude.

Both images wear glittering crowns. The mother's throat is covered with strings of pearls. She has a complete breastplate of jewels; her arms are laden with bracelets, and her fingers with rings; and, to make her look completely like the queen of strolling players, her hand is filled with artificial flowers. Kneeling before this image in *earnest* devotion (I saw many tears, but not a wandering eye) were a multitude of men and women, for the most part ragged and filthy beyond description, all of whom, as they came in or went out, kissed the silver-shod toe—some again and again fondly, as a mother kisses her child!

But the most extraordinary thing of all is the garniture of a pillar on the Virgin's right. It is literally covered with every species of small weapon: daggers, pistols, and knives, &c. These have been dedicated to the Holy Mother by two classes of persons: by those who have been rescued from the murderer, and by the murderer who has escaped the penalty of his crime. The sanctuary privilege is still in force at Rome. A gendarme dare not follow an offender into a church; he may remain there till he is driven by starvation to surrender, but no one is permitted to supply his necessities. The police of Rome is wretched. The laws are ill administered. Atrocious offences escape justice; and small ones, if they be against the Church, are rigidly punished. I believe reports



of crime here are much exaggerated. We have been repeatedly told that our street, which is retired, and has few habitations, is dangerous after nightfall; but our friends come and go every evening without molestation, and W. seldom leaves us before eleven. The truth is, the couriers, who daily meet and gossip on the *Piazza di Spagna*, choose to give a bad name to all lodgings remote from that neighbourhood; and they amuse their idle hours with weaving little tragic romances, taking care to make them "deep"—like a certain young friend of ours, who, in her maiden tragedy, burned all her dramatis personæ alive on the stage.

Mr. G. and W. had an animated discussion here this evening, W. insisting that it is the common testimony of mankind that the Romans are addicted to assassination, and Mr. G. maintaining that they do not strike often, and never but with good cause; that there being no public justice to right them, they are compelled, like savages, to take the matter into their own hands. He said that, notwithstanding all the reports about robberies, during a twelve years' acquaintance with Rome he had known but one! and that, when the Romans rob, they do not stab; they have no cold-blooded cruelty.

Love, which runs into disease only among the higher classes in other countries, plays its daily

Both images wear glittering crowns. The mother's throat is covered with strings of pearls. She has a complete breastplate of jewels; her arms are laden with bracelets, and her fingers with rings; and, to make her look completely like the queen of strolling players, her hand is filled with artificial flowers. Kneeling before this image in *earnest* devotion (I saw many tears, but not a wandering eye) were a multitude of men and women, for the most part ragged and filthy beyond description, all of whom, as they came in or went out, kissed the silver-shod toe—some again and again fondly, as a mother kisses her child!

But the most extraordinary thing of all is the garniture of a pillar on the Virgin's right. It is literally covered with every species of small weapon: daggers, pistols, and knives, &c. These have been dedicated to the Holy Mother by two classes of persons: by those who have been rescued from the murderer, and by the murderer who has escaped the penalty of his crime. The sanctuary privilege is still in force at Rome. A gendarme dare not follow an offender into a church; he may remain there till he is driven by starvation to surrender, but no one is permitted to supply his necessities. The police of Rome is wretched. The laws are ill administered. Atrocious offences escape justice; and small ones, if they be against the Church, are rigidly punished. I believe reports

chief entered into a treaty with the pope for permission to come and go unmolested, and the holy father, loath to repress so pious a wish, granted it. Their rendezvous in Rome was known, and the pope sent his emissaries to persuade them to relinquish their unholy trade. The conference was proceeding amicably when the pope's lambs turned into wolves, alias gendarmes, and the betrayed brigands were seized and bound. "Ah, for shame!" I exclaimed, at the conclusion of the story; "this is as bad as our treatment of the Indians." "And ours of the East Indians!" responded B—n; "all great nations have their peccadilloes!" When will nations hold themselves bound by the strict rule that governs an upright individual? When they are in deed as well as in name Christian nations—and not till then.

The tombs are among the most interesting monuments about Rome. They annihilate time, and level all national and individual differences by speaking to you of ties that are universal, and of experience common to all. Here, where parents and children have wept, you feel the strain of a common humanity; and the only difference between you and those who have lived and suffered ages before you is, that wherein you are most blessed

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indulgence plénière\* for such as, having confessed, should visit for fifteen consecutive days the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul. Villani reports that during the year there were 200,000 strangers at Rome."—*Sismondi*. His holiness, Boniface, understood the art of indirect taxation.

they were most wretched. The angel of life did not keep his watch over the burial-places of their dead. If, perchance, a ray of hope penetrated the clouds and darkness that wrapped the tomb, it came from their own natures, and was wavering and uncertain, most unlike that steadfast and extinguishable light which shines in upon the Christian's soul. And this, I take it, was in part the reason why the ancients built their splendid mausoleums, such as the tomb of Adrian and that of Cecilia Metella, and those on the Appian Way, which, even in ruin, appear like the vestiges of fortresses and palaces. The *past* was all to them. Pride and love sought to perpetuate the memorial of an ended existence. Memory fondly lingered where hope had not yet come. We have been to the tomb of the Scipios. It is not more than fifty years since the tomb of the Scipios was opened, and now an exact copy of its most beautiful sarcophagus embellishes a cemetery in our New World\*. Above the entrance to a vineyard is the inscription, "*Sepolcro degli Scipioni.*" The barred door was opened to us by a woman, who, provided with wax tapers, conducted us down a flight of steps and into the interior of the vault by a narrow winding way, through the burial-place of one of the most illustrious families of Rome, and where we were treading they came in sad procession to lay their dead.

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\* That to Spurzheim at Mount Auburn.

We saw on the walls of these corridors the names, and exact copies of the original inscriptions, which have been carried off to the Vatican. The niches where the sarcophagi, busts, and other funereal ornaments were placed are empty. Some of these we have seen in the Vatican.

We have been to the Columbarium, which contains the remains of the freedmen of Augustus. They are called Columbarium from the resemblance of the small compartments where the urns were placed to pigeon-holes. We knocked, as all *antiquity*-hunters must do at Rome, whether they are in quest of a palace or a tomb, a bath or a temple, at a huge, strong, wooden gate resembling an immense barn-door, and were admitted into a vineyard, where we were at once in the midst of sacred relics. Broken, antique, sepulchral inscriptions are inserted in the wall, some made in vanity no doubt, and some in love; I noticed one of a father, *filix dulcissimæ*. Fragments of columns, bits of bas-reliefs, and terra-cotta urns were strewn over the ground. We descended a dozen steps into the Columbarium, a small apartment with a vaulted ceiling delicately painted in fresco. The bones, resolved by fire to small fragments and ashes, are in terra-cotta vessels with covers, more like our garden-pots than like urns. These are placed in the pigeon-holes. Thus reduced, men and women may be packed away in a very small compass;

8000 are said to have been bestowed here. There are some small marble sarcophagi embellished with bas-reliefs. Octavia's tomb is unknown; and here is an inscription on her dressing-maid, and another on her worker in silver.

But one of the most interesting sepulchral monuments that I have seen is that of some honest bakers, close to the walls of Rome. A very noble arch with Ionic pillars has lately been uncovered there. When Totila, with his barbarians, had possession of the city, they pulled down the walls. Belisarius, who was lying at Ostia, returned as soon as Totila retired, and, hastily reconstructing the wall, made use of whatever would help to shorten his labour. In this way the tomb of Caius Cestus came to make a part of the wall, and thus this superb arch, and the baker's tomb just in its shadow, were covered up; the tomb is of marble, and in the sides of the walls are openings to represent ovens. The frieze is sculptured with bas-reliefs representing the baker's art, kneading, moulding, weighing the loaves, and piling them in baskets; bread and baskets are of the identical form used by the Roman bakers of the present day. In a house hard by, whither they have been removed from the tomb, are the statues of the baker and his wife, worthy elderly people, lying side by side on a stone tablet. After going about, day after day, to see the ruins

of temples to imaginary divinities, triumphal arches, palaces, circuses, and amphitheatres, memorials of the pride and luxury of individuals and the misery of "the million," it was refreshing, dear C., to find in this baker's pretty tomb a proof that the humbler virtues and domestic arts were sometimes honoured.

MY DEAR C.,

*Sunday.*—WE went to the Church of St. Cecilia to-day to see the profession of a nun. Signora N. accompanied us, and expressed as sound opinions on conventual life as if, instead of a good Catholic living under the dropping of monasteries, she had been bred in Boston. A carpet was spread in the nave, with a double row of chairs set around it, and the enclosure was guarded by a small detachment from the pope's Swiss guards. By Signor N.'s interest, we obtained a place on these extra-exclusive seats. We waited two mortal hours. The cardinal who was to come here to bury the living, was engaged in burying the dead. The mother, with the nurse and young bride of heaven, sat near us, and —, who, if she had before appeared to me as a mere fashionable inanity floating over the surface of life, now made me feel that there was a certain dignity in an existence that comprehended the affections of a wife and mother.

The circle of chairs was filled, and a large audience, chiefly English, gathered round; finally in came the cardinal and the officiating priests, who robed him in embroidered satin and point lace which they took from a trunk previously brought. When he was completely equipped, with his jewelled mitre on his head, a chant announced the bride's approach; and she entered the church with a friend at her side, and a train attendant. She appeared about nineteen, and with that peculiar expression of repressed exultation that you may have seen on a silly young girl whose head was *exaltée* with the *éclat* of a wedding. She was dressed in a load of finery, to make more striking her renunciation of the pomps and vanities of the world. Her head was tricked off with all-coloured false jewels, feathers, gold chains, and artificial flowers. Her profuse black hair, her only personal wealth, hung in ringlets over her face, neck, and shoulders, and falling over the back of her head she had a gauze veil embroidered with silver. The folds of her embroidered satin gown were sustained by an ultra fashionable hump (*tournure*, *par courtoisie*), and her train was held up by two children three or four years old, bedizened in blue and pink satin, spangles, silver fringe, and tawdry artificial flowers, who, as I inferred from feather wings sewed to their backs, personated angels!



The poor thing knelt before the cardinal and made her vow of renunciation. She then sat as inexpressive as a wax figure, while he addressed to her a sing-song exhortation, in which he held up before her a long line of female saints who had endured *unendurable* inflictions and mortifications. When this precious homily, recited and received without a sign of emotion, was over, she was led out by the cardinal, and we again saw her, but very imperfectly, through a grated door in a side chapel; there she was disrobed, her hair cut off, and, in the nun's habit and veil, she lay under a pall while the service for the dead was chanted over her. It is not long since this whole ceremony was performed in the nave of the church; and the present decent innovation of withdrawing behind the scenes is a faint sign that there is life and progress even here. It was, after all, though I have spoken of it flippantly, a touching sight to see a young creature self-immolated through the force of most unnatural circumstances; but I do not wonder that in a country where the alternative is, for the most part, between vice and vacuity, a woman should choose to give a religious colour to the latter.

Female school-education here is in the hands of the nuns. You may imagine how well fitted to prepare girls to be wives and mothers, and effective members of society, these poor wretches must

be, who know the world only through their sighs and unavailing regrets.

THE bells are ringing, and so they are in Rome at every hour of the twenty-four. There are certain convent-bells that ring every fifteen minutes, and others that ring through the hour. When I am suddenly awaked in the night by the ringing of the bells, with the deep-sunken impressions of years, I fancy myself in my room in W. street, and an Albany steamer announcing its arrival. What a deadly home-sickness comes over me as I awake to the reality, and contract the indications of the bells of the two countries, pretty fairly illustrative of their different condition! The steamer's bell announces the arrival of the politician, busy with the project of making a new governor and dislodging an old one, or framing new laws and abolishing the old; of the philanthropist, who has come to examine prisons, establish a peace society, disseminate Bibles, or help on the extermination of slavery; of an author, about to publish some new theory in religion, or politics, or social life, which is to reform the morals and mend the manners of mankind; of the inventor of a new machine which is to improve the fortunes of the human race and make his own; of a host of merchants to buy and to sell. While the bells are ringing they are all on shore; no passports, no *Dogana!* And

what say the midnight bells of Rome? Why, that the poor monks and nuns must out of their beds and troop to prayers! In the severer orders the summons is repeated three and four times during the night—this, dear C., is the productive labour of Rome!

I ASKED an Italian gentleman who was mending the fire at Miss M.'s, in the hopeless endeavour to send the smoke up the chimney, if the chimneys in Rome were not apt to smoke. "They *all* smoke," he replied; "and how can it be otherwise? the houses have been built hundreds of years, and the chimneys recently put in." They are an English luxury, and seem contrived, as an English writer says, rather "to ventilate than to warm." The Italians consider fires injurious to health\*. There is ice in the street now, and a blazing fire of half-a-dozen good-sized sticks is essential to our comfort, while our delicate little landlady is warmed with a few coals in an earthen pot (called a *marito*) with an upright handle, a most inconvenient affair. The immense marble-floored apartments of the palaces are warmed only by a brasier with a few coals. Once I have seen, at some villa, a blazing fire; at the Borghese, probably, for Prince Borghese is married to an Englishwoman. The

\* Our medical gentleman at Naples was so fearful of the feverish influence of the fire, that when he passed through the drawing-room to his patient's apartment he crept round by the wall.

shrivelled, shivering old women sitting out of doors with a *marito* at their feet are forlorn objects.

You would be surprised at the articles of food exposed for sale here, such as cock's combs, the claws of poultry, blood, and the entrails of animals. I smile when I recall the time when our village butcher refused to make a charge for a "calf's head and feet," and that even now it is considered a bold innovation to *sell* liver. Meat is sold here in bits as small as we distribute about the table; indeed, the poorer classes scarce taste meat at all. Polenta (hasty-pudding) is here, as in other parts of Italy, a prime article of food.\* The bread they eat is of a good quality, and often made quite luxurious by a spreading of *lard*. They have delicate preparations of milk, resembling our curds, but much nicer, called *ricotta* and *giuncata*. These are thought to be inimitably prepared by the peasants of the neighbouring mountains; we thought them so the other day when they came to us from a kind friend in pretty baskets covered with fresh leaves.

Vegetables are very cheap, and the very poor almost live on the coarser kinds. I have seen old women in the streets devouring the stumps of cabbages. Soup is their luxury; *soup* by courtesy, but really the thinnest of broths. Wine holds the

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\* We ordered it now and then for a reminiscence of home, but it was made disagreeable to our taste by the admixture of oil.

place to them that tea does to our working people. Our servant was looking very surly, and on inquiry we learned it was because we had not provided wine for her breakfast ! Chesnuts are bread here ; they are cheap, abundant, and very delicious, much larger than ours, sweet and marrowy, and approaching the lusciousness of fruit. Their sweet odours as they are roasting perfume the streets, which sadly need perfuming.

You will hardly be able to estimate the poverty of the Roman people by the indications of the food on which they live, without knowing the extreme cheapness of good provisions. W. tells me that he can get a dinner at a restaurant for twenty-five cents, consisting of soup, three or four kinds of meat, a variety of vegetables, a pudding, and a dessert of fruits and nuts.

I WISH our grumbling housewives, who fancy there is no plague with servants but "it lights on their shoulders," could hear the statements of grievances I hear here, and such as I often heard in England. The men-servants here are more capable than the women, but they are utterly unreliable ; not having the "fear of God before their eyes," there is no dependance to be placed either on their word or their honesty. The women are uninstructed, and miserable gossips and dawdlers ; but being still under the dominion of their religion,

you have a hold on their consciences. François avers there is not a woman in Italy who knows how to cook; but François holds to the old-school opinion of women's capacities. My hearsay information is of little worth, but I have none other to give. We have employed but two women-servants; the one faithless and efficient, the other inefficient and true—passably so. There is nothing peculiar to any country in this experience.

The whole tendency of service here is to corruption. Service, for the most part, is paid by fees which are irregular and uncertain. Many servants of cardinals and princes are not paid by their employers, but subsist on fees; they are, in fact, birds of prey. For example, a gentleman residing here in an official station told me that twice every year, on the first of January and on the first of July, the servants of the princes and cardinals whom he visits come to demand a fee from him, and he must pay it. The day after his first official interview with the pope, a servant's bill, amounting to sixteen dollars, was sent to him. When the noted banker Torlonia gives a ball, his servants levy their tribute—black mail—the next day on the guests. To show you in what estimation this same gentleman Torlonia is held in Rome, it is a common report that his servants give his balls!

MY dear C., you may almost doubt my being in

Rome, since I have not yet said one word of the Vatican, where the history and religion of the Old World are recorded by the hand of art. The truth is, that from the moment of my visit to Winchester Cathedral, I have felt, as I fancy those do who go to another world, that the sensations resulting from a new state and new manifestations are incommunicable. I cannot convey to you what I have enjoyed, and am enjoying, from painting, sculpture, and architecture ; and when I involuntarily shudder at the idea of leaving all these magnificent and lovely forms, I doubt the wisdom of our New-World people coming here to acquire bankerings which cannot be appeased at home. I would advise no American to come to Italy who has not strong domestic affections and close domestic ties, or some absorbing and worthy pursuit at home. Without these strong bonds to his country, he may feel, when he returns there, as one does who attempts to read a treatise on political economy after being lost in the interest of a captivating romance.

You would fully comprehend this danger if you had passed but this day with me. First we went to the Orti Farnesiana (the Farnese Gardens), where we were first shown the remains of Augustus' bath\*, for so a large reservoir of Tiburtine stone is called, into which flows a stream of the "*acqua*

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\* These attractive names are given and changed "*à discrétion*," by the antiquaries and guides of Rome.

*felice*," copious enough to drown half-a-dozen emperors. Then we were led down broken steps into the baths of Livia, where, now buried in the bowels of the earth, are apartments suited to imperial luxury. The ceiling (shown by wax tapers) is vaulted, and painted with a border of the richest colour, encircling medallions of miniature animals, loves, and fauns. The statues have been removed from the niches. These are unquestionable remains of imperial luxury, and our pleasure was not disturbed with doubts, as it sometimes is, when we are told, before a broken stack of bricks half hidden with thorns and ivy, "This is the palace of the Cæsars!" When we emerged into daylight our guide led us up a flight of steps, and, pointing to a shapeless mass of bricks, said, "These are the remains of Romulus' house!" Our friend, who used to admire the "moral effect" of General ——'s swearing, would call this bold lying the "moral courage" of a Roman guide. But the view from the little platform where we stood was no fiction. Before us was an amphitheatre of mountains melting into the atmosphere, their snowy edges like glittering clouds; the dome of St. Peter's enfolded in ether; domes, towers, churches, ruins on every side; beyond them the campagna, a *land-sea*, with its soft, green, wavy surface, and the Mediterranean in the distance, gleaming like steel in the sun. No scenery that



I have ever seen is more beautiful, none can be more expressive, than that in and about Rome. From the garden we drove quite to the other extremity of Rome, and mounted a hill to visit the Church of St. Onofrio, where Tasso was buried. It was in the convent adjoining this church that he lodged when he came to Rome to receive the poet's crown. There is a tablet with an inscription on the wall over the sacred spot where his remains were laid. But a more touching memorial of him is an oak-tree in the adjoining garden. It is the largest oak in Rome, and is called Tasso's, from the circumstance of his having been carried at his own desire to sit under its shadow the day before he died. What a scene for a dying poet, the entire city of Rome with its thrilling memories under his eye, and the mountains enclosing the campagna, that, if they appeared as they appeared to-day, so shadowy and ethereal, must have spoken to his soul of that world on whose threshold he stood.

Come away with us now, dear C., to the Vatican, whose galleries the pope graciously opens to the public at twelve o'clock on the Monday and Thursday of every week, and permits them to remain open till three, when his guards appear, and drive the lingering spectators, like a flock of sheep, from room to room, till they are fairly out of the palace. The Vatican, as you well know, is the pontifical palace. It is an irregular mass of buildings, "a

company of palaces," appended to St. Peter's, built from time to time, according to the ability or whim of successive pontiffs, without reference, in its external, to architectural harmony or beauty of any kind. Mrs. Stark gives 70,000 feet as the circumference of these edifices. At twelve o'clock the Piazza of St. Peter's is thronged with English equipages, and visitors from all parts of the civilised world. They enter the colonnade that leads to St. Peter's, turn and ascend a side staircase, mount to a spacious open court (to which privileged carriages may drive by making the circuit of St. Peter's), and then enter the palace, where, scattered through the immense galleries and numberless apartments of the Museum, the multitudinous congregation that pressed through the portals appear but as a few wanderers.

My dear C., I shall not attempt to enumerate or describe to you the treasures of these marble halls. You know that the creative genius of nations which had passed away when Rome was founded, has contributed to fill them; that here are monuments of Egyptian and Etruscan art; that here is embodied the "graceful mythology" of Greece; that here, in enduring marble, are her philosophers, poets, priestesses, and nymphs; and that here is our real world of old Rome in her rulers and heroes; and, chiselled while the eye of the artist was on their living heads, are the busts of Julius Cæsar,

Cicero, Augustus, Titus, Trajan, and—but a list of them would fill a book instead of a letter\*.

Besides the men of past ages, you have their history, their occupations, their religious offices, their games written in marble. These are gradations of adornment, as if to accustom your eye to increase of light. The walls at the entrance of the first hall are covered with sepulchral inscriptions; as you proceed, these are interspersed with fragments of friezes and cornices. Along the sides of the walls are placed sarcophagi, baths, altars, fountains, urns, vases, and capitals. You proceed on through lengthening galleries with side-halls, and apartments with pictured ceilings, and mosaic pavements, and marble columns, to a small octagonal court, in the midst of which is a fountain sparkling in the bright, unobstructed sunbeams. Around this court is a portico containing the most precious remains of art, baths in which emperors have bathed, and sarcophagi sculptured for their mouldering bo-

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\* The bust of Julius Cæsar is said by the antiquaries to be a faithful portrait. The face is so deeply furrowed that you can hardly believe it to be that of a man not more than fifty-six (his age at the time of his death). The face is a record of inflexible resolution, invincible purpose, and unintermitting anxieties. The mouth is rather like Washington's. There is a bust of Augustus Cæsar, said to have been made when he was a boy of eight or nine, and said to be the most beautiful bust in the world. It is faultless in its symmetry; and if he were the crafty and selfish monarch history represents him, he must sadly have perverted his nature.

dies\*. Inclosed in the four angles of this portico are masterpieces: the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Antinous, and, last, Canova's great works, Perseus and the Pugilists†.

From this portico you pass to the hall of animals, where, I confess, I can never linger, though it is filled with works admirable for their art; but serpents, fish, reptiles, even stags and dogs, have little chance when pitted against gods and men. There is one most enchanting little apartment that we can never pass by, called the *Stanza delle Maschere* (Chamber of the Masks), from the masks represented in its mosaic pavement. Among several masterpieces, it has an exquisite faun in *rosso antico*, found in Hadrian's villa, with the faun's insignia, the basket, the goat, and the grapes hanging round his joyous face. There is another we always enter too, if we can tear ourselves from the

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\* Some of the sarcophagi are among the most beautiful works of art, such as that famous one in the capital on which the battle of the Amazons is sculptured. That with the story of Clytemnestra, and many others which I examined, would seem to us subjects most unsuited to sepulchral embellishment.

† No works of modern artists, excepting Canova's and Thorwaldsen's, have been admitted into the Vatican; and I hope my presumption may be forgiven if I express a doubt whether Canova's will retain their enviable position, after the partiality of his contemporaries has passed away. The author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century" says, that Canova's "Perseus looks more like an actor representing Perseus than like Perseus himself." A similar criticism might be extended to his other works; they have not the free, untouched nature of the antiques.

Apollo in time, in which stands, on an exquisite mosaic pavement\*, a porphyry tazza, or vase, forty-two feet in circumference.

But, my dear C., I must hurry on through apartments filled with busts, candelabra, and every form of magnificent vase of marble, alabaster, and jasper; through "the hall of geographical maps" a quarter of a mile in length, on whose walls are painted in fresco maps of all the pope's dominions and ground-plans of his cities, to the halls of tapestry, worked after Raphael's cartoons. But not even here can a lover of Raphael linger, for on and above are his Madonna di Fuligno, his Transfiguration, and his *Camere*. These camere or chambers are four large unfurnished (unfurnished!) rooms painted in fresco, walls and ceiling, by Raphael, or by his best pupils from his designs †. Each picture occupies one side of a room. After glancing at the rest I always find myself standing before "the School of Athens." This was a subject of Raphael's own selection. He was unshackled

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\* This is the most beautiful pavement (except the unparalleled fragment of Pompeia) we saw in Italy. It was found fifty miles from Rome, and, encircling a colossal head of Medusa, represents the combat of the Centaurs and Lapithæ.

† The ceiling of one apartment is an exception. The rooms were given into Raphael's hands with orders to efface the paintings already there. He refused to touch one ceiling, which had been done by his master, Perugino; and this remains a memorial of his affections, more precious even than the memorials of his genius that surround it.

by dictum of pope or cardinal, and freely followed out the suggestions of his inspired genius; and you have the result in the most dramatic combination of character, circumstance, and expression\*.

It would seem like profanity to leave the Vatican without mentioning the Transfiguration and the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino. They are called the two great masterpieces of the world. Raphael's was the last picture on which he worked,

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\* I shall do my readers a favour by transcribing the description of this picture from "Rome in the Nineteenth Century:"—"On the steps of a Grecian portico stand Aristotle and Plato engaged in argument, and each holding a volume in his hand. Their disciples are ranged around, attentively listening to them. Beneath is Diogenes, an inimitable figure, listlessly extended on the steps. On the left, at the top, is Socrates earnestly talking to young Alcibiades, who listens in a lounging sort of attitude, as if half subdued by the wisdom, half willing to turn away from it, yet still resolved to give the reins to pleasure, and run the career of gay enjoyment. I know not, however, why the young Grecian was not made more handsome. The old man beside him, with a cap on, listening to Socrates, is inimitable. Another, looking over the shoulder of Pythagoras, who is writing his works, is, if possible, still finer. The figure in deep, abstracted thought, leaning on his elbow, with a pen in his hand, is Zoroaster holding a globe; Archimedes is stooping to trace a geometrical figure with compasses on a slate on the ground; and the whole group that surrounds him are beyond all praise. In the corner, on the right, the figure with a black cap is the portrait of Raphael himself, and that beside him of Pietro Perugino." It is strange that the writer of this description, a woman, should have omitted to notice the figure of Aspasia, whose intellectual beauty is so shaded with sadness. She reminded me of Hamlet, in his soliloquy of "To be, or not to be." She seems revolving in her mind a mystery—the capacities of her nature and the degradation of her sex.

was not quite finished when he died, and was borne before his body in his funereal procession. Domenichino received but twelve guineas for his from ignorant monks, who suffered it afterward to be thrown into a garret. But here it now stands, for the admiration of the world, and to dispute the palm with Raphael's favourite work. Between these pictures we always finish our day at the Vatican, and are only driven from them by the unwelcome cry of the guards, "Si chiude!" the signal for closing the gates of Paradise upon us.

We make our exit through the arcades, or *Loggie di Raffaele*. These arcades are attached to three stories of the palace, running along one side, and are more like what we call a piazza than anything else. They are all painted by Raphael. In one series he begins, as some preachers do in their maiden-sermon, at the creation of the world, and comes down to the crucifixion. They repay the study of days, but we have not yet contrived to save a half-hour for them; and you will not wonder at this, my dear C., if you remember how much the Vatican contains to be examined besides the galleries, through which you may well think I have taken but a bat's flight; its immense library, and the Paolini and *Sistine* Chapels, both painted by Michael Angelo—the *Sistine* with his masterpiece, the *Last Judgment*\*.

\* The author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century" asserts, on

My dear C., we began this morning with looking at the antiquities of old Rome; then followed a memorial of the middle ages at Tasso's tomb, and in the museum of the Vatican we have been looking back, through ages and ages, far into the shadowy past. Do you wonder at the common testimony of travellers that you live a month in every day at Rome! and what a month it is!

I WALKED an hour this morning with R. up and down the colonnade of St. Peter's. There had been a ceremony in the Sistine Chapel, and the *guarda nobile*, in their rich uniforms, as they came slowly winding down the magnificent marble staircase in deep shadow, and the Swiss guards in their motley, at the end of the colonnade, their arms gleaming in the fitful sunbeams, and the light glancing over Charlemagne and his voluminous drapery, made a picture for us as we pursued our damp and otherwise gloomy walk.

We finished the morning in the Vatican Library, where we had a pleasure quite peculiar to it, I believe, of walking through the largest library in the world without seeing a book! not the largest in the number of books, for, though it is enriched by the accumulation of ages and the bequests of monarchs, the number, including MSS., does not

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the authority of a "very accurate" Italian, "that you cannot see the Vatican Museum without walking a mile and three quarters!"



exceed 100,000 volumes—but largest in space! The principal hall is 1200 feet long, and into this you enter by one of 200 feet which, in my ignorance, I took for the whole, and dawdled through it, looking at its rich vases and frescoed walls, which are adorned with portraits of all the great promoters of learning from *Adam* down. The books and MSS. are locked in wooden cases, of which I presume his holiness keeps the key more tenaciously than he does that he holds in St. Peter's right, as he had far rather open the gates of Paradise to the dead than the Paradise of knowledge to the living. The pictures on the library walls representing the munificent popes graciously receiving from their authors literary productions and discoveries in science, seemed rather a severe comment on the present pontiff's exclusion of letters and *veto* of literary associations!

The custode unlocked many of the cases to exhibit their treasures. Among them are a quantity of quaint old pictures of the earliest period of the revival of the arts. It is curious to see how the patronage of the Church has prevented the exercise of the painter's invention. Here are the same crucifixions, martyrdoms, and Holy Families that you see now freshly-painted in Camucini's studio.

We saw relics of the early Christians, crucifixes and lamps that were found in the catacombs. A

strange passage the mind makes, dear C., from this pontifical palace to St. Peter and his friends lighting these lamps in the caverns of the dead for their proscribed worship.

A curious relic of another kind was shown us; the hair of a woman found in a tomb on the Appian Way. There they are—a little mouldy—the very tresses that some 2000 years ago adorned the head of a Roman lady, probably the only unchanged mortal remains of all the masses of men and women that lived in ancient Rome!

MY DEAR C.,

THE museum of the Capitol, its sculpture, paintings, and relics of antiquity, would be quite enough to draw the travelling world to Rome, if everything else here were swallowed up. Volumes have been written upon it, but I shall wisely abstain from writing even one letter, and only tell you what exquisite pleasure I have had from visiting again and again the Dying Gladiator which is in this collection. The artists appear to me often to have sacrificed expression to serenity—to a sort of super-human, divine tranquillity; but the brow and lip of the dying gladiator express the deepest, saddest emotion. Perhaps it owes something of its effect to Byron's admirable interpretation. But it seems to me that if he had never written, and this statue had never received its suggestive appellation, one

could not look at it without seeing a man of refined nature death-stricken without hope, and whose most dejected thoughts are on some distant object of tenderest love. It was for Byron's gifted vision to see in these objects "his young barbarians at play."

There are masterpieces in the hall of paintings in the Capitol. The picture that kept me standing before it half an hour when I was sick with weariness, is Guido's St. Sebastian. The martyrdom of this poor saint is a favourite subject with the painters, and you see him in all the galleries stuck full of arrows. Mere physical suffering is a vulgar means of producing effect. Guido exhibits the physical sensation to show the triumph of the soul; it is the deep shadow that brings out the light. The young martyr is a beautiful boy of fourteen, innocent as a baby and fresh as a Hebe. His hands are tied together above his head to a tree; they have not only an unresisting expression, but one of voluntary submission; one arrow is sticking in his side, another in his armpit. The calm, sweet resignation of his face expresses, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

Among the curiosities of the Capitol (we always look in faith, dear C.; it is a great help at Rome) is the bronze wolf, with her foster-sons, mentioned by Cicero, and said to have been struck in the prophetic storm on the night before Cæsar's death—

the first *rostral column*, as appears by its inscription—and the *Fasti Consulares*, or lists of the consuls (nearly entire), with the date of their election and the term of their service engraved upon stone tablets.

THE generosity of the proprietors of the Roman palaces, in throwing them open to the occupation of visitors, is worthy of all praise. *Occupation* it may be called, as from morning to night they are traversed by these new hordes of Northern invaders. The ground story of a Roman palace is given up to menial offices and shops; the picture-gallery occupies the second, or the greater part of it. A range of spacious rooms and halls is filled from floor to ceiling with pictures. There is little furniture; curtains, perhaps, of faded damask, and chairs and tables centuries old. I have never seen, excepting in the S— Palace, any look of habitancy. There we found warm rooms, and a table spread with books, drawings, and the delicate needlework of a lady who had been driven from the room by our entrance. Within the last few days rumour says that the obstinacy of this lady in insisting on having the choice of her own rooms has led to a conjugal quarrel, and ended in her leaving her husband's bed and board, and taking lodgings in another palace. I could fill a letter with a mere list of the pictures of one of these

galleries. They are vast storehouses of art, more or less valuable ; but not one of them but contains some works of the first painters who have ever lived. Almost every day we have a new one to visit. Estimate our industry, if you can, and thank me for imitating Byron's sensible example, and, instead of dragging you round with us, writing " Vide Guide-book ;" and if that guide-book should chance to be Madame Stark's, you will admire her laconic opinions of pictures thus expressed after the insertion of the name, !—! !—! ! ! !

Of all countries, the southern part of Italy would appear the most delicious for rural enjoyments. The villas about Rome are abandoned from dread of the malaria. Their possessors go to them in winter only, and then for short periods. The Romans, with their resources of soil and climate, might make paradises of their villas, if they studied and obeyed nature, instead of torturing her with trimming their trees into every fantastical form, imprisoning their avenues with hedges that look as much as possible like solid green walls, and laying out their garden-grounds, like those of Albani, with coloured stones or flowers in arabesque patterns ! But why, you may ask me, with the everlasting inconsistency of human expectations, look for *everything* here ? I am not sure I should not steal away from the faultless beauty and perfection of adornment of an English nobleman's park, garden, and

conservatories, to wander over the old Mattei Villa on the Cœlian Hill, ruined and abandoned as it is, with its ragged berceaus, its untrimmed rose-hedges, its broken-nosed statues, and its vineyard, as it now is, brown and sear; for from its highswelling grounds you have an unbroken view of the mountains that half girdle Rome. You turn your eyes from *Soracte* to *Tivoli*, to the *Sabine Mount*, to *Albano*; they bear names to conjure with; and it seems as if Nature delighted in showing them in a light she has for nothing else. They are invested with a silvery mist; you would call it ethereal, for there is nothing dimming or shadowy about it; but I fear ethereal mist is nonsense. It is a sheathed light, a brighter moonlight. The outlines blend with the atmosphere. Before you is the wide, desolate campagna, with its sepulchral grass, and the long lines of broken aqueducts, Cecilia Metella's tomb, the huge ruins of Caracalla's baths, St. John Lateran's statues standing boldly up against the sky, the walls of Rome, with their gates, towers, turrets, and voices of history; and the whole city of Rome beneath you, with its living crowds, and its dead congregations, its St. Peter's, and its desolate places where the "tent-roofed pine" and the slender cypress stand as mourners for the dead.

At the Villa Albani, whose treasures of art any monarch in Europe might envy, we found some-

thing much rarer in the dwelling of a Roman prince than chefs-d'œuvre of painting or sculpture; carpeted rooms with a comfortable enjoyed aspect, fire in the chimney, and English books and fresh journals on the tables. Irving's Alhambra was among them. Our cicerone told us the padrone read English: a sign of intellectual life. You will not think me quite a savage, dear C., though the lovers of art might, if I tell you what most interested me at the Villa Albani. I had been looking at the admirable group of Dædalus and Icarus; and as I turned from it my eye fell on some toys thrown by a tired child into a magnificent old vase. I forgot the gods, nymphs, and heroes about me; my thoughts flew home to you, my dear C.; to your "young barbarians at play," and I hung brooding over the little tin coach and battered doll till I was summoned away.

The Borghese Villa is on the Pincian Hill, just under the walls of Rome, and is, indeed, princely in its extent and decorations. Prince Borghese is noted for his liberality, and as, alas! few Roman princes now are, for his immense wealth.

The author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century" happily says that "Julius Cæsar only *bequeathed* his gardens to the Roman people, the Borghese princes *give* theirs." Their gates and doors are always open, and the visitor enters them when and how he pleases. R. and E. often vary

their drives by going through those beautiful grounds, where the fountains are gushing, the grass is always green; where the hedges and long avenues of trees are always verdant, and the birds always singing; and where you may lose yourself in the sweet fancy of a perpetual summer if you will not foolishly look about for bird-cages, and observe that the trees are cypress and ilex (a species of oak that never changes), and the hedges of laurels. Certainly there was no illusion in the roses we saw blooming there in profusion on the 29th of December. How far below zero stood your mercury on that day, dear C.?

I passed four hours on Friday in walking through the glades and avenues of the Dorian Villa with Lady D., and came to the conclusion that four hours could scarcely be more delightfully passed than with an agreeable companion there. It is on the western side of the Tiber. Its present mistress is a beautiful young Englishwoman of the Talbot family; but there is no English mark upon her villa; and perhaps it is good taste to keep up what is national and characteristic. Nothing can be better than the noble pines that embellish these grounds, and which, wherever you see them, appear in striking harmony with the spirit of the scenery of Rome. The pine of Italy is unlike any that we have, and that of Rome seems to me richer and broader than I have seen elsewhere. It has



a straight and lofty trunk, and a broad horizontal top of foliage that seems to have been growing deeper and deeper ever since it or the world stood. The affluence of fountains at this villa is, too, a characteristic beauty. The same stream that supplies the Paulina, the Niagara of Roman fountains, is conducted across the Doria Villa.

It is peculiar to Rome that, stay here as long as you will, if you have a month, a day, an hour, ten minutes to spare, you may fill it with some object of deep interest. We had a half-hour on our hands after leaving the Dorian Villa, and Lady D., who selects her objects with the skill that can only be acquired by a long familiarity with everything in and about Rome, drove to the Paulina Fountain, to the beautiful view on the Janiculum, and to St. Pietro in Montorio, where, in a court adjoining the church, is a small circular temple designed by Michael Angelo, with columns of Oriental granite, erected on the very spot where St. Peter was crucified. So says tradition, and so believe the faithful.

My dear C., you can hardly imagine anything more sombre than a drive in the evening through the wretchedly-lighted streets of Rome. Teeming as they are with human life in the daytime, by eight o'clock you see only here and there a dim form shrinking away from your coach-wheels, or

an indistinct figure stealing along in the deepest shade where all is shadow. There is the gloom of night among the tombs, without the consciousness that "the weary are at rest, and the wicked have ceased from troubling." If you go to visit a friend lodged in a palace, you will have the happiness to find the staircase lighted, and a porter ready to admit you; but a Roman *house* is like a closed prison. We went last evening to see our countrywoman, Mrs. L. After François had rapped repeatedly, we heard a child's voice uttering the never-failing inquiry, "Chi è" ("Who is it?"), to which François responded "Amici" ("Friends"). After a long pause and impatient shouts from François, seconded by Mariano, of "Aprite!" "Aprite!" ("Open the door!"), "Ecco!" said the little voice, and "Bravo!" cried François; and the parley was ended by the child opening the door and conducting us up a long staircase by the light of a brazen antique lamp in her hand, rather taller, it seemed to me, than she was.

The lower classes of the people are *en scène* in the streets; and the stranger, who has no opportunity of seeing the better condition of Italian life, has here his best opportunities for observation; and I assure you, my dear C., these streets are a curious and affecting spectacle to one accustomed to the bustling achieving industry of New York, or to the quiet diligence and innocent leisure of our

village life. The first thing that meets my eye as I come into the drawing-room in the morning is the drilling of soldiers before our window. This is the great instruction and business of Rome!

As we drove over to the Vatican to-day I was fancying how our little B., with her quick sympathies, would endure the aspect of this throng of people, who, in the affecting language of F. B.'s slave, "have no prospect:" how she would by turns laugh and cry; but I fear the tears would carry the day—try it, dear B. Take this seat beside me. The streets, with an unclouded sun for weeks, are muddy and slimy; they are so narrow and the houses are so high, that at this season they have no chance to dry. That heap of indescribable filth is permitted, as you perceive by the word "*immondezza*" on the wall—this, like many corners of the streets, is a place of common deposit. We have turned into the *Via Serpenti*, and here you may see the average condition of life in Rome. In the English quarter it is better, in other quarters much worse. The windows of the lower stories are grated, not glazed. Most of the workshops have no windows; the light is admitted through the open door, and most cheerless and comfortless they are in these damp, sunless streets, when the weather is as cold as our ordinary March. But, alas! there are few people in these workshops,

and little to be done in them \*! You are shuddering, B. You fear we shall trample down some of the people in this crowd; there is no danger; the coachmen are accustomed to driving through full streets, and the people know so well how to take care of themselves that they never move aside till the horses' hoofs are close upon them. Do you observe the sullen, brooding aspect of those men who are sauntering up and down in the sun, neither talking, observing, nor observed, or the man leaning against that ruined arch wrapped in his tattered cloak with a remnant of a hat? What a majestic, free, and graceful air he has! he looks like a ruined rebel-chieftain brooding over fresh mischief. But I see the men on the piazza, playing at ball, quoits, and mora, have caught your eye—or are you looking at the women in that door-step who are clamouring and gesticulating at such a rate? Do you think they have detected a thief or discovered a murderer? no, it is but their ordinary manner. They are more cheerful than the men, because they are even more ignorant; they think less, and they have some employment:

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\* Where there is an impoverished population like that of Rome, there is, of course, little employment for domestic artisans, the hatter, the shoemaker, &c. The visitors at Rome provide for their personal wants before they go there. Woe be unto you if you chance to need a new hat, a pair of shoes, or gloves in the city of the Cæsars! You can get them, but of a wretched quality and at a dear rate.

sewing and knitting are unfailing to women. You are wasting your pity on those babies; for though they are left to the tending of these pale, lean little children not more than four or five years old, and though (as I am told) those swaddling-clothes in which they are wrapped like mummies are not opened more than *once a week*, yet they are quiet and contented.

In five weeks that we have now been here, and every day, and all day, in the street amid this baby population I have never heard but one crying; is not this a fact in favour of the virtue of the open air? This seems to me their only advantage. These beginnings of human life, so hailed and cherished with us as the blossoms of future-sustaining fruit, are here but a burden. I have never once seen a child caressed in Rome, even by its mother! Do you ask why there are so many soldiers, idle as the idlest, mingling with the crowd?—dogs watching the flock, my dear, but ill-trained, ill-fed, and inoperative; the pope's government has not energy enough to maintain a vigorous police. Those are Capuchins; you will meet them in every street in Rome, with their butternut-coloured, hooded gowns, fastened with cords around their waists, their long beards, and their feet shodden only with an incrustation of dirt; and this is a procession of Dominicans—noble-looking men, are they not? these vehicles have stopped to let them

pass, and we must stop too. What huge animals are the oxen attached to these vehicles! and observe the half-circular pent-house of skins by which the driver shelters himself from the wind—not a bad contrivance. Ah, the beggars are taking advantage of our pause to come out upon us from the sunny steps of that magnificent church, where they always congregate. Listen to them; mark the words of their petition, for ever repeated and often true, and thank God, dear B., that you never heard it in your own country. “Ho fame!” “Muio della fame!” “Non m’abbandonate!” (“I am hungry!” “I am dying with hunger!” “Do not abandon me!”)

See, as we pass the bridge of St. Angelo, and the filthy street that debouches into the Piazza di San Pietro, able-bodied men lolling on those wooden benches, and women in rags, with faces and forms that might personate Sabine matrons. See the blind and old stretching their hands for charity, and the cardinal’s gilded coach dashing on before us. But we are at the Vatican—shall we go in, and in that beautiful marble world forget this world of flesh and blood—of sensation and suffering\*?

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\* There is enough inexplicable misery in the world; the want and suffering of the Roman people are not so. There is in M. Sismondi’s “*Etudes sur l’Economie Politique*,” a very instructive essay on the Campagna of Rome, in which he shows, after laborious investigation and accurate personal observation, that the condition of the land, and the misery resulting from it, are owing

I HAVE never yet met a stranger in Italy who did not profess to *love* Rome. Here he lingers,

to a violation of those laws of Providence which, if strictly observed, would secure food and raiment to every member of the human family. He does not look at the Campagna through the veil in which poets and picturesque tourists invest it; but he sees and exposes the abuses which have reduced it to its present desolateness, and cursed it with malaria. It is impossible to compress M. Sismondi's facts into our narrow limits; but it is easy to see that malaria, and every other mischief, must result from the present mode of cultivation. An extent of territory, raying in some directions twenty, in others fifty miles from Rome, is in the hands of about eighty proprietors, whose only object is to get the greatest possible amount of revenue for themselves, with the least possible cost of labour. As, in its present vicious mode of cultivation, grazing produces greater returns to the proprietor than tillage, no portion of the land is ploughed more than once in ten years. There is one man over all, called *Mercante di Campagna*; he has superintendants under him, who, like the overseers of the slaves of the South, traverse the fields on horseback, seeing that others work. The actual labourers are brought, *not from Rome*, but from the mountains—some even from the kingdom of Naples. They come with their families, sometimes in companies of five hundred. They encamp on the Campagna, and sleep on the ground, or creep at night into the catacombs, the old towers, or the tombs. They are fed in the cheapest possible manner. Is it strange that, at the most moderate computation, at least a tenth of their number perish every season, though the season be short—the sowers being from one district, the reapers from another, and so on? The principle by which human life is multiplied, and sustenance, comfort, and progress secured to it, is totally neglected, viz., the giving to the labourer a fair share of the product of his labour, and connecting him by residence on and interest in the soil he cultivates. Compare the condition of the foreign and stinted labourer on the Campagna, with that of the hopeful young proprietor on our most unwholesome new lands: no wonder that in the one case the malaria is conquered, and that in the other it goes on conquering and to conquer, till Rome must become its own inevitable tomb.

and here he returns; here, though he be of the dullest mould, he will be waked to a new existence; and after a little while will find himself getting the feeling of a lover for the desolate places of the old city. I have been disappointed in the ruins; not in their effect, but in their condition. Excepting the Colosseum, the Pantheon, the Temple of Vesta, and a few others, they are such mere ruins, so changed in form, and stripped of their original embellishments, that they only serve to kindle the enthusiast or puzzle the antiquary\*.

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\* Our servant was quite *un-Italian* in his tastes, and often amused himself with our zeal. "You like broken stones," he said; "I like news" (meaning new things). "I would not give Astor house for all the ruins in Rome." This he said when we had kept his dinner waiting, having spent the day in wandering through the broken arches of the palace of the Cæsars, and visiting Sallust's garden. The massive foundations only of the house of this doubtful and luxurious Roman are traceable. The form of the circus adjoining his garden is discernible, and at its extremity is the fragment of the wall of a temple, and a few of the niches in which beautiful statues were found. One of the obelisks that adorn the modern city was found here. But though these adornments have long ago disappeared, we felt, as we walked through the rustling canes, with broken buttresses matted with dangling ivy hanging over our heads, the presence of the great men who had walked and talked here, and, perhaps, sometimes not more wisely than we! When you measure the extent of private possession in old Rome, the gardens, circuses, and all the appliances of individual luxury within the walls of the city, you wonder where the million were lodged—truly, they were herded together as

"Woollen vassals, things created

To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads

In congregations."

It was reserved for a later period of the world, and a then undis-



But there are objects in Rome that indescribably surpass your expectations, which indeed, I honestly confess, scarcely entered into mine; among these are the *scenery of Rome* and its surroundings, the obelisks, and pillars, and the fountains which almost realise your fancies of Oriental adornment. As to art in Rome, antique and modern, as you may imagine even from my very inadequate expression of our pleasure, it creates for us of the New World a new life.

I have as yet said nothing to you of the churches of Rome, simply because so much has already been said, and for another, not quite as satisfactory reason, that so much remains to say which I have no power to communicate. There is little beauty in their exterior, and that little is impaired by their being hedged in by other buildings. The effect of the exterior of an old Gothic village church in England, with its harmonious accompaniments, is better than that of any church in Rome; but, compared with the interior of these churches, any Protestant church that I have seen, even Winchester Cathedral, is like a disfurnished house. The Romish churches have fallen heirs to the accumulated art and wealth of the Old World. The columns that embellished the temples of the

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covered country, to put within the power of these "rank-scented" vassals a name, a political existence, and a home with all its sweet charities.

gods now support the roofs of the Christian temple. The jasper and porphyry that adorned their palaces, and the sarcophagi in which their emperors and heroes were embalmed, are now consecrated to the altars of the saints. The vases for their lustral water are now the *bénitiers* from which the pious Catholic crosses himself.

These churches have been enriched, too, with the spoils of the Eastern world, with the gifts of emperors and queens from St. Helena's days to ours, and with the offerings of rich penitents who hoped at the last to drive a good bargain by purchasing the treasures of the other world with those they could no longer enjoy in this. Infinite industry has been employed on them, and art has given them its divinest works—such works as Raphael's Sibyls, Guido's Archangel Michael, and Domenichino's Frescoes\*.

How I have sometimes wished for some of you at home who have worshipped all your lives in a Puritan "*meeting-house*," to walk up the nave of Santa Maria Maggiore with me (a church very near us), between its double row of most magnificent Ionic pillars, which once adorned a temple of Juno, and passing by chapels and altars laden

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\* These are but a few examples of the many masterpieces remaining in the churches for which they were originally designed ; —some have been removed—they either hung where they could be but imperfectly seen, or they were exposed to premature decay from the dampness of their position.

with vessels of silver and gold, where candles are for ever burning before the pictures of saints and martyrdoms, sit down with me on the steps of the Borghese Chapel, the richest in the world! It has cost millions, and it is but a side apartment of the church, a rich pendant to a chain. There is a beautiful pavement, the walls are incrustated with Oriental marbles, the ceiling is painted with frescoes; there are columns of porphyry and lapis lazuli, rich carvings, pictures in mosaic, and splendid monuments; not a square inch is left unembellished. And yet, dear C., I think your eye would turn from all this gorgeousness to the squalid, lean beggar, kneeling on the step beside you.

The Colosseum is now a church, and the Pantheon, once a temple for all the gods, is now consecrated to the one true God\*. The statues of the divinities have disappeared from the Pantheon, and the niches they occupied are now filled

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\* If architecture is a species of writing, what must we think of the disparity between the genius that produced the Pantheon, and that which designed the façade of St. Peter's? The worship of the gods has long ago passed, and with some of us the worship of the saints; but there is one altar in the Pantheon at which we all offer our homage: it is a simple tablet over the ashes of Raphael, whose life you feel in Rome more than that of thousands you see, and yet, as this tablet tells you, he died at the age of thirty-seven: what a glorious immortality he achieved in this brief period! The veneration of the man who never heard the name of Raphael without touching his hat, does not seem exaggerated to one who has been to Rome.

with tawdrily-dressed altars and the pictures of saints.

There is a little chapel of the Capuchins near the Piazza Barberini with pictures that you would like to see every day in the year. But of all the churches in Rome, and I assure you I have visited the most renowned of the three hundred and sixty-five, not one among them—I hesitate as I except St. Peter's—has given me more delightful sensations than Santa Maria degli Angeli. It is built after a design of Michael Angelo on the ruins of Diocletian's baths. The roof is supported by huge granite columns which stood in Diocletian's hall. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and when you enter the harmony of its perfect proportions affects you as if a strain of music burst from the walls\*.

If you do not care for art, or if you are tired of pictures and statuary, you may visit the churches for their curiosities. Through one you go down into the Mamertine prisons, one of the few remaining works of the republic, where Catiline's conspirators were imprisoned, Jugurtha was starved to death, and St. Peter miraculously set free; or you may dive into the subterranean church where Constantine held his councils, or see in old St. Clement's the model of all churches, or at San

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\* There is no exaggeration in this. I suppose that the ingenious theorist who resolved music into mathematics could give a satisfactory explanation of my simple fact.

Pietro in Vincoli the very chain with which St. Peter was bound. In short, my dear C., a thorough examination of the Roman churches would be quite work enough for one lifetime; do not imagine that I flatter myself I have given you any notion of them in this brief and flippant notice\*.

*Velletri, February 13.*

WE have left Rome, my dear C., and left it, after a sojourn of but two months, with the fond feeling of lovers. Nowhere do you get such an attachment to material objects; true, the living are dead here, but the dead are living. I looked mournfully round for the last time on our sunny rooms, and out upon our pleasant garden, with its ripening oranges, ever-blooming roses, and singing birds. We have the pleasant sadness, too, of leaving friends at Rome†. N., our landlord, was

\* I am aware it requires an art which I do not possess to make this subject interesting, and therefore I have condensed pages into a few paragraphs. I *walked* these splendid edifices daily with the enthusiasm, if not the devotion of a pilgrim. The limits of my book are drawing to a close, and I am obliged to omit our excursion to Tivoli and Frascati, which occupied the last days of our first visit to Rome. The memory of my delightful visit to Frascati, and the remains of Cicero's Tusculum Villa, his "eyes of Italy," blends with the better memory of the English friend to whose zealous kindness I owed this pleasure.

† I should be ungrateful not to specify among these friends our consul, Mr. Greene, who so honourably represents his country at Rome. Though withheld by assiduous devotion to literary pursuits from general and useless attentions to his countrymen, his kindness, when needed, is prompt, unmeasured, and effective.

unfeignedly sorry to part with us; madame wept; and dear little Enrico could not speak "because the signore were going away!" I would find a better reason for my tears, as we drove on to the Appian Way, than the fear that we were looking for the last time upon the tortuous old walls of Rome—on the towers, domes, columns, and all the grey city, surrounded with an atmosphere that the mind's eye fills with "millions of spirits."

You cannot imagine, dear C., for we have nothing bearing the most distant resemblance to it, the solemn solitude of the drive across the Campagna from Rome to the Alban hills, a distance of twelve miles. There are remains of tombs and broken lines of aqueducts (most beautiful ruins they make) on each side; but scarcely an indication of the presence of man, scarcely the note of a bird or the sound of an animal to break the eloquent silence. Could this have been a solitary drive in Cicero's time? he alludes to the danger of robbery in going from Rome to Albano in broad daylight.

As we began the ascent of the Alban Mount the aspect of the country changed. The declivities of the hills are covered with ilexes and olives. Instead of going into the hotel, K., L., and myself took a guide, and went off a mile and a half through a *galleria*, or imbowered walk, to the Alban Lake—a crater lake, deep sunk within high surrounding hills, which K—n, with his usual aptness, compared

to a teaspoonful of tea left in the bottom of a teacup. At the end of the *galleria* we came upon a village, terminated by an ugly summer-palace of the pope. The peasants, whose dwellings are nested in the nooks and angles of an old fortress, were all in the street; the old women, with their distaffs and spindles, walking and spinning, and looking as fit to spin an evil destiny as Michael Angelo's Fates, though, like the young girls, they were dressed in short gowns of a brilliant red, and head-gear of the same colour. Men and children were sitting in the doorways pursuing the pleasures of the chase—*heads* their hunting-ground! Young children were teaching younger ones in leading-strings to walk\*, and there was the usual quota of blind, lame, and sick beggars. You will scarcely believe me, but it is true that, in a progress of a hundred miles through New-England villages, I have not seen so much beauty as I saw this morning. The peasants of Tivoli, of Frascati, and of Albano are beautiful; and I could scarcely turn my eye from these last to look to the Alban Mount towering up into the clouds, where our guide pointed out a monastery standing on the site of the temple of the Latian Jove. That has passed away; but the *Via Triumphalis*, by which the Roman generals approached it for their ovations, and the

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\* This mode of learning to walk, a nursery tale with us, is universal in Italy.

Roman emperors for their sacrifices, still exists. There are moments in this Old World, and this on the secluded Alban Lake was one of them, when the

“ Strong barriers round thy dark domain,  
Thou unrelenting Past ! ”

disappear, and the long-gone generations rise before you in all their pomp and sacred offices.

But we were soon recalled to actual life by our cicerone, who, like all his countrymen in sunshine, with plenty of *antichiti* to show, and a good fee in view, was in a high state of excitement. Fancy one of our common labourers striking his breast, casting up his eyes, and exclaiming, “ Dio mio—bella giornata—bellissima giornata, eccellenza ! ah ! dà piacere anchè la vita ! ”\* And then he poured out such compliments on the girls, calling them “ Belle ! belle ! belle assai ! ” for which pleasing improvisation K. insists he charged two pauls extra, and that the next lady he conducts will find herself perfectly angelic.

In our way we passed the ruins of Domitian’s villa and the place where was the *Emissario*, an outlet for the lake cut through the mountains in obedience to an oracle †.

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\* “ My God—your excellency ! what a beautiful ! most beautiful day ! Life alone is a pleasure ! ”

† “ This great work,” Eustace says, “ was done in the year of Rome 358, to prevent the sudden and mischievous swells of the lake, which had then recently occasioned considerable alarm.”



We found R. and E. sitting out on a terrace that overlooked a lovely garden. Here they had taken their lunch and remained for two hours. Is not this a blessed country for invalids?

THREE miles from Albano we overtook our innamorato, who had jogged ahead on a donkey, to have the privilege of escorting us to the Lake of Nemi, called by the ancients *Speculum Dianæ*.

“Mirror of Dian! aptly named by those  
Who dwelt near Nemi’s wooded wave.”

We saw nothing but a solitary beggar, and some cows grazing where Diana had a temple and Egeria her favourite haunt, and where goddesses and nymphs might, indeed, love to dwell! I am now sitting at Velletri, looking from a very pleasant window at the sun, as he drops his urn into the Mediterranean, which has appeared in the distance, for the last hour, like a sheet of molten gold.

#### TORRE TREPONTI.

AFTER winding down the Alban Hills this morning, we soon came on to the Pontine marshes, formerly so fatal, and now pestilential, during the hot months. They are twenty-four miles in length, and from six to twelve in breadth. The draining of them was carried on by the Cæsars, by the popes, and by the Medici, and to its present state by Pius VI., who rebuilt the former Appian way,

and made it what it now is, one of the best roads in Europe.

This is supposed to be the place spoken of by St. Paul as Forum Appia, and this, say the authorities, was Horace's second resting-place on his journey to Brundisium. I trust they found the elements as kind as we do. Our carriage is drawn up on the turf while our horses are taking their meridian; and as the inn is a secularised old convent, most uninviting, we prefer remaining out of doors. R. is taking his siesta in the carriage, E. is at her worsted-work, K. reading aloud the "Morals of a Soldier" from a book given her by a *ci-devant* Italian militaire, and L. is hazing about with an ivy wreath on her bonnet, and the fresh flowers tucked on one side which our handsome *cameriero* put on our breakfast table as a signal of the *primavera*. The wide, green level land on each side of us is broken only by canals and stagnant water, and covered with herds of buffaloes and beeves, flocks of sheep and droves of horses; a long, level horizon bounds the view on the Mediterranean side, and on the east, beyond the morass, are steep and rugged mountains. Two or three miserable villages are visible on their acclivities. At Sezza there stood once a temple to Saturn one hundred and thirty feet high. Before and behind, as far as we can see, stretches the road, completely imbowered and looking like a beautiful avenue.

Beside the inn there is another dwelling for human beings, a thing made of sticks and straw. I walked past it and looked in; ragged wretches, blighted with want and malaria, were playing cards; like lean and sallow creatures are sauntering up and down before our carriage, staring at us; gendarmes are standing at the inn door, and two healthy-looking little boys are sitting on the step devouring a crust of bread—oh, youth and nature, how potent are ye!

*Terracina.*—We are again on the seashore; the waves are breaking as softly under my window as the ripple of a lake. The fishing-boats are drawn up on the shore, and the nets are drying. So a senescent might have appeared in the patriarchal stage of society; and here was an important town of the Volsci, an independent nation! and here, on the very spot where the little boats seem sleeping in the moonlight, were once the ships of an important naval station! On the land-side of our inn is a most curious pile of stone of Nature's masonry, and a little back from the summit are some regular stone arches, the remains of a palace of Theodoric or a temple of Hercules. We clambered up a street almost perpendicular, to see the Cathedral built on the ruins of a temple of Apollo, but we were frightened by the ragged ruffianly-looking wretches in the piazza; and, without seeing the

consecrated pillars, we came down again, *au galop*\*.

MY DEAR C.,

*Mola di Gaeta*.—WOULD that I could surround you with the odorous, balmy atmosphere of this most delicious place, and transport you to its orange-bowers! but since that cannot be, pray, the next time you pass my bookcase, take down a certain yellow-covered book, "Kenyon's Poems," and read the few last lines of "Moonlight," and

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\* We are happily so constituted that the minor miseries of life are forgotten as soon as past, and, therefore, never but at the moment, and by the susceptible traveller, can the misery inflicted by the fleas in Italy be estimated. Ours was at its acme at Terracina, where, during a wretched night, I never closed my eyes. We kept for some days a list of the killed; of fugitives, of course, no account could be made. On one day they amounted to twenty-five; on the next, to thirty; and, finally, the amount ran up to a hundred, when we desisted! If it be remembered that even one of these most subtle little beasts of the field can make his victim perfectly wretched, it cannot be wondered at if sometimes, amid the softest airs of Italy, some of our party longed for the cold winds and *killing* frosts of their own country. Lest a delicate reader should be shocked at the introduction of this topic into a lady's journal, I must be allowed to say that it is a very common one among the most refined of the suffering travellers in Italy; that I have heard it discussed for half an evening in a society of lords and ladies, where, on one side, lavender was recommended as a sovereign antidote, and on the other it was maintained that the essential oils only occasioned the little wretches to faint, or *feign* fainting! "Fleas" make a distinct article in the guide-books, and fleas are the subject of the fine arts. In one of the galleries of Rome there is a picture of a pretty young woman with a basin of water, most intently engaged in finding victims for her *noyade*.

you will find the poet doing for you what I cannot. This morning, six miles on this side Terracina, at a huge gate between two stone towers, we passed from the Roman States into the Neapolitan territory. You have had something too much of this, or I would describe to you the mob of beggars that surrounded us at Fondi. We needed to have been "Principesse," as they called us, to have afforded relief to such numbers. Just in proportion as we advance south the poverty increases. Shoes are becoming a rare luxury, and, as François says, "he is accounted a rich man who wears them." In their place they wear leather soles fastened on with cords that are wound around their legs. The working people wear a cotton shirt and drawers extending a little below the knee—the shirt is a *winter* garment. We have seen children to-day with nothing on but thin, short, ragged cotton drawers!

A mile and a half before we reached Mola we passed the very spot where, as it is believed, Cicero was killed, and within a vineyard a few yards from the road is a cenotaph erected to his memory\*. It is three stories high and circular, and incloses a column of the height of the edifice. The stones

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\* It is better to look at these places, and, I think, even to hear of them, without recurring to the doubts in which the uncertainty of tradition necessarily invests them. Let the antiquaries dispute, and the learned doubt, we, the unlearned, will enjoy the pleasure of believing.

and bricks are bare and mouldering. The marbles that incrustated them have given place to a mantling of ivy, roses, and laurestinus, whose rich breath incenses the dearest name of all Roman antiquity.

Our inn has the loveliest position I have seen in Italy. It is in the midst of a large garden, or, rather, of orange and lemon groves. For the first time in our lives we have seen to-day these tropical fruit-trees in perfection, as spreading (not as high) as an apple-tree, and bending under the weight of their fruit. The gardens are in the recess of a crescent bay, and fill with their terraces the interval between the last slopes of bare, rugged mountains and the sea. These slopes are covered with vines and olives, and through some openings in our orange-bowers we get glimpses of a narrow, grey village pent in between us and the hill-side. Our inn and garden, formerly the villa of an Italian prince, are supposed to cover the site of Cicero's *Formian Villa*, and upon the strength of that supposition bears the attractive name of *La Villa di Cicerone*. We have been down to the shore, and seen the foundations of edifices, and subterranean arches and columns, that indicate Roman magnificence. We wandered about till the twilight deepened upon us, with nothing to remind us that we were not in Paradise, till, on retracing our way to the inn, we heard a *yell* after us of "Signore !

signore! gualche cosa per il giardiniere!" ("Ladies! ladies! give something to the gardener!") and, turning, we perceived a tall, swarthy fellow, in Neapolitan *undress*, pursuing us for his tax on the sweet air we had breathed.

I have never enjoyed anything so perfect of its kind as the quiet Sunday we have been passing at Mola di Gaeta. We left it just at evening, and drove from our orange-bowers into the very narrow street of the village, so charming seen through our garden vistas. It being Sunday, the people were, of course, in their festa-dresses—such as had them—and they were like a swarm of bees in that narrow street; standing, leaning, lying, sitting, it seemed next to impossible that our carriage should find a passage through them; and such a mingled shout of begging and salutation assailed us, some hands stretched out for "Carita, per l'amor di Dio!" and others to give us the graceful Italian greeting. At the end of the street a troop of masqueraders gathered about us, playing their antics, to the infinite diversion—of the boys and girls, I would have said; but *all* were merry as merriest childhood.

My dear C., let us be thankful for the system of compensation that makes their delicious sunshine not only meat, drink, and clothing to these children of the South, but a fountain of ever-springing cheerfulness!

The scene has changed. We are at St. Agata, at a dirty inn. Our philosopher, François, laughs at our fallen mercury, and says, "So it always is in life. You had the good at Mola, you must expect the bad at St. Agata!" Unworthy wretches that we are! The Padrone has just sent us up a letter from W., announcing that he and K—n have engaged delightful lodgings for us at Naples, where we hope to be to-morrow.

*Naples, February 17.*

MY DEAR C.,

AFTER a pleasant drive through a long stretch of vineyards and olive-orchards, we arrived at the gate of Naples at four o'clock P.M. W. (our good angel) met us at the Dogana, where we had the torment of a long detention.

We drove down the long street of the Toledo; such swarming of human life I never saw, nor heard such clamour; it was as if all the Bedlamites on earth had been let loose upon it. Broadway is a quiet solitude in comparison\*! However, we

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\* I extract from the journal of one of my companions a description of the scene at the Dogana, too characteristic of Naples to be omitted:—"We were stopped at the custom-house, and W. came running out to meet us. How delightful to be *welcomed* to this strange place! Our carriage was instantly surrounded by beggars, who have increased in numbers and importunity at every step of our way since we entered the Neapolitan dominion. The sentinels, pointing their bayonets at them, gruffly cried, 'Indietro!' ('Back!') Uncle R. and W. poked them with their canes, and a



forgot its turmoil and every other vexation when we entered our spacious drawing-room at 28, St. Lucia, and sat down by the window to gaze upon the *Bay of Naples*, directly under us, without any apparent interposing object, for we overlook the street between us and the water. The crescent-like curve from us to the base of Vesuvius brings the mountain in front of us. The light smoke curling up from the crater caught the beams of the just-risen full moon, while the mountain itself and Monte Somma were a dark mass of shadow. We sat watching the little white houses at Portici becoming distinct as one after another caught the moonbeams, and the tiny boats which, with their spread sails, shot across the path of quivering beams, and then again vanished in shadow. Yes, we sat as if spell-bound till we were roused by a familiar voice asking, "Is there anything better than this?" "Nothing," we replied with one voice; but "deeds speak louder than words." We turned away from the most beautiful har-

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young officer, who just then came up, flourished his sword over their heads, and made them recede for a moment; but they closed round again instantly, like water that had been disturbed by a pebble. Such tatters I never saw. It was difficult to divine what kept them together. There were maimed, halt, blind, and mutes; some real, some feigned, and all as vexing as moschetoës in a walk in the woods in summer." It may well be imagined what a hardening process we had gone through in our progress southward, when a young person neither selfish nor stony-hearted could thus describe such a spectacle.

monies of nature to exchange greetings with our dear friend K—n, to whose actual presence they were, after all, but “mere moonshine.”

We are rich at Naples: W. makes one of our family; K—n is at the Crocella, almost within shaking-hands’ distance; an English lady, our acquaintance, who is not one of those who “*isolent leur cœur en cultivant leur esprit*,” has lodgings over us; our chargé, Mr. Throop, is showering kindness on us; and, finally, our consul, Mr. Hammet, a man of sterling qualities, with twenty years’ experience here, is bestowing upon us essential favours, the advantage of his society being that we esteem above all the rest.

We met here letters of introduction obtained by C—i from exiles at Paris to distinguished Neapolitans. They are shy of us, and, as we are told, compelled to be so by the dastardly system of espionage and persecution maintained by the king. General Pepe, the commander of the Italian detachment of Napoleon’s Russian army, has been several times to see us. His fine countenance has a most melancholy expression: no wonder; he told me that of the two regiments he led into Russia, the finest fellows in the Neapolitan service, all, save thirty-four, perished in one night. He lives in perfect retirement, but it is said that in any emergency the king will be glad to employ him\*.

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\* This opinion was verified. Before we left Naples the alarm

ONE of our daily pleasures is a walk in the *Villa Reale*, a public promenade-garden between the Chiaia—the great street of Naples—and the bay. The garden is about a mile in length, well planted with trees and flowering shrubs, and abounding in fountains—the very spirit and voice of this land of the South. The brightest flowers are the English children who take their daily recreation in the garden; beautiful scions they are of a noble stock. They show themselves exotics here, with their fair skins, ruddy cheeks, blue eyes, and long flaxen curls. No carriages or beggars are permitted within the garden. We now and then see a pretty costume diversifying the uniform fashion of the upper classes of all countries; for instance, we saw to-day a Neapolitan nurse in a rich, dark blue skirt with a broad gold border round the bottom, a bright scarlet jacket with gold bands round the wrist, and a gold comb in her ear, a sort of human paroquet. The garden is embellished with statues, casts of our friends in Rome, the Apollo, Antinous, and certain not strikingly modest groups, whose exposure in these public grounds shows a remarkable *consistency* in the king, who, in a fit of sudden, or, as K—n terms it, Turkish prudery, has put all the Venuses in his

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of a rupture with England occurred, and General Pepe was placed at the head of the army.

museum under lock and key. The unrivalled charm of the Villa Reale is the view of the bay. The very name of the "*Bay of Naples*" sets all your ideas of beauty in a ferment, and so let it; they will create no image approaching in loveliness to the all-surpassing reality. Yet, in the very face of its blue waters and delicious atmosphere—of Capri, lying like a crouching lion at its mouth—of its other amethyst islands—of Vesuvius, with its fresh fringing of yesterday's snow—our countryman, Mr —, maintained to me that it was not to be compared to the Bay of New-York. "I have at one time," he said, "counted fifty merchant-ships there, and what is there here but fishing-smacks?" Truly, what is there?

THE Studii, or Royal Museum of Naples, has, after the Vatican, the richest collection of statuary in the world. Unfortunately, the rooms are dark and noisy; one of the thoroughfares of noisy Naples passing by it. It may be a mere fancy, but these serene statues, with their solemn associations, seem to me to require an atmosphere of tomb-like silence. Noise is discord, and a Neapolitan street is a congregation of discords. Herculaneum, Pompeii, Capua, and all these surroundings, have yielded up their treasures to fill this museum. Among them is an Aristides, the finest statue in the world—in Canova's judgment. The figure is

enveloped in a mantle. There is a conscious mental force, and a beautiful simplicity, in its quiet, erect attitude, and an expression of tranquil, intellectual dignity in the head and face, fitting the godlike character of "The Just." Strange as it may seem, there is a Venus in the collection (happily not locked up, *pour faire pénitence*), who appears to me to express as much moral strength as the Aristides. This is the "*Venus Victrix*." She stands with her head inclining towards Cupid, with a gentle reproof in her air, and a purity in her expression, as if she were, indeed, o'er all the frailties of her sex victorious. One of the prettiest groups is "Cupid sporting with a Dolphin." Cupid, with a most lovely laughing face and curly hair, has his round arms wreathed about the neck of a dolphin, whose tail coiling around his body, has thrust his legs into the air. There is in this group an expression of life and frolic inconceivable to one who has not seen in the antiques how art subdues matter, converting marble into the image of God's creations. If this exquisite whim of art, instead of being housed in a sunless room, stood, as it was designed to stand, in the midst of a fountain, in the odorous atmosphere of an orange grove, with lights and shadows playing over it, its effect would be magical.

Not one of the masterpieces here, but a curiosity, certainly, is an Ephesian Diana, a most elaborate

piece of workmanship. The head and hands are of black marble, highly finished; the body is inclosed, mummy-like, in an alabaster case, upon which are carved heads of animals and other ornaments. This image, as W. suggested, explains the opposition of the artificers of Ephesus to the faith which was to put an end to their profitable labour. We found ourselves, day after day, leaving halls filled with busts, statues, and groups, to stand before a mutilated thing—the mere fragment of a statue. The arms are gone, and the lower part of the body, the back and top of the head are shaved off; nothing remains perfect but the face and neck. It is called a Psyche, and is truly the type of the soul. It is the perfection of spiritual beauty and grace. There is something in the hang of the head, and a touch of sadness in the expression, that reminded K. of the angel in Retzsch's game of chess; but the face appeared to me far more powerful and comprehensive.

If I had to answer all the libels of the scoffers at my sex, or to defend the "rights of women," I would appeal to this Psyche, to Raphael's Sibyls, to Dante's Beatrice, and to Shakspeare's Portia, Isabella, and Desdemona, to show what the inspired teachers of the world have believed of our faculties and virtues.

The bronzes in one apartment of the museum are said to be the finest in the world. They were

anterior to sculpture in marble. Among them is a life-like bust of Seneca, with sharp features, sunken cheeks, straight, matted locks, and his neck eagerly stretched forward as if on the point of speaking; and there are exquisite Mercuries, Fauns, and Amazons. One among a long suite of rooms is devoted to paintings, and one alone contains some of the best treasures of art; a Magdalen by Guercino, which is only less powerful than Titian's, and less tender than Guido's. There is a masterpiece of Domenichino's: a boy four or five years old in a blue kirtle is standing with his hands folded in prayer. The "man of sin" is crouching at his feet; and though the child does not see him, he betrays a consciousness of the presence of evil and a feeling of weakness and danger. Behind him stands a beautiful young angel in all the repose of security, pointing to a glory above, and interposing his shielding wing between the devil and the boy.

THE Carnival of Naples is inferior in gaiety and excess to that of Rome; but it is said to be only second to that. It is generally remarked that its interest is dying away from year to year. Those who think its amusements were only suited to an age when men could neither read nor write, impute this to the "march of mind," which does march, though much in snail fashion, even here. Others maintain that all thinking people feel so

deeply the oppression and misery of their condition that they have little heart for amusements of any kind. Such as it is, and so much (or rather so little) as ladies could see of it, we have seen, and childish sport enough you will think it.

During the carnival the *corso*, which is a course of carriages through the Toledo, the main street of Naples, occurs twice every week. We joined in it to-day; Mr. T. took a portion of our party in his carriage, and the rest followed in our own. Mr. T.'s carriage was furnished with baskets of sugar-plums and bouquets of flowers, as his station here compels him to be, in some sort, a participator in the frolic. We soon entered the Toledo, and took a place in the line of coaches. The street was a dense mass of human beings, with just space enough for the ascending and descending lines of carriages; and the windows and balconies of the houses to the fifth and six stories were crowded. Guards on horseback, looking like equestrian statues, were stationed at short intervals, and made conspicuous by the red flag which they held. The king and royal family were out. His majesty, with some twenty gentlemen, was in an ornamented car drawn by six horses. The king wore no badge of distinction; they were all dressed in gay dominos and velvet caps with white plumes, and all wore masks. The ladies of the court were in a similar car, and dressed in a like fashion.



Both cars were furnished with sacks containing bushels of sugar-plums made of lime with a thin coating of sugar. These are scooped up and showered around. The great contest is, who shall throw most, and most dexterously. Bouquets of flowers are thrown about; our girls had their laps filled with them. Of course an acquaintance, a quaint masker, or a pretty woman is the favourite aim. When the royal cars meet, they stop, the carriages of both lines halt behind them, and a general *guerre à mort* ensues. You are not absolutely killed, but "kilt" grievously. The missiles are as large as very large gooseberries. The face is protected by a mask of wire. Our defenceless hands were sadly bruised; mine are yet black and blue. Some carriages were protected by cloth curtains, but in general they merrily took as well as gave. Showers fell from the balconies, and the poor wretches in the streets scrambled for them. In bygone times the royal cars dispensed veritable sugar-plums; but even this grace has ceased. The novelty amused us for two or three hours, but I think we should all rather play hunt-the-slipper at home than go again to the Corso\*.

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\* We were, however, a few days after involuntary partakers, or, rather, victims of the sport. We had forgotten the carnival, and having spent the morning at the Studii, were walking home through the Toledo, when all at once we perceived the guards taking their stations previously to the corso beginning. The balconies were filling. We were the only *ladies* in the street, and, consequently,

THE Carnival concludes with a masked ball at San Carlo, the largest theatre in Italy. It begins at 12 o'clock on Sunday night. I was over-persuaded to go by our kind friend Mr. T., and K—n's suggestion that "it is best to see things, that you may substitute an idea for a word." But as you, dear C., can have only the words, I shall make them as few as possible. The theatre was brilliantly lighted, and viewed from the depth of the stage was a splendid spectacle. The tallest grenadiers in the king's service were planted like beacons about the house. The royal family were in their box, and the king came down and mingled with the crowd. He is at all, stout, burly, yeoman-like looking man. I observed, as he stopped for a few moments near our box, that he excited little attention, and was as much jostled and pushed as his subjects. The dancing was confined to the harlequins, and was a mere romp. There were few maskers, and these few supported no characters, and merely walked up and down, uttering common-places in feigned voices. There was an excessively pretty young woman in the box next to us, who attracted general attention, and it was to join the starers at her that the king had stopped near us. She was the sister of a lady whose beauty had captivated rather conspicuous, and mercilessly were we pelted as we ran our gauntlet homeward.

a brother of the king. The lady's husband was assassinated a few days before the carnival, and the royal lover went off the next day to Florence—*for his health!*

Save the little excitement occasioned by our pretty neighbour's presence, and the impertinences addressed to her by the maskers, the ball was a heavy affair. The carnival has had its day. Men can remain children a great while, but not for ever.

MR. THROOP procured us invitations to the court-ball\*, and last evening we went. The mere forms of society are much alike all over the civilised world. The ball (with rather more space to move in, for there were fifteen or twenty rooms of the palace open) was conducted much like one of our balls. Nothing struck me about the Neapolitan women but the vacuity of their faces, and the abundance and brilliancy of their diamonds. The Italian princes retain their diamonds, as they do their pictures, when every other sign of wealth is gone. The queen, who looks like a quiet body, designed by nature to nurse babies and keep the house tidy, sat with the court-ladies at one end of the dancing-room, and rose once to make a progress through the apartments. The royal family

\* This was not one of the balls of the *Accademia Reale*, which are given weekly by a company, of whom the king is one, and to which foreigners are liberally admitted upon the application of their representative.

supped by themselves. Several tables were spread for the guests. Besides the knick-knacks of our evening entertainments, there were fish, oysters, and game, and on each table an entire wild-boar, stuck with silver arrows\*. The ladies gathered hungrily about the tables, and ate like good trencher-women.

We retired after supper to an adjoining room, and sat down in a most liberty-equality style near a coterie of ladies, who put up their eye-glasses and stared at us, but without any other uncivil demonstration.

We soon perceived they were the ladies of the court, and they no doubt forgave us on the flattering ground of our being North American savages.

NOTHING can exceed the fertility of the soil about Naples. The crops on the best ground are each season as follows: pears and apples, grapes, two harvests of Indian corn and one of wheat, and at the end of the season a crop of turnips or some other vegetable. But what avails it to the multitudinous swarms who go hungry every day? A man who can get work earns only, by the hardest labour in summer, sixteen cents a-day,

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\* Of course it was merely a stuffed boar's skin. A boar-hunt in the royal preserves, near Naples, is a favourite royal amusement, and is attended by ladies. On one bright morning, while we were there, the queen killed, with her own fair hand, seventeen boars—a feminine sylvan sport!

and he pays a tax of three dollars for every bushel of salt he consumes\*. He is forbidden to use the salt water that washes the shore. All articles of necessary consumption are inordinately taxed. There is a tax of 25 per cent. on the income of real estate†.

We hear much of the indolence of the *lazzaroni* of Naples; they are idle; but Mr. Hammett, who is a sagacious observer, says they are not indolent; he has never known one of them to refuse work when offered to him, and they will work for the smallest sum. We complain of their extreme abjectness, of their invariably besetting us, after being paid the price agreed on, "for a little more." "Ah," he says, "they are so very poor." If the man had half a soul, the "King of the *Lazzaroni*" would be most wretched; but his people are only his to provide for his pleasures and feed his avarice. Avarice is his ruling passion‡. During the cholera an impost of half a million of ducats was laid to alleviate the extreme distress

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\* The price of salt is very low, some few cents a bushel.

† As if each potentate were not sufficiently ingenious in laying taxes, one plays into the hand of another. Meat is of course proscribed during Lent, but his holiness grants a dispensation on the payment of three carlini to the king.

‡ The alarm of a war with England occurred while we were at Naples. The English deserted the town immediately, and the people suffered much loss, and the usual confusion and anxiety incident to such a report. It was afterward said the king got up the alarm that he might speculate in the stocks! This might be truth or satire, it does not matter much which.

of the poor. Fifty thousand only went to relieve their necessities, and the remainder to the king's coffers.

Whenever the provinces require expenditures for repairs or improvements, they raise money by laying a tax; but the money so raised cannot be laid out till a certain officer of the government makes a report as to the appropriation. If three years pass without a report being made, the money escheats to the king. Repeatedly the tax has been laid, the money collected, and the report never made. The avarice of a private individual is a folly, in a king it is a crime\*.

We had heard a very pretty story of the king braving the cholera, and remaining with his family at Naples that he might share the common danger and calm the panic. The truth is, that he remained at Caserta, a royal residence at a distance from the danger, and that once, when he drove into the city, and was passing through the Mercata, the despairing people gathered about him and threw their black bread into his carriage. He threw it out again, and bade them flock to the churches and

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\* The system of espionage is so much more severe in the provinces than at Naples, that the country gentlemen flock to the city for protection. We knew intimately one of these—a most amiable and accomplished young man—whose whole family had suffered political persecution. Some had lost their lives, some were maimed, and some had died of broken hearts. While we look with detestation on the vices of a government that thus afflicts its subjects, we must not forget the virtue that thus resists.

pray God to pardon them for the crimes for which he had sent this scourge upon them ! Does it seem to you, dear C., that our world of free people and responsible governors can be the same in which this selfish wretch lives, a king, and permitted to transmit his power to his like ?

He has been educated by priests, and is now in the hands of the Jesuits. His tutor has published the course of instruction by which he trained his royal and docile pupil. The king is there set forth as the shepherd, and the people as his sheep, over whom he has absolute power to lead them whither he will, to give life or inflict death.

As neither the people nor the soldiers have any attachment to the government, there might be some hope of a better future if it were not backed by the power of Austria. The disaffection of the soldiery is so notorious that even the king himself is aware of it. He had at one time a fancy to give the troops a new uniform. "Dress them as you will," said his father, "at their first opportunity they will run away from you !"

There is a deep and general depravation here, doubtless, but the spirit of manhood is not extinct. A few days since a Calabrian soldier was struck by his superior officer. He complained to his colonel, who treated the grievance as a bagatelle. The next day, on the parade, the soldier shot the officer, and then walked quietly away. He was, of course,

seized, and the next morning executed. To the last he was unfaltering, and said coolly that he had only done what should have been done for him!

Neither is humanity extinct here; and, as you rejoice in the knowledge of a good deed as a gem-fancier does in the discovery of an antique, or a picture-buyer in the acquisition of a Raphael, I will tell you a story Mr. T. told us of a gentleman whose benevolent countenance he pointed out at the court-ball. The person in question is the king's master of ceremonies, nobly born, for a lineal ancestor of his received a sword from Francis the First at the battle of Pavia. The descendant has done something better than giving or receiving swords. During the cholera he took under his protection eighty recent orphans. He built an asylum for them which cost thirty thousand dollars. He has ever since defrayed its expenses and superintended it daily. His income does not exceed nine thousand ducats per annum\*!

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\* I have adverted to the controversy with England which occurred during our sojourn at Naples. The king fancied he could extricate himself from the difficulty by requiring his minister to falsify the word he had pledged to an English company. He refused to do this. The king threatened, he persisted, and was consequently deprived of his office, and ordered to retire to a strong house in one of the provinces, infected with malaria. He was poor; his daughters (his only children), in the deepest affliction, said they would throw themselves at the king's feet, and



March 10.—WE went yesterday, my dear C., to Pompeii. We drove past fields in which there were masses of ashes and lava of last year's eruption. It appears now strange that Pompeii should so long have remained buried. The surface of the ground yet unopened indicates what is beneath: it resembles a burying-ground, except that the tumuli are higher and more irregular. You ignorantly wonder that the people of the villages at the base of Vesuvius do not live in constant terror: experience has taught them better. The stream of lava rolls slowly, like honey on an inclined plane, and you may be near enough to touch it with a cane and retreat before it reaches you\*. After a drive of twelve miles we reached Pompeii, and, alighting, entered the *Strada dei*

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entreat his pardon. "Then you will do it at the peril of my everlasting displeasure," said the father. "I have only done my duty; shall I ask pardon for that? No, my children. Leave me my integrity; † it is all that remains to me." A gendarme present told him he was indiscreet to say these things in his presence. He replied, "You will do me a favour if you repeat them to his majesty." I asked a Neapolitan friend if this affair was spoken of. "Yes," he said, "but each man looks before he speaks to see who is within hearing!"

\* When there is an eruption the people go on with their usual occupations till they see the stream coming their way; then they pack up their valuables—a small burden—and trudge off to Naples. If their houses are buried, they return, when the lava cools, to build new ones, and cultivate a soil inexhaustibly fertile.

*Sepolcri*,—Street of Tombs. This fitting entrance brings you immediately into sympathy with the people who lived here; for their dead, those they loved, wept, and honoured, are as near to you as the dead of yesterday! This street of tombs was outside the gates of the city\*; the tombs are raised several feet above the general level, and crowned with monuments beautifully sculptured, and in some cases nearly entire. The interior of the wall surrounding the tomb is coarsely wrought in bas-relief. The streets are narrow, and paved with large flat stones which bear the traces of wheels, but the pavement is unbroken and far better than that in the older parts of New-York. There are raised side-walks; a luxury you do not find in the modern Italian cities.

Now, my dear C., I feel it to be quite in vain to attempt to convey to you sensations indefinable, unutterably strange, and yet thrilling us with a fresh and undreamed-of pleasure; I know not why, unless it be from a sort of triumph over time; for here the past is given back, and the dead are yielded up! We passed thresholds where the words

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\* The Romans, except in the case of eminent individuals, forbade interments within the walls of their cities. The author of "Rome in the Nineteenth Century" justly remarks that the Roman custom of burying on either side of the highway explains the common inscription, "*Siste Viator!*" ("Stop, Traveller!") so appropriate for them, and so absurd as used in village churchyards, where no traveller ever passes.

"Saw" and "Saw" smiled us almost audibly. We thought through rooms where people 1800 years ago went to rest at night; and rose again in the morning to see how in porticoes where they were sitting at what Caesar was doing in the praetorium and Cicero was saying in the Forum. We looked at the architectural designs and figures still in the colours of the walls, and fancied how the possession of the Acropolis torn by the dogs of Dalmia distinguished it having a picture more beautiful than any of her neighbours, and how her eyes might have glittered over her in the "Cupid and Psyche" scene on the now vacant pedestal of her fountain. We entered the boudoir where the gold hoard of weighing a pound was discovered; and as we looked at the two doves, wrought in its mosaic pavement, hovering over a jewel casket, while one of them draws out a necklace, we fancied the happy artist showing his successful work to his employer. We saw the baby-beir of the house creeping over the marble floor to the masterpiece of all mosaics, while his nurse pointed out Alexander and his helmeted Greeks, and Darius and his turbaned Persians! We fancied the errand-boy reading the name, still legible, of the oil-merchant, and turning in to purchase oil from the jars sunken in the counter, and yet perfect. We saw the jovial wine-drinker setting down his drinking-cup on the marble slab that still bears its mark. We

sat down on a semicircular stone-bench on the sidewalk, and heard the old man tell his gossips how well he fought at Jerusalem under their good Titus, and the nurse promise the listening boy he should go up to Rome and see the wild beasts fight in the new Flavian amphitheatre. We imagined the luxurious Pompeian, after his bath, sitting on the bronze bench over a brazier in the still perfect bathing-room, and looking up with Roman pride at the effigies of the captive barbarian kings supporting the shelves on which stood the pots of precious ointments. We fancied the Pompeian Rogers dispensing the hospitality of "the house of the Faun," which, from the treasures found there, seems, like that of our host in London, to have been a museum of art and beauty; and as we walked over its mosaic pavements made of precious marbles obtained from elder ruins, and passed walls built of the lava of previous eruptions, we heard the antiquary of Pompeii explaining former pioggie\*, and the moralist prosing, as we were, on the mutations of human affairs! We stood in the tragic theatre, and saw the audience stirred by allusions to localities and celestial phenomena which no roof hid from them. We heard the cries of the workmen in the Forum when the eruption burst forth, and they let fall their tools, and left the walls but half rebuilt, and the columns but half restored

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\* The Italians thus designate an eruption.

that had been overthrown by an earthquake sixteen years before. We heard the sounds of labour in the narrow lanes, and, emerging into a broad street, imagined what must have been the sensations of those who filled it when, looking through its long vista, they saw the flames bursting from Vesuvius, and turning back, beheld them glaring on the snow-capped mountains opposite. And, finally, my dear C., after going over the ruined temples of Isis and Hercules, we returned to our own actual life—all that was left of it unexhausted—and, sitting down on the steps of the temple of Venus, we ate buns, and drank our Capri, and jocosely sympathised with one of our friends, who affected to fear that he should outstay his Naples dinner and his favourite omelette soufflée, and laughed at an unhappy English pair whom we had repeatedly encountered, the man swearing it was “all a d—d bore, these old rattle-trap places,” and his consort, with Madame Starke open in her hands, learning where she was to give one, and where two notes of admiration!

MY DEAR C.,

WE went early this morning to the Studii, and, by way of an appropriate sequence to yesterday, we proceeded directly to the apartments containing the personal ornaments, domestic utensils, &c., of the Pompeians\*. There are four rooms, containing

\* With these are intermingled the treasures found in Herculaneum.

more than four thousand vases and other vessels of terra cotta. They are embellished with classical subjects, and their workmanship marks successive eras of art. The value set on them you may imagine from two among them being estimated at ten thousand ducats each! In another apartment is a collection of precious gems, sapphires, amethysts, carnelians, &c., cut into fine cameos. What think you of a cup (in which some Pompeian Cleopatra may have melted her pearls and swallowed them) as large round as the top of a pint-bowl, made of alabaster, with a rim of sardonyx, having on one side a group in bas-relief of seven figures, representing, with wonderful expression, an apotheosis, and on the other an exquisite Medusa's head! There are a great variety of personal ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, rings, pins, &c., from which our fashionable jewellery of late years has been copied. We saw the necklace and bracelets that Diomed's wife wore for one thousand eight hundred years! Yesterday we went into her wine-cellar, where she was found with her purse in her hand, and where the wine-jars are still standing\*!

There is an immense quantity of bronze armour, some of it beautifully embossed, and so heavy that

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\* The poor lady is supposed to have sought refuge in the cellar. Very few skeletons have been found at Pompeii, from which it appears that most of the inhabitants had time to escape.

it would seem to require a giant's strength to sustain it. One helmet was found on a soldier who stood it out bravely at his post; he was discovered at a gate of his city, still on guard, when the ashes were removed!

There is an endless variety of bronze lamps, some very beautiful, and small stoves; one, that seemed to me a nice contrivance, had a fire-place in the middle, pipes running round it, and cylinders at each corner. There is every article a housewife could desire to furnish her kitchen; kettles, saucepans, colanders, tunnels, dippers, steel-yards, with bronze busts for weights! and, in short, dear C., there is everything to identify the wants, usages, and comforts of the ancients with our own: surgical instruments, keys, garden tools. We observed a writing-case *precisely* in the fashion of a compact little affair K. is now using, and which she bought at a bazaar in London.

The drinking-cups are various and beautiful. There are seventy alike of silver, small and fluted, which were taken from a table outspread for a dinner that was never eaten; and perhaps it was for this very dinner that some meat which we saw in a stewpan was in preparation.

There are wheat, rice, oats, honey, figs, prunes, and almonds, all unchanged to the eye, except darkened in colour; and there is dough all ready for the oven, and a cake just taken out of it marked

into slices, and looking precisely like a "composition-cake" prepared for one of our rural tea-tables—I did not taste it!—and I saw a little cake made in the form of a ring, and set aside—perhaps—to cool for some pet child at school. Strange thoughts all these objects called up of human projects and pursuits, and of human blindness.

You will be pleased to know that your profession at Naples, though not *sans reproche*, have a benevolent association for the gratuitous prosecution of the causes of the poor. This society meets every Sunday morning, and go in a body to church to say their prayers. On every Thursday morning four of their number are in waiting to receive applications. Our friend L—a, who is one of them, says it does not amount to much, not from the fault of the lawyers, but from the reluctance of the clients, who have no confidence that the right can prevail without the customary accessory of bribes. A bribe to the judge is about as much a matter of course as a fee to the lawyer!

L—a took us yesterday to see the civil courts held in the Vicaria, a palace formerly occupied by the sovereigns of Naples. The lower story and subterranean apartments are devoted to prisons, and are in a horrible condition. The upper story is another kind of prison; there the archives of the state are kept, and among them precious historical



records, jealously locked up. Foreigners are occasionally permitted a few hours' research among them, and a few favoured Neapolitans have been admitted for a very short time.

In going up the wet stone staircase we passed a half-famished-looking woman sitting asleep, with one child at her breast, in vain seeking food there, and another lean, pallid thing nestled close to her. Would not such a spectacle in the precincts of your courts have brought down a shower of alms? these people clattered past them as regardless as if these human things were a part of the stone they sat upon. This is "custom." God has not given the Neapolitans hearts harder than ours up in Berkshire. We went through several crowded ante-rooms filled with lawyers, clients, and idlers, hawkers of stationery, and beggars. One long hall was lined on both sides with desks occupied by scriveners, who, amid such clamour as I am sure you never heard, were going on as undisturbed as if they had been in your quiet office. We made our way through three rooms where courts were in session, and where the business was conducted quietly and decently, much, as it seemed to me, in form like the business of our legal tribunals, except in one particular. There is one officer, called the *procuratore*, whose business it is to expound the law and apply its principles to the cause in question. Accustomed as I have always been to

regard our judges as uncorrupted and incorruptible, I felt a sort of shuddering in looking at these men, whose vices are diseases of the heart that must carry disease and death into every part of the body of the state. There are *four thousand* lawyers in Naples, including clerks and scriveners, and it would seem that they, and all their dependents and followers, were within the walls of this old palace. These masses looked busy and intelligent, and much more respectable than the populace in the street—as if it had been sifted indeed, and this was the grain, that the chaff. The lawyers are marked by the government, as it is well known that they best understand the rights of the people. Authors are marked men too; and with good reason, if they reflect and feel as well as write\*.

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\* There is a young Neapolitan who obtained permission to print a history of the kingdom of Naples. He went on smoothly till he came to the seventh century, when the invasion of the Saracens gave rise to some patriotic expressions—the publication was stopped, and his MSS. seized. Nothing daunted, he began again; and now, as fast as he completes a certain portion, he sends it out of the country to be printed. There is an institution here called *L'Albergo de' Poveri* (Asylum for the Poor), which has large funds, but so fraudulently managed, that the inmates are little benefited by them (the sum allotted to each person is thirty-nine ducats a year, and not more than the half of this is spent upon him). The young historian resolved to expose these abuses, and he wrote a clever poem, in which he caricatured several persons concerned in them. This was printed here with a foreign superscription. He was seized and imprisoned. He confessed the authorship, but maintained there was no law forbidding his *writing* what he would; and as to the printing, the printer must answer

I am tempted here, my dear C., to copy a passage from ——'s journal, which lies open before me, relating to a persecuted author, whose poems the girls have been reading with our Neapolitan friend L. It will at least serve to show you how groundless were your fears that our young people, in the enchantment of these countries, would lose their sense of the advantages of their own.

“L. considers Count Leopardi the finest poet since Alfieri, and certainly there is great power in some of the things we read; and, oh! it gives us such a feeling, such a ‘realising sense’ of the mental suffering endured here by men who have one spark left of that love of freedom which seems to be God’s universal gift, who have their eyes open to what is passing round them, and aspirations after better things.

“And as we read with L., and see how excited he becomes, how, from the very innermost depths of his soul, he responds to the bitter invectives and keen sarcasms of the poet, we too kindle into a glow of indignation, and feel ourselves animated by the spirit of uncompromising resistance; and when we lay aside the book, we thank Heaven, more than ever, that our lot is cast in a land where

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for that. He was stedfast and prevailed, but he is a *marked man*. One poor fellow, for a much lighter offence, was sent to a mad-house, plunged into the *bagno di sorpresa*, chained, and confined with the “furiously mad.” He excited such sympathy, and called forth such powerful intercession, that he was finally released, and is now in Paris.

we can think, speak, and act as the spirit moveth us; and America rises before us in a halo of light, brightening and brightening. As Dante says on his first seeing Paradise,

‘E disubito parve giorno à giorno  
Essere aggiunto come quei che puote,  
Avesse 'l ciel d'un altro sole adorno.’”

For a quiet person, who does not care to run after sights, I can imagine nothing more delightful than to sit at the window as I do now, and look out on the bay and the golden clouds floating over Vesuvius and Somma, and at Vesuvius itself bathed in purple light. But the chief pleasure of a residence in Naples, after visiting the Studii, driving up the *Strada Nuova*, a superb terrace-road overlooking the bay—after walking through the royal pleasure-grounds at Capo di Monte, through the *Boschi*, a green Posilippo with “verd'rous walls,” and looking at the king's *seven hundred* peacocks dragging their green, their white, and their azure blue plumes over the green turf—and after ranging through the terra cotta, coral, and lava shops—the chief pleasure at Naples is from the excursions about its rich environs.

The girls have ascended Vesuvius, and will give you their report. We have, of course, visited the tomb of Virgil, hardly to be called an excursion, for it is just at the end of the city, over the entrance to Posilippo. The fact of its being the tomb of Virgil

is disputed. Eustace argues earnestly for the *real presence*; but Eustace is an easy believer. It is, however, a position the poet might have chosen if he looked fondly back to earth. It is in a vineyard, amid grotesque forms of tufa, which give a picturesque effect to the ilex, ivy, and laurel that hang caressingly about the tomb, as if they had voluntarily grown there. There are various openings, affording glimpses of Vesuvius, of the glorious bay, and its lovely shores. The tomb itself is an ordinary columbarium, with niches enough for all the Latin poets who have come down to us.

We have just returned from Pozzuoli, the ancient Puteoli. After driving to the end of the gay Chiaia, we entered the grotto of Posilipo, which is a tunnel cut through a tufa hill, and is 2316 English feet in length, twenty-two in breadth, and, where loftiest, eighty-seven feet in height. It has a few dim lamps, whose insufficient light is inadequately supplied by the few rays of outer day that penetrate the arched entrances at each extremity. The passage is wild and impressive. The imprisoned and heightened sound reverberating from the walls is like nothing earthly. The smiths who are working by fitful fires in a deep cavity at one entrance, seem stationed at the threshold of Pluto's realm. An almost impalpable powder, from ground which no drop of rain ever touches, darkens and thickens the atmosphere; a carriage drives past you

with noise enough for a train of railroad cars; then a Neapolitan car, with a little demon of a horse with only a patch of skin here and there, and *no* flesh, dashes along, its nine or ten wild, ragged passengers *stuck* on, chaffering, yelling, and laughing, and all vanishing as soon as past, seeming mere shadows in a shadow land. Suddenly a bright gleam of lamplight illumines the figure of a bare-headed, grey old woman, driving an ass with panniers, or falls on a strapping, barelegged girl following another loaded with piles of wood. They but appear, and vanish in darkness. There are shrines niched in the wall, where a lamp burns before an image or a crucifix; and in the very heart of the passage is a chapel to the Virgin scooped in the rock. I have seen this illuminated; and when its lights are glaring on two or three kneeling worshippers, and on a haggard beggar pointing to the image of the Holy Mother, and stretching his hand to you, it produces a startling effect.

It is remarkable that the date of this work is unknown. It is mentioned by Pliny and Strabo, and is supposed to have been done by the Cumæans, to connect Neapolis with Puteoli. After emerging from the grotto this morning—and what a delicious transit it is to the open sky and earth!—we turned off our road towards Agnano, a pretty, secluded crater-lake, devoted to the king's aquatic birds. Such numbers were emerging from it, that it seemed

a fountain of life, and as if its waters were at every moment becoming incorporate in feathers and wings—poor things, they had a doomed look !

We left our carriage on the lake-shore to walk up a steep hill to Astroni, where we were admitted within a stone-wall of four or five miles in circumference, which incloses the king's preserves. It was here the queen did that delicate bit of lady-like work—killed her seventeen boars of a fine morning ! From the hill where we stood, we looked down five or six hundred feet into what was once the crater of a volcano, and is now a spacious plain, overgrown by trees and walled round by steep precipices. There is no tradition of the volcano, and no other record of it than that which the earth bears on her bosom. To an American eye these preserves suggest the idea of uncleared land, upon which the settler is beginning his work ; the sound of the woodman's axe comes up musically from this deep solitude. L. and I wandered about the eminences among the superb ilexes, gathering the white heath, and catching glimpses of the bay, the queenly Nisida, and the great St. Angelo.

We returned to the high road, and proceeded along the margin of the Bay of Baia to Pozzuoli. This, once a great maritime town of Southern Italy, is now a miserable, beggarly place, containing about 9000 inhabitants, chiefly fishermen, and, as it would appear from the troops that besiege

you, beggars, ciceroni, and venders of "*antichi*," as you are assured the little lamps and bronze images are which are thrust into your carriage by stout clamorous fellows, who meet you a mile out of the town, and keep pace with your horses. Ah! there is a horrid tariff on all out-of-door pleasures in Italy. Your compact made with your cicerone, your condition improves, the venders drop off in despair, and the beggars *subside*, it being a part of his duty to drive them off, which he often does amusingly enough, by reiterating the only English word he knows, and which beggars and all soon learn in the good English society they keep: "d—n! d—n! d—n!"

If you can forget the living people at Pozzuoli, you may enjoy fine remains of the dead. There are columns of travertine of a temple of Jupiter Serapis thirty-five feet high. They bear a curious record of the passage of time and the work of the elements; for six feet from the base they are entire and smooth, and thus far they have been buried in the sand; above that they are nearly perforated, made to resemble a sponge, by pholas, creatures that live only in salt water—so that the sea has at one time advanced upon the temple, nearly covered it for ages, and again receded. It is surrounded by baths. The sick who came to bathe in the mineral water brought their propitiatory offerings to the god and to the priest. The ring to which the



victims were attached is still riveted in the stone; the pavement below the altar is nearly perfect; and all around are strewn steps, capitals, and fragments of bas-reliefs.

At a short distance from the temple we found workmen employed excavating an amphitheatre, which will approach the Coliseum in extent, and is found in a good state of preservation. We went through an opened corridor where the masonry was as perfect as if it were done yesterday.

But by far the most interesting sight at Pozzuoli is the *Via Campagna*, a part of the ancient *Via Appia*, leading hence to Gaeta. It is for two miles a street of tombs. The road (its pavement still in perfect preservation) is a deep cut between high rugged banks in which the tombs were imbedded, two and three tiers one above the other. Those that are opened are made in the form of the columbarium. There was an altar opposite the entrance, and around the sides a double row of niches (pigeon-holes) to contain the urns. Their ashes are now dispersed to the winds, and Nature, as if to veil the sanctuaries she had so long hidden in her bosom, has dropped over the opening a matted drapery of wild creeping plants. Nothing can well be imagined more solemn and more touching than the silence and solitude of this street of tombs. The throngs of the city that daily sent hither its funereal train are themselves a part of the mighty congrega-

tion of the dead, and oblivion has effaced their records.

“The wheel has come full circle.”

*March 20.*—THIS morning the sun rose clear for the first time in many days. Our own ungenial spring has followed us; and what with clouds without, and illness and pressing anxiety within, we have had some heavy hours. But this has been a day of compensations.

We determined at breakfast on an excursion to Misenum, and on going down stairs to our carriage we met our friend L—s, who said he should pass the day at Astrone, but if “we had asked him he should have gone with us!” whereupon we eagerly offered him the best or the worst seat of the coach. He took that on the box, the “best or worst,” according to one’s fancy. As we drove round the Villa Reale, strapping men, who in our country would be wrestling with Nature and subduing it, besieged us, entreating us to buy little bunches of violets. L—s, who, I observe, seizes eagerly upon every pretext to evade the money-saving, modern non-giving doctrines, bought his hands full and threw them into the carriage.

The Chiaia had a true Neapolitan aspect. Equipages were in waiting at the doors of the English “*appartemens meublés*,” for the luxurious strangers who were yet loitering over their ten-o’clock

breakfast. English gentlemen were galloping in and down the trottoir. Every Neapolitan living thing had come out and was basking in the sun; and for contrast they were striking enough, like C. Under the curtained windows of these English princes, and between their doors and their carriages, lay asleep, and sleeping away the sense of hunger, men in the heyday of life, one pillowed on the body of another; closely packed in with them were women, in masses of rags and patches, looking heads—a regular branch of industry here\*—and there were squads of stout ragged children playing games, and knots of women and herds of sailors talking and gesticulating more vehemently than we should if a revolution were on the point of exploding. They are an outside people. The passions that lie deep in our souls, and that are only called forth by the voice of their master, and to effect a purpose, are continually breaking out here. But theirs is but heat lightning; ours rives the oak.

At Pozzuoli we were, as usual, besieged by a little army of *ciceroni*. I had previously promised my patronage to a bright lad who had begged me to ask for Michael Angelo. I did so; and a stout, ragged, ruffian-looking wretch started forth, ex-

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\* Some of my readers may be shocked by the grossness of such particulars; but without them they could not get a just notion of the abject condition of this much-wronged people.

claiming, "Ecco! ecco! Sono *Michael Angelo!*" The ruse only brought down upon him the laugh of his comrades, and we drove off with a certain Andrea, a nice fellow, whom L—s, a fancier of human faces, had at once selected from his tribe. We turned off near the ruins of the ancient mole (supposed to have been built by the Cumæans, and repaired by the Roman emperors) to which Caligula attached his bridge of boats. Here we left our carriage at the Lucrine Lake, and went off by a footpath to the Lake of Avernus, the Tartarus which Virgil describes in the sixth book of the *Æneid*. It is like all the crater-lakes we have seen, deep sunk amid barren and precipitous hills. On the shore of this lake are the ruins of a temple which has been assigned to Pluto; a pretty fair guess; for who but an infernal deity should have his temple on Tartarus? We turned from the lake to the grotto of the Cumæan Sibyl, the long-sought and honoured oracle to whom Domenichino has given such divine grace; sacrificing, as it seems to me, inspiration to youth, beauty, and harmony. We know not what art has done for us till we find it peopling these dreary solitudes with such exquisite forms. The grotto is a low, vaulted passage (a miniature of Posilippo), piercing the hill, and coming out on the other side. We discreetly declined groping through it, contenting ourselves with a bouquet of ivy-leaves and violets plucked about its entrance.

We returned to the carriage, and drove round the Bay of Baia, a most secure shelter for shipping. It was here that Pompey, Crassus, and Pompeius dined on board a galley, when Pompey had not the courage to do the treacherous act he would have permitted his servant to do for him\*.

Here was the scene of Nero's parricide; here lay the elder Pliny when the eruption that destroyed Pompeii burst forth; and here his nephew wrote that letter which has made us all as familiar with the circumstances that urged his uncle into the scene of danger, with the curiosity of the philosopher and the benevolence of the friend, as if both uncle and nephew were our contemporaries, and we had received the letter by yesterday's post! We went up into the little village of Bauli, on the ruins of Lucullus' villa, where Tiberius expired, and where the people are now nested in little holes, crannies, and angles of old walls. We descended to the foundations of a celebrated reservoir, which the Romans constructed to supply their fleet with fresh water when their fleet lay in the Bay of Baiæ; of which forty-eight piers are still entire, to show how this magnificent people could provide for an exigency! We went to the *Mare Morto*, a little inlet of the sea, the Stygian Lake of Virgil, and

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\* "Why," asked his freedman, "do you not cut the cables, and make yourself master of the world?" "Why," he replied, "did you not do it for me without asking me?"

over his Elysian Fields ; and wherever we went, we turned a new leaf in the views of this land of loveliness. We stood on the sites and amid the ruins of temples, palaces, and villas ; for here they *are*, to borrow again Dewey's most descriptive expression, "kneaded into the soil."

As we paused on the shore near the ruins of two magnificent temples, I looked across to Pozzuoli \*, and thought of the moment when St. Paul first set his foot on Roman ground there. Who could then have prophesied that the words of this tent-maker should be a law to the conscience, when men standing where we stood should smile doubtfully at being told, "Here was Nero's palace, there was Cicero's villa, and there Lucullus'; and there, on Nisida, lived Brutus with Portia, Cato's daughter, the 'well-reputed woman,' so fathered and so husbanded!" and should guess whether this ruin was a temple to Venus, or Hercules, or no temple at all! or this other to Mercury and Diana! Imagination should reconstruct these temples, rebuild these villas, repeople this Roman world, and refill it with its luxury and pomp, to estimate the faith of the brave apostle, who, in the midst of it all, "counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord!"

But to return to ourselves, dear C. Our carriage was, as usual, followed by a train—not of loathsome

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\* The ancient Puteoli.

beggars this time, but of young, Moorish-looking girls, who held up saucers with bits of precious marbles from the ruins, which, as they truly said, were "molto bello! molto graziozo!"\* Their leader, a joyous creature, addressed a sort of badinage flattery to me, telling me I too was "grazioza e bella!" and when I shook my head, she shouted merrily, and said I should be "if I bought her marbles!" The train swelled as we proceeded, and among them was a young mute, who had her spindle and distaff, and spun as she walked. She seemed about seventeen, with a most graceful, fragile figure, and with a shade of prophetic sadness over features so beautiful that they reminded me of Raphael's saints.

We had left our carriage and gone up through a defile to get a view of the queen's oyster-eating lodge; and when we returned, our merry troop, clamouring and laughing, met us half way. Would that I could describe the scene to you, my dear C.! but I can only give you the materials, and you must make out the picture for yourself. On one side were the ruins of temples, on the other the monstrous foundations of mouldering villas; before us the bay, and Vesuvius with its blue wreath of smoke, and the Apennines brilliant in their caps of

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\* There are still striking memorials of the Saracen invasion of Southern Italy in the features and colouring of many of the people.

snow, and Capri far off in the bay, so soft and dreamy that it seemed melting away while we were gazing at it; and clouds were driving over us, with fitful sunbeams glancing through them. Our merry followers were joined by an old woman, with a bright red handkerchief tied over her grisly locks. She was the living image of Raphael's Cumæan Sibyl; the same wrinkled brow, and channelled cheeks, and unquenched energy burning in her eye; the resemblance was perfect, even to the two protruding teeth\*. She was sitting on the fragment of a marble column, holding above her head a tamborine, on which she was playing one of the wild airs to which they dance the tarantella, and accompanying it with her cracked voice. To this music the gleeful bare-legged girl I have described to you, having seized a strapping companion, was dancing a tarantella around L—s, who, though far enough from a Bacchus or Faun, has in his face much of the joyousness of these genial and jovial worthies. My merry girl danced and shouted like a frantic Bacchante. I never saw a mouth so expressive of glee, nor an eye whose brightness was so near the wildness of insanity; there were children with tangled locks of motley brown and gold, and eyes like precious stones,

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\* Such old women are not uncommon in Italy. I have seen half a score, at least, of living fac-similes of Michael Angelo's *Parchæ*.



leaping and clapping their hands, and joining in the old woman's chorus; and my pretty mute was among them, with a chastened mirth and most eloquent silence. Apart stood four girls, as grave and fixed as Caryatides, with immense piles of brush on their heads, which they had just brought down from the hills; and we pilgrims from the cold North were looking on.

L—s, who had begun by regarding our followers as troublesome sellers of "*cose molte curiose*," had by degrees given himself up to the spirit of the scene. The floodgates of poetry, and of sympathy with these wild children of the South, were opened; and over his face there was an indescribable shade of melancholy, as if by magic he were beholding the elder and classic time, and that were an actual perception which before had been imperfectly transmitted by poetry, painting, and sculpture. He threw a shower of silver among the happy creatures, and we drove off.

I have in vain tried to put this scene on paper for you. I have seen nothing in Italy so characteristic and enchanting; and when L—s came to us in the evening, I found I had not exaggerated, nor even fully estimated his enjoyment.

WE have been with our English friends to Pæstum; and, though it rained torrents through one of our three days of absence, we had quite pleasure

enough to repay us for crossing the ocean. What think you, then, of the scale in which these three days are but a make-weight?

Nothing was ever better suited than the approach to Pæstum over a wide, wild, and most desolate plain, with no living thing visible, excepting, at far intervals, a shepherd, in the primeval dress of skins, tending a flock of gaunt, ragged sheep—a herd of buffaloes, looking, as R. says, as if made of the refuse of all the other animals, or a solitary wretch on an ass, who appears, like the snail, to carry his house and household goods with him. The approach is suited to the ruins, my dear C., because there is nothing to divert your attention for one moment from them. There they stand, between the mountains and the sea, in a wide blank page, scarcely ruins, but monuments of the art, wealth, and faith of a nation long effaced from the earth—temples erected to an unknown God by an unknown people.

I could condense pages of description and speculation from tourists more learned than I; but, after all, they settle nothing; we are still left to wonder and conjecture, as the Emperor Augustus did when he came from Rome to Pæstum, nearly 2000 years ago, to gaze as ignorantly (and as admirably, I trust) as we now do.

The cork models have given you an accurate idea of the form of these edifices; but you must

see them in this affecting solitude with God's temples, the mountains, behind them, the sea sweeping before them, and the long grass waving from their crevices, to *feel* them—to class the sensations they produce with those excited by the most magnificent works of nature, Niagara and the Alps.

We stood before them, we walked through them and around them, and then returned to the little *Trattoria*, the only shelter here, to comfort ourselves beside the blazing fagots with hot soup and *mezzo caldo*, and laugh at the eating and clattering parties—English, German, and Italian—who seemed pouring down with the rain upon Pæstum, and whose vehement demands our poor little host tried in vain to supply. Among them was an honest German, who seemed to have come for nothing but the “Pæstum roses” which the elder poets celebrate, and which he expected to find as immortal as their poetry. We left him still tramping over the wet grass in fruitless search of them\*.

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*April 10.*—To-MORROW, my dear C., we leave

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\* Aware that my book is outlasting the patience of my readers, I have omitted, excepting the few paragraphs above, my journal of our excursion to Pæstum. My descriptions of the beauty of some portions of the route would give but an imperfect idea to those who have not seen it; and those who have, need not to be reminded how much there is to be enjoyed.

Naples, and take the first homeward step as joyful as the Israelites when they turned towards the Holy City. You may well have got the impression from my letters that the beggars are the only company we keep here, and, in truth, the beggars and the street denizens (here *lazzaroni*, at Rome *facchini*, and idlers everywhere) are the only inhabitants of the country of whom we have much knowledge. There are so few elements in their condition that "he who runs may read them." All, theoretically, acknowledge that they have "organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions;" bodies with human wants, souls with an immortal destiny; and yet, while we tourists give volumes to ruins and pictures, the *Lazzaroni* are slurred over with a line or a sneer. We forget the wrongs which have brought them to their present abjectness and keep them in it, and quiet our sympathies by reiterating that "the *Lazzaroni* are the most cheerful people in the world!" and so they are (except, perhaps, our slaves!) far more cheerful, as a friend of ours says, "than they have any right to be;" happier than you and I, dear C., if happiness be indicated by a careless brow and merry shouts; but is not the happiness of a reflecting being shaded by seriousness, looking, as he must, before and after? and is not the cheerfulness of these people the most hopeless thing about them, proving, as it does, an unconsciousness that marks the lowest

point of human degradation?—no, not the *lowest* point—I would rather be one of the Lazzaroni than the *king of the Lazzaroni*. Is it not strange, dear C., that people should leave well-ordered countries to come here to *live*? There are many strangers, for the most part English, who, seduced by the attractions of the climate and the loveliness of the adjacent country, remain here year after year. Life is rather too short, too full of import, to be consumed in mere passive enjoyment\*!

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\* My last walk in Naples was too characteristic of the place to be left untranscribed from my notes. I had hardly gone ten paces, when a decrepit old hag hobbled on her staff towards me, crying with her cracked voice, "Eccellen!" and I gave her a few grani from my side-pocket. Her feeble blessing me into "Paradiso," had scarce died upon my ear, when I felt a hand thrust into this same pocket, and, turning, caught a youngster in the act of exploring it. I forgot that he was Italian, and I of another tongue. I forgot, too, that I kept nothing in this pocket but halfpence for the beggars; and, feeling as if I had been robbed of all I was worth in the world, I poured out my indignation in a volley of sound English, every word as good as a blow. The lad smiled at my impotent wrath, drew back a step, and pointed to a tall companion to indicate that he was the offender; and then stretching out his hand, said, in the true sotto voce tone, "Ah, eccellen! date mi qualche cose." As I passed the Duke of Bordeaux' palace, a poor woman was sitting on the pavement, leaning her head against the wall, with a half-famished child asleep in her arms. She said nothing, but her looks should have persuaded something better than halfpence from my pocket. It did not; my heart was as hard as the Levite's; and I walked rapidly on to escape *three* masses of dirty rags with human heads, hands, and feet, that were coming towards me, crying, "Eccellen, per l'amor di Dio:" "Eccellen, moro di fam." The distance from my lodging to the shop was not one-sixth of a mile.

*Terni, April 24.*

WE have left Rome\*, my dear C., and with feelings too much like parting with a friend for ever to say anything about them. We took good advice, and, instead of returning to Florence by the dreary way we came, we are on the Perugia route, which is filled with beauty, and is beginning to realise my early and most romantic dreams of Italian scenery. We scarcely know what spring is; our change of season is like the Russian bath, the plunge from the snowdrift to hot water. Here the muses and the graces seem to have taken the thing into their own hands, and all nature is embodied poetry and grace.

After winding around hills covered with home-looking houses, and peering down into the deep pathway which the Nar has made for itself through their ravines, we arrived here at twelve o'clock this morning, and have spent the afternoon in visiting the Falls. "If you have seen Niagara and Terni," said François, "you may die content." But Terni hardly deserves this companionship. The cascade, as perhaps you know, is artificial, the waters that overspread the country above it having been drawn off by the Romans into the Velino, a

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\* We passed the Holy Week at Rome. My readers are already familiar with its splendid ceremonies, and as I cannot give fresh interest to them, I have discreetly omitted them.

small stream, and sent over the rocks into the Nar. It does not owe its charm to the amount of water, but to its height, its most graceful form, and, above all, to its accessories; to the varied slopes and cone-like mountains; to the lovely view out into a gardened world; and to its memories: Cicero came here from Rome to argue a cause about this very watercourse. We saw the fall at every point of view, from the summit to the base: it was late in the afternoon, and we had the advantage of deep shadows below and bright lights above, and the iris playing over it, *not* like

“ Love watching Madness with unalterable mien—”

but more like Love fondly hovering around Beauty. In truth, Byron's whole description is an *extravaganza*; his “ infernal surge ” is so soft and sprayey, that you can scarce tell whether it move up or down; it might be formed of the glittering wings of angels ascending and descending. Byron should have seen Niagara, and he *could* have described it.

We came from the fall by a lovely winding foot-path through tall chesnut-trees bursting into fresh verdure, and shrubs, and white feathery heath, and sweet violets, and cherry columbines, and through the orange-bowers of a certain Count Graziani. Ah! my dear C., this *is* spring. And the girls who met us with asses whereon we were to ascend the

hill to Papigno, were as beautiful as Raphael would have painted wood-nymphs. Terni owes a portion of its fame to this atmosphere of exceeding beauty.

*Foligno.*—THE day has been warm, and towards noon we crossed La Somma, a high peak of the Apennines. We had a yoke of oxen attached to our four horses, to drag us up this three-mile ascent. K. and I walked the greater part of the way, and amused ourselves talking with the train of beggars that we accumulated, not “stropi and ciechi” (lame and blind), but stout dames and pretty children. The oxen pulled sturdily (the vetturino taking care to let them do all the work), till, when we were within a few yards of the summit, one of them suddenly stopped and staggered. Their master detached them, when the poor beast gave a convulsive leap, and fell dead. His owner broke out into the most violent expressions of despair, beating his breast, clasping his hands, plucking off his hat, and throwing himself on the ground. Do not laugh at me, for truly he reminded me of Lear’s anguish over the dead body of Cordelia. There could in no case be more demonstration of grief. Our beggarly retinue forgot themselves, and gathered round him, expressing their sympathy most vehemently; while he continued touching gently the animal’s horns, and crying out “O Gigio mio!” “O Dio mio!” “che



faccio io !” drawing open one eyelid, and then the other, and exclaiming, “è morto ! è morto ! O Dio mio !”

This was all unaffected. The oxen were probably the only means of living the poor man possessed—his sole dependence for bread for himself and his family ; but he showed all he felt ; they are a demonstrative people. Do you remember a story Mr. Hoffman tells of one of our backwoodsmen, who, having left his wife and children alone in their log habitation to go into the forest, found them *all*, on coming back, lying murdered before his door, killed by Indians ? He made no movement, no gesticulation, but said quietly, “ Well, now, if this is not too ridiculous \* !”

*La Magione.*—After crawling to-day at a snail’s pace up the immense hill on which the old Etruscan city, Perugia, stands, we were induced to retrace our way, by the report of the recent opening of a tomb in which some of the heroes of this brave old eyrie have slept for more than two thousand years.

After descending the hill in a little post-carriage, and crossing a field, we descended a ladder, and a doubly-locked door being opened to us, we entered the tomb of a noble Etruscan family. Opposite

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\* It is possible that this man was neither a brute nor a clod, but that a year afterwards he exhibited the signs of premature old age. Different races have different manifestations.

our entrance hung suspended a bronze Divinity "in little." There are nine small vaulted chambers, built of square blocks of tufa, with a well-cut Medusa's head in the centre of each ceiling, and about it dolphins and dragons, I think ; but our survey was so hasty that I do not vouch for its accuracy. One apartment only is left as it was found ; from the rest the monuments and ornaments have been removed. In this are several sarcophagi of travertine as white as marble, and as perfect in all respects as when they came from the sculptor's hands. There was a half-recumbent figure on each, supposed to be the effigy of the person whose remains were within the sarcophagus ; a curious portrait-gallery to be opened to exhibition after 2500 years, is it not ? Everything is as fresh and uninjured as when the Etruscan mourners laid their dead here. Why, the tomb of the Scipios is a *parvenu* to this !

We had only time for a strange, bewildering sensation, none to go into a palace hard by to examine some very precious bronzes found in the tomb, and removed there for safe keeping, and which, we were told, as travellers usually are on like occasions, were better worth seeing than all the rest.

We are this evening at an inn in a straggling village half-way up a steep hill, where, I fancy, no travelling-carriage ever stopped before. Any

rooms, with an invalid, are better than none ; and our vetturino threatened us with the probability of sleeping in our carriage if we proceeded to the regular stopping-place ; so here we are, in the midst of an Italian rustic family, all serving us, all curious, clamorous, and good-humoured. Teacups have been borrowed from a luxurious neighbour ; a messenger was sent a mile and a half to bring milk for us ; and our thoughtful vetturino provided butter at Perugia. So you see how extremes meet. An isolated Western *settler*, in a like exigency, would have had recourse to like expedients. But I wonder if ever but in this land, where grace and beauty are native to the soil, there was so pretty a rustic lass as is at this moment, with the help of two strapping dames, arranging our beds. I can scarce write for looking at her ; and, from that elective affinity which I believe we all feel, she returns my glance, and a smile into the bargain. She is not an Italian beauty ; there is no brilliancy of colouring ; but such perfect symmetry, and such a trustful, appealing, touching expression. She skims over the floor as a bird over the surface of the water ; I never saw motion so light and full of grace—it would make the fortune of an actress of pastoral-comedy. I must ask her name, and something of her history.

Her name is Clotilde Poggione ; and for her

story she has none, she says. Her father is dead—every one's father dies sooner or later; her mother is very poor, but neither is that any distinction here, and she earns her bread with these good people of the inn. "You have never been to America?" "No," she replied with infinite simplicity, "nor to Perugia." "She would like to go to Perugia," said her friend, archly. "Ah! you have a lover there, Clotilde," said I. "No, no; I will be a nun." I looked at her gay-coloured woollen scarf becomingly drawn over her bosom and confined at her slender waist, and shook my head, and, taking hold of her string of corals, asked her if it were not a love-token; she smiled and blushed, and her companion, laughing outright, said, "It is, it is! and she has a love-letter in her pocket." Clotilde at first denied the charge, but a moment after she frankly gave it to me, laying her hand on my shoulder affectionately, and whispering that I might read it if I would. "Yes," she answered to my inquiries, "he is handsome, and very good, but I shall never marry him; he is a *professore*." She said all this with a sweet simplicity that reminded me of the poor maiden of Burns' lines to a daisy. She left the letter with me. It was written by an educated man, and had the due proportions of love and jealousy. I asked her friend, "Would the 'professor' marry her?" "Oh no! Clotilde has no

dowry, and his father will not let him take a wife without a dowry:" poor thing! It needs no prophetic eye to foresee her destiny, and, living in a Catholic country, she will probably end the love-tale in a convent.

CLOTILDE hung about us last night, attracted by her sympathy with the young *Forestiere*, till I was obliged to send her away. I gave her a word of advice which I am sure, from her eager, grateful expression, she means to follow. She was at my door again this morning at five o'clock with a bunch of sweet flowers. Here I have pressed one for a memorial of her; may it not outlast the innocence and loveliness of this "bonnie gem," Clotilde Poggione\*!

AFTER leaving Magione we wound around the declivities of beautiful hills, and soon came in sight of Thrasymane, the very image of peace, as it lies deeply imbedded among these hills. Even our vetturino felt that this was a sight worth seeing, and he voluntarily halted for us to alight. We walked down to the water's edge, and I recalled the days when, in our "noon-time," at the old

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\* One of my young companions prophesied that this incident at Magione would furnish a story for some Souvenir of 1842. It was a tempting bit of raw material for my humble craft; but I preferred preserving the unadorned fact to engrafting upon it apocryphal additions for the sated appetites of Souvenir readers.

school-house, I used to creep under my pine desk to read the story of Hannibal, and devoutly hope that he might always be victorious. Do not all children sympathise with the boy who swore eternal hatred to the Romans, and kept his oath so filially? I do still. I plucked some grass, and baptised it in the consecrated lake. The road led us round the margin of the lake to the little town of Passignano, which is on a promontory jutting into the lake, and where a mountain rises so precipitously as to make it an important and dangerous military pass. This is the pass into which the "crafty" Hannibal is supposed to have decoyed Flaminius; but why not the "stupid" Flaminius, to lead his men into a trap between a rugged mountain and an unfordable lake? Because probably the Romans told the story.

I have little interest in battle scenes; but this, though two hundred and seventeen years before our Christian æra, was vivid to me. The very form of the ground recalled the actual state of mind, the deliberations and decisions of this most inexorable hater of Rome, who to the pride of a military conqueror added the keen pleasure of success in a personal cause. Hannibal needed not much superstition to have believed, when he looked from the sunny heights where he stood down upon the level plain where his enemy was inclosed in a fog, that his tutelar divinity had spread the snare

for them. This alluvial plain is now thick set with olives and grain. Yesterday we passed the bright city from which he turned aside, not daring to attempt it, and probably with a feeling prelude to his final discomfiture. Perugia still sits queen-like on the throne Nature erected for her, but "who now so poor to do her reverence?"

We passed over the little rivulet Sanguinetto\*, which, with the small town above it, took its name from the bloody work of this battle. We too have our "Bloody Brook;" and so, I suppose, have all nations had since Cain first began the work of killing.

WE passed last night at Arezzo, a *nice* town—an epithet that in our sense, the old English sense, must be charily bestowed in Italy†. But everything appears nice to us, in the strictest and in the

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\* The following slight stanzas were written by a friend on this "bloody rivulet." I am not sure that they are among his published poetry, and therefore quote them without his name:—

"We win where least we care to strive,  
And where the most we strive we miss,  
Old Hannibal, if now alive,  
Might sadly testify to this.

"He miss'd the Rome for which he came,  
And what he never had in petto,  
Won for the little brook a name,  
Its mournful name of Sanguinetto."

† Our people are at first confounded by the modern English use of this word, by the "nice countenance," "nice ruin," &c.

most generous sense of the word, since our return into Tuscany. We were here before in the dreariest month of the year; we had not yet seen the abounding, abject misery of Southern Italy, and certainly we were not struck with the flourishing condition of Tuscany; now it seems all thrift, abundance, and cheerfulness—a cheerfulness to be coveted and enjoyed. This is the glad season of the year, and this the gladdest of all lands, teeming, as it is, with the richest productions of nature, and now gay with blossoming trees and budding vines. The Tuscan mode of training the vine is very beautiful; trees are planted from ten to fifteen feet apart, in rows or encircling a field. The limbs are cut off a few feet from the main stem, and so managed as to resemble the framework of a basket; around this the vine is led, with a pendant from each limb. Sometimes they are festooned from tree to tree, and are often led in several parallel straight lines. The blending of grace with neatness and accuracy in the Tuscan cultivation, seems to me to indicate a rural population superior to any we have yet seen in Italy\*.

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\* Those of my readers who chance to be ignorant on the subject will thank me for translating for them a few extracts from M. Sismondi's accurate account of the Tuscan peasant, instead of giving them the superficial observations of my own very limited opportunities. M. Sismondi, in his article "Sur le bonheur des Cultivateurs Toscans," endeavours to show that they are the happiest people of all the people on earth who have only their own hands to depend on. The Metayer system prevails in Tuscany. The landlord furnishes the land, house, and implements



Had you, my dear C., passed this afternoon with us, I should have but to write *Florence*, and

“ This brightest star of star-bright Italy ”

would rise before you

“ Amid her Tuscan fields and hills,”

with the Arno winding through her loveliest of

of husbandry. The peasant cultivates the soil, and renders to the landlord half the product. “ The Tuscan *Metayer*,” says M. Sismondi, “ receives from the hands of Nature his whole subsistence. He has little want of money, for he has scarcely any payment to make. He hardly knows the existence of taxes, as they are paid by the proprietor; and as he has nothing to quarrel about with the government, he is in general attached to it; neither has he any interest to settle with the Church. Tithes having been long abolished, his contributions are voluntary.” “ In fine, the *Metayer*, in his relations with his proprietor, considers himself as a partner in a community of interests; he has nothing to discuss with him. Usage has fixed his rights and obligations; his contract may, it is true, be broken any year by his misconduct; experience has taught the proprietor that he loses and never gains by discarding a peasant, for none will give him more than half the product. Thus the *Metayer* lives upon the land as if it were his inheritance, loving it devotedly, labouring to improve it, trusting in the future—believing that the fields he works upon will be cultivated by his children and grandchildren. And, in fact, they live on the same land from generation to generation. They understand it with a precision that the feeling of property alone can give.” “ The terraces, elevated one above the other, are often not more than four feet wide; the individual character of each is known to the *Metayer*; this is dry, that is cold and damp; here the soil is deep, there it is merely the incrustation of a rock; wheat thrives best here, barley there; here it would be lost labour to plant Indian corn, even beans or pease; a little farther flax flourishes wonderfully, and the border of this brook is capital for hemp. Thus you learn with surprise from the *Metayer* that, in a space of ten acres, the soil, the aspect, and ‘ the lay of the land ’ present to him a greater variety than a rich farmer knows to exist in his farm of five or six hundred acres.”

valleys, and the Apennines in the background guarding her with its fortress-heights, and pouring

After enumerating some grievances in the existing laws which cause litigations, vexations, and disappointments among the proprietors, M. Sismondi says : " The gentleness and benevolence of the Tuscan character are often spoken of : but the cause is not sufficiently remarked, which is, that all cause of quarrel is removed from the cultivators, who constitute three-quarters of the population."

M. Sismondi, having an estate in Tuscany, and residing there a portion of his time, gives from actual observation, and *con amore*, a picture of the peasant's life as admirable for its exactness as it is attractive for its beauty.

" When you leave the great roads and climb up the hills of the valley of Nievole, you meet at every step little paths, which, winding among the vines and olives, are never traced by a wheel, and are only passable for mountain horses with their loads. Among these paths, at every hundred steps, you find, upon some flowery hill-side, a little house, which presents the sweet image of industry fully rewarded—of man's love of the land—of abundance and peace. The house built substantially, with good walls, has always one story, often two, above the ground floor. Usually there are on the ground floor a kitchen, a stable for two horned cattle, and the store room, which takes its name *tinaia* from the large vats in which the wine is fermented without putting it to press. It is here, also, that the Metayer locks up his casks, oil, and grain. He has ordinarily a shed leaning against the house, where he can repair his utensils and prepare the provender for his animals, sheltered from the weather. On the first and second stories there are often two, three, and even four bedchambers. The windows are without glass ; they have only shutters ; but we must remember there is no ice in winter. The most spacious and airy of these rooms are devoted, during the months of May and June, to the growth of the silkworm. Large chests for clothes and linen, and some wooden chairs, are the principal furniture of the chambers. A bride always brings her nut-wood bureau. The beds have neither curtain nor valance ; but on each, besides a good straw bed, made of the elastic husk of the Indian corn, there are two mattresses of wool, or, with the very poorest

oil and wine into her storehouses from the sunny hills that slope down to her feet. But you have not seen it, and neither the word nor all the descriptive accompaniments I may tack to it will give you so much pleasure as to know we are thus far on our homeward track, and that we found our faithful friend Mr. H. on the steps of the Hôtel de

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of tow, a good quilt, sheets of strong hempen cloth, and over the best bed a spread of raw silk, which is displayed on fête-days. There is no chimney except in the kitchen. There is always in one room a large wooden dining-table, with benches; a kneading-trough, in which provisions are also kept; a sufficient assortment of earthen jars, dishes, and plates; one or two brass lamps, steelyards, and at least two copper vessels in which to fetch and keep water.

“All the linen and working-dresses of the family are home-made. These dresses, the men’s as well as the women’s, are of a kind of stuff they call *mezza lana* (linsey-woolsey?) if thick, *mola* if thin. The warp is a coarse thread of flax or tow; the filling is of wool or cotton. It is dyed by the same women who weave it. One can hardly imagine the quantity of linen or *mezza lana* which the women, by assiduous labour, accumulate; how many sheets are in the common dépôt, how many chemises, vests, pantaloons, skirts, and gowns. To give an idea of it, we add a part of an inventory of the family best known to us; a family neither among the poorest nor richest, but living happily on the half of the product of less than ten acres of land.

“Inventory of the bridal clothes (*trousseau*) of Jane, &c. &c.: 28 chemises, 3 gowns of coloured silk, 4 gowns of coarse coloured silk, 7 gowns of cotton cloth, 2 winter working gowns (*mezza lana*), 2 summer working gowns and skirts, 3 white skirts, 5 calico aprons, 1 black silk apron, 1 black merino apron, 9 coloured working aprons, 4 white handkerchiefs, 8 coloured handkerchiefs, 2 worked veils and 1 tulle veil, 3 towels, 14 pairs of stockings, 2 hats, 1 felt and 1 fine straw.—2 gold cameos, 2 pairs gold earrings, 1 chaplet with two Roman piastres, 1 coral necklace with a gold cross.”

We should be proud to see our farmers’ daughters with an outfit as substantial and suitable as this.

York. where, though the town is full of strangers, he has secured agreeable apartments for us, from which we have a look-out on the Duomo, its Campanile, Baptistery, and gay piazza.

FLORENCE, as all the world knows, my dear C., is almost unrivalled in the beauty of its position and surroundings: it is most curious, as the best-preserved monument of the middle ages; but, apart from all this, it has interest to an American, a claim on the sympathy of the citizens of a free and working country, that belongs to no other part of Italy. Florence derived the glory and power of its brilliant day from its industry and freedom; not the freedom of a few lawless nobles, but the freedom of its working classes\*, who, in 1260, formed themselves into twelve companies of "arts and trades" (the seven major arts having their consuls, captains, and ensigns), and got so completely the upper hand of the nobles, that a title rendered a man ineligible to office.

There is a curious memorial of the exercise of popular power existing in the architecture of the

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\* The Florentines began rightly. Villani, writing late in the thirteenth century of their forefathers, after telling us that the finest of their grand-dames thought themselves dressed enough in a narrow gown of coarse scarlet cloth, &c., adds, "with all this external coarseness they had loyal minds; they were faithful to one another and to their country. In their poor and rustic lives they did the most virtuous deeds, and contributed far more to the honour of their families and their country than those who live more luxuriously."

city. More than 200 towers, which originally were the fortresses of the nobility, and which were, by an ordinance of the people, reduced from the height of 180 feet to 80 feet, are now incorporated into other buildings\*, and constitute a part of that massive architecture which makes Florence strike a stranger as "a city of nobles of individual force, where the power of the public was sometimes feeble, but where each man was master and lord in his own house." These towns were wretchedly lighted, and the nobles resorted to an expedient suited to their delicious climate. Near the towers they built *Loggie* arcades, which served them for offices, market-places, and *drawing-rooms*. Some of them still remain. The unimpaired *Loggia dei Lanzi* is embellished with groups of statues in bronze, and, with its Greek arches and columns, is a beautiful specimen of architecture. The Pitti Palace, the residence of the grand-duke, and fit for an imperial palace, was built by a merchant, as were many of these immense structures, which may stand, for aught that I can see, as long as the solid foundations of nature. They are built of immense blocks of stone, without cement, and without architectural ornament; but to me their simplicity and strength are more effective than any decoration.

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\* "The material," says M. Sismondi, "which these private fortifications furnished was employed for the common defence. A portion of the city-wall, and the palace of the Podesta, now a prison, were built with it."

They have a curious appendage, large iron or brass rings, in which they placed wax lights for illuminations, and to which they suspended the standards of the rival factions. They built compactly, to save the expense of an extended wall. The oldest streets are too narrow to allow a carriage to pass : across some of them you might grasp hands from palace to palace. I am sadly disappointed in the Arno. It embellishes the city, certainly ; but it is turbid, and, like all the Italian streams I have seen, with the exception of one or two rivulets, it appears as if it had been stirred up with French chalk.

WE have just returned from Santa Croce, and are overpowered with the heat. I do not wonder at the proverb that no one can die in Florence in the winter, and no one can live here in summer. But for Santa Croce : it is our third visit to the "centre of pilgrimage—the Mecca of Italy." So, indeed, may that sacred place be justly called where are the monuments of such prophets as Dante, Galileo, and Michael Angelo. The monuments are immense piles of marble ; not one of them impresses me with its excellence as a work of art. But art would be but secondary here. *After* Westminster Abbey—after the place hallowed by the great spirits of our own language, there is no monumental effect like that of Santa Croce. It is a sad thought that we have for the last time walked up and down its long line of

columns, on the marble pavement trodden by generations long gone, before the monuments of Machiavel, Michael Angelo, Dante, Galileo, and Alfieri!

Santa Croce was begun in 1294, and is still unfinished, as are all the façades of the Florence churches. This is to save the heavy tax imposed by the pope on the completion of a church, and in part, probably, from the richness of the plan exceeding the ability for its execution. The Piazza of Santa Croce has historical associations that make it quite worthy of the church. "The richest Florentine citizens" (bourgeois), says M. Sismondi, "having excited one another to arms, assembled in the Piazza of Santa Croce before a church; and there, where now are the tombs of the great men of Florence, the republic of the dead, was first formed the popular state of Florence."

We went quite to the other extreme from this theatre of popular associations, in going from Santa Croce to San Lorenzo, where are the splendid memorials of the Medici, the final subverters of the liberty of Florence. The Cappella de' Principi was designed by Michael Angelo, and its embellishments in great part executed by him. There are on two monuments figures in attitudes that it would be difficult for a posture-master to maintain; they are called Day and Night, and Aurora and Twilight. Doctor Bell sees in the Aurora "a spring of thought," "an awakening

principle ;" marble is a hard material for an allegorical refinement ! The celebrated statue of the Duke of Urbino, called *Pensiero*, from its wonderful expression of deep thought, is in this chapel. I cannot but think that this and other masterpieces of Michael Angelo throw a dazzling effulgence over his inferior works ; and that in these statues on the Medicean monuments and in his Mosé he has half taken the step from the sublime to the ridiculous ; but this is as dangerous as to talk democracy in an Austrian saloon !

The gorgeous though yet unfinished *Cappella di Medici* is also at San Lorenzo. It is dedicated to the monuments of the grand-dukes of Tuscany, and all that can be done to glorify these mighty "accidents" by walls incrustated with the costliest marbles, and the most exquisite work in pietra dura, is done ; but what is it all, in effect, to the name of "Galileo" on his tomb, or the inscription on Dante's, "Onorate l' altissimo Poeta ?"

We have seen Mr. Greenough's statue of Washington. It is a seated colossal figure ; the arms and breast are bare ; one hand is extended in the act of resigning the sword, and the other raised, as if appealing to Heaven. I have heard objections to the double action ; but why, since they are related, and produce a unity of impression ? The drapery, too, is criticised, and will, no doubt, be condemned by many of our people, who are intolerant of any degree of nudity. But what was



Mr. Greenough to do? As he says, a French artist made a cast of Washington, while he was living, in military costume, and nobody liked it. Canova put him into a Roman toga, and Chantry into a cloak, such as neither Roman nor American ever wore. Nothing remained for him but to present him artistically, and certainly the drapery is arranged with expression and grace. The head is noble, expressing, almost to the point of sublimity, wisdom and firmness, with as near an approach to benignity as Washington's face will bear without a sacrifice of verisimilitude; good, not quite benignant. The subjects of the bas-relief embellishments are happily chosen. Aurora is on one side—a fitting type of our young country—and on the other is the infant Hercules strangling the serpent: a subject suggested, I presume, by Dr. Franklin's medal, and sarcastically indicating our struggle with the mother country. Mr. Greenough, even with his previous reputation, may be satisfied with this work, and our country proud of it. It is something to say for our progress in art that, in forty years from Washington's death, the best statue of him is by his own countryman.

I HAVE been walking about Florence with Mr. W., who naturally first showed me some memorials of his hero. Mr. W. was, as you know, a few years since in our congress—what a change from the arena of Washington to ferreting out the life

of Dante from the Tuscan archives! Mr. W. is among the few fortunate men who, from a false position, has by his own wit found out, and by his own energy achieved, his true one. We went first to a tablet inserted in the pavement of the Piazzini di Duomo, which informs you that there Dante was accustomed to sit; and there he contemplated this church, which, before 1300, as Mr. W. has discovered by a registered vote in favour of Arnolfo, its architect, was pronounced "the most beautiful edifice in Tuscany." When shall we have such inscriptions to mark the haunts of Washington and Franklin? Might not the memory of these men be made more operative by appeals through the senses to the active popular mind of our country?

We next visited the house Dante lived in before his banishment, and then proceeded to Beatrice's (she had a local habitation) in a street parallel to that in which Dante lived, and so near to his that her lover might have *signalled* her, in the seaman's sense.

We went, too, to Michael Angelo's house, where a suite of apartments are preserved as he left them by the present possessor, one of the house of Buonarrotti. We were rather surprised to find what snug and comfortable apartments were enjoyed by the artist, who has so associated himself in our minds with the vast and extravagant. There are a few characteristic sketches of his on the walls,

shadowings of great thoughts ; some humble relics, such as his slippers, and, what pleased me more than all, a rosary, and shrine with its crucifix, before which he may have received the inspiration he infused into his works.

We finished the morning in the gardens of the Pitti Palace. Magnificent they are in extent, variety of surface, and embellishment. The entrance is free to all. They are not more lovely now, excepting that the country which you see from them has the fresh aspect of spring, than they were when we were here on the first of December. The fountains were then playing in a warm atmosphere; the statues looked perfectly comfortable out of doors; and there were such walls of laurel and laurestinus in blossom, with a variety of other evergreens, that it seemed as if a charmed circle were drawn around it, which "winter and rough weather" could not pass. The sun was then an enjoyment, and the shade to-day a positive one, and there we sat a long time listening to Mr. W.'s romantic stories of the stormy days of Florence, and to his tribute to the character of the reigning duke, Leopold, of whom we were very willing to believe all good while we were luxuriating in his grounds. He is one of the few sovereigns who have the enjoyments of sovereignty without its penalties. His territory is so small that he is not of sufficient consequence to be molested or to be dictated to by his royal brothers ; so he gets on very quietly, is kind and indulgent to

his people, and hospitable to strangers, even though branded as liberals. It is not long since he received a letter (written at the suggestion of Russia) from his brother of Austria, containing a list of Poles who had sought refuge in Florence, whence Leopold was advised to expel them. You are aware that advice means command in the Austrian vocabulary. The list was headed "Dangerous men." Leopold received it in council. He cast his eye over it; put his own name at the head of these *dangerous men*, and returned it without any farther notice to his minister! Very nice, was it not, for a man who has Austrian blood in his veins\*?

WE drove yesterday to the great silk manufactory at the Villa Donato, where steam is introduced for many of the processes; but there is nothing going on at present but weaving, which is done in the old-fashioned loom. The girls were particularly enchanted with four iron Doric columns supporting a steam-engine, looking, as they said, like an Italian temple. The Italian atmosphere seemed to them to have subdued the principal antagonist to all poetry. The Villa Donato is a beautiful one, and its present appropriation reminds you forcibly

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\* The grand duke's liberality attracts strangers to Florence, and it is natural they should linger there in the midst of a happy and beautiful people, surrounded by a country that is a paradise, and admitted, without fees or vexations of any sort, to the daily enjoyment of its magnificent drives, gardens, and galleries.

of the time when the merchants of Florence were its princes.

WE have been to Fiesole, the old Etruscan city to which Florence was once but a suburb. It was built, like all the Etruscan cities, on an immense height, about as conveniently placed as a city would be half-way up Saddle Mountain. Those of us who could walk, walked up the steepest ascent, and R. and E. were drawn by oxen in a sort of sledge of the most inartificial kind. When they rather revolted at this mode of climbing, they were soothed with the assurance that the grand-duke himself had no better. We pedestrians stopped at a farm-house, where we were charmed with rural thrift, cheerfulness, and kindness. The womankind were all engaged, from old age to childhood, either in weaving, spinning, knitting, or braiding straw. There was no misery—no begging. K. gave an old woman, who fetched her a glass of water with eager kindness, a half paul, at which the old crone pressed K.'s hand in both hers, and said earnestly, "Dio vi lo rimerite." The glass of water was the boon that deserved the "God reward ye!"

On the almost inaccessible summit we found a church, a seminary, and a monastery, but no remains of the Roman Fæsulæ, excepting some columns of an ancient temple, and a grand bit of Cyclopean wall, made of massive stones seven or eight feet in length, laid together without cement.

What a comment on the history of man, in his social relations and liabilities, this little fragment of a wall!

But the thing to go to Fiesole for is the view of Florence; truly a queen of beauty in the lap of hills covered to their summits with vines, and olives, and lovely villas. Such a scene of abundance, grace, and beauty, of nature and art in loving harmony, I never beheld. No wonder the device of Florence was a rose in a field of lilies.

We leave Florence to-morrow, my dear C., and I have said nothing to you of what now *is Florence*; its unrivalled galleries of pictures; that of the Palazzo Vecchio, *The Gallery*, and that of the Pitti Palace, which is confessedly the finest single collection in the world! It is in itself a world; and when I am there looking at those glorious pictures that remain in unfading beauty while generation after generation comes hither to see them, I feel fully what was so well said by the old man, who for seventy years had shown a famous picture in the Escorial, "We are the shadows, they are the realities!"

I do not now wonder at the love of art which astonished me on first coming to the Old World. With us it is comparatively nothing; in Europe it makes up the occupation of the idle portion of the world; and so much does the appetite grow by what it feeds on, that I begin to feel the danger (the existence of which I have but just learned) of

forgetting the actual in the painted world. But do not be alarmed, my dear C.; though the eyes of some of us were half blinded with tears as we looked at our favourite pictures for the last time to-day, we cannot yet say with the dying Medici, before whom his priest was setting the joy of the heavenly mansions, "Caro amico, son contento col Palazzo Pitti" ("My dear friend, I am perfectly content with the Pitti Palace!") No; we shall once more to-morrow set our faces joyfully towards our earthly heaven—your and our home.

Our route from Florence to Genoa was a scene of enchantment; and, finally, when we embarked at Genoa and left the Italian shore, we felt much as I fancy Adam and Eve did when the gates of Paradise were closed upon them.

We passed through the southern provinces of France to Switzerland, a country as full of excitement, in a different way, as Italy—perhaps the only country that one can pass into from Italy without ennui. My book is already too long to break new ground, and I finish it with the earnest wish that my readers may have the happiness of seeing for themselves scenes which I have feebly presented.

THE END.

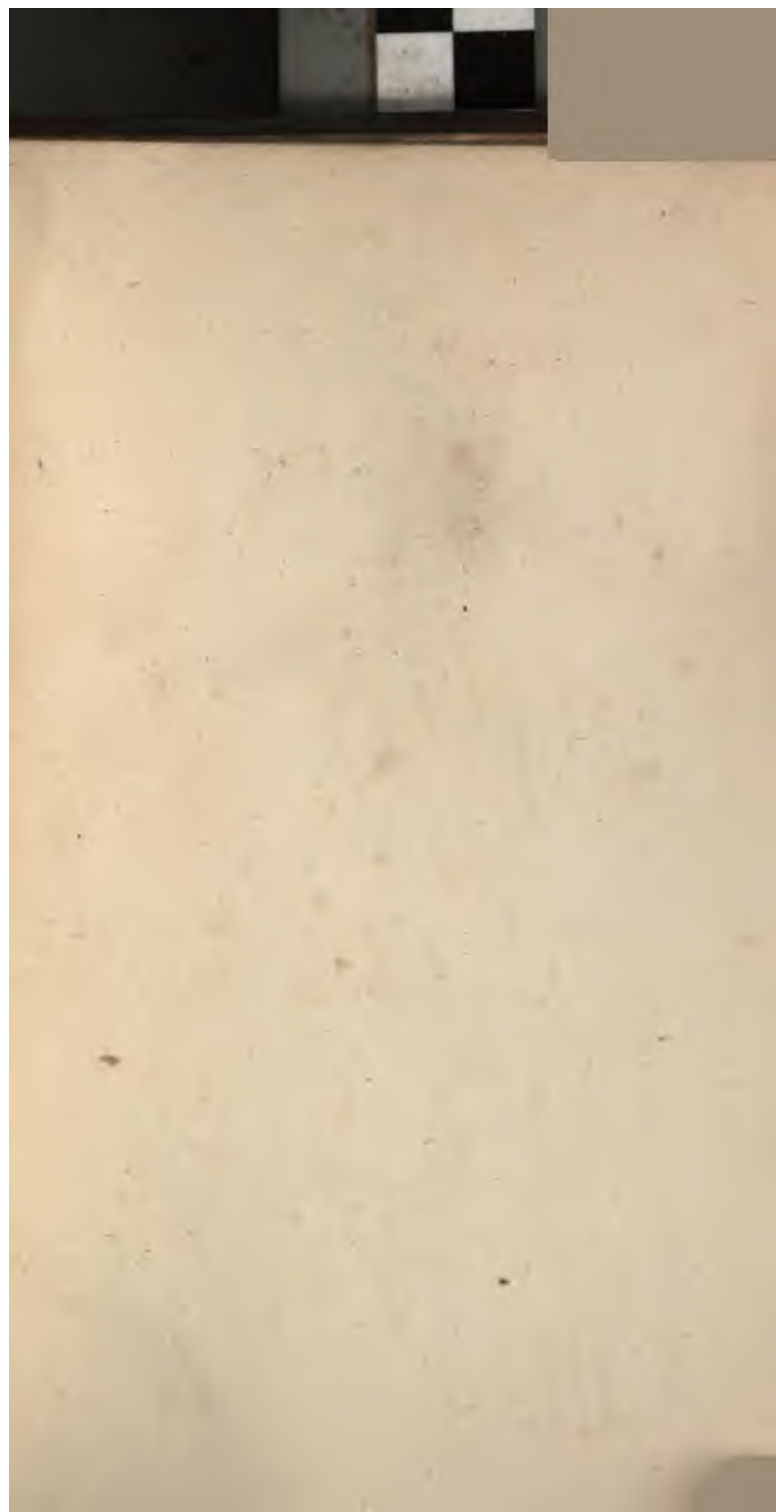
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